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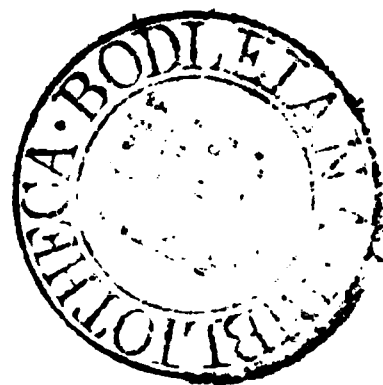
MODERN PUBLICATIONS,

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WITH TEN PORTRAITS.

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1823.



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# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1823.

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MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

——— ‘He whom nature taught  
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure;  
Who gave to love his warmest thought,  
Who gave to love his fondest measure.’

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. whose portrait embellishes the present number, is one of those whose lives present few events differing from the ordinary course of persons in private stations. It has been often remarked, that the lives of scholars possess little interest, and less variety; all that can be done, in general, is to mark the “noiseless tenor of their way” through the world, and to chronicle their works. The immortality of a poet is not of a personal nature: his reputation is an abstract quality—at least in these peaceful times—and a modern author is a mere *eidolon*. The customs which prevailed when Button’s and Will’s were show-rooms, to which curious persons resorted a century ago, to see the literary lions of the town, are gone; and the persons of most of our eminent modern authors are only known to their intimate acquaintances, and their book-sellers.

Mr. Moore has no claim to family distinction, being descended from parents of a rank no more illustrious than those who gave birth to Shakespeare, Milton, and others of the brightest names which adorn the history of our literature. He had, we believe, no other patrimony than that bestowed on him by Nature, who has been a most bountiful mother to him. His father was a tradesman of great respectability in the city of Dublin, where the subject of this memoir was born on the 28th of May, 1780. The foundation of his education was laid at a private school in the place of his birth, and completed at Trinity College, in the same city, where he went through the usual course of classical study with great credit. During the time he was in college, the political divisions of the country ran high; and, as is well known, penetrated the walls of the metropolitan seminary of learning. Mr. Moore here distinguished himself by an eloquent and vigorous assertion of the principles of liberty, which he applied to the then existing state of things with a warmth natural to his inexperience and the immaturity of his judgment. The heavy penalty which fell upon some of his companions, for the expression of their opinions upon the same subject, did not reach him; and he quitted college, bearing with him the respect which his temper, no less than his acquirements, had created for him in all who were of his acquaintance.

He repaired to London, where he entered himself of the Middle Temple, intending to pursue the study of the law. He was introduced to some of the best society in town, and his winning manners made him a universal favourite. In the year 1800 he published his translation of Anacreon; which has the deserved reputation of being the best English version of the Teian bard, though by no means the best translation. The reputa-

tion which this procured him, and, we believe, the prospects which the promises of his exalted friends now held out to him, turned his attention from the profession he had chosen, and he committed himself to the exercise of his talents as a means of support. It happens in his instance, as the reverse happens to thousands who pursue a similar course, that he could not have chosen a more secure or honorable mode of life, and, at the same time, one so congenial to his taste and habits. Shortly afterwards he published a volume of poems under the name of a Mr. Little, deceased, by which *sobriquet* he made an allusion to his stature, much more allowable in himself than any other person. These poems are amatory, and of the warmest description; their character may be shortly given—Every body abuses them, and every body reads them, though every body will not confess it. Whether they ought to have been published is the question still *sub judice*; but that they are the best of their kind, in our language, no one can deny. In 1803 the phantom which had been conjured up by his hopes of patronage seemed to be within his grasp: he was appointed Registrar of the Admiralty in the Island of Bermuda, and made a voyage to that island, where he found not only that the duties were altogether discordant to his inclinations, but that the remuneration was entirely insignificant. He soon made an arrangement with a person in the island, by which he was to receive one half of the proceeds, his agent performing the duty, and he (Mr. Moore) continuing responsible to the government for the faithful discharge of the office. His journey, though not made, as he has said, from motives of curiosity, was only advantageous to him in the gratification of curiosity. He went to America, and staid a short time at New York. He has given some slight account of his journey there in the Odes and Epistles which he published upon his return. It must be confessed that he is sufficiently severe upon the transatlantic Republicans, but we believe he is not less just. We can readily conceive that, with the refinement of mind which he possesses, and which is one of the results of a form of government in which a spirit of aristocracy is so deeply mingled as in that of our own country, he would be disgusted with the severity and rudeness of any republic, and particularly with that of America.

While so many of his unintellectual countrymen have carried off ladies of family and fortune by no other recommendations than breadth of shoulders and native impudence, it has been often wondered that Mr. Moore has not made his fortune by marriage. The caressed poet of the sex, as he was and is, the *enfant gâté* of ladies of fashion, he might, if a female parliament had existed, have passed an act for the allowance of polygamy, and have married as many of the prettiest women in the country as he chose. But, jesting apart, we believe that the independence of his temper directed his choice in this, as it has done in many other actions of his life, and induced him to prefer the enjoyment of his own free inclination to the gilded chains of opulent thralldom. He married a Miss Dyke, who had beauty enough, many accomplishments, and much good sense. In the bosom of his family, and in a retirement occasionally varied by visits to the metropolis, he passed several of the succeeding years of his life.

He has written many satirical works, which have been published under the name of Thomas Brown the Younger; they display a playfulness, and what the French call *esprit*, without being positively witty. It is

upon the poem of *Lalla Rookh*, however, that his fame rests. That is too well known to render any detailed opinion on its merits necessary in this place. It combines that distinct and elegant force of words for which he is so remarkable, with the higher powers of poetry; and may be referred to as the best specimen of his peculiar style, to which the words of Cowley may be well applied:—

‘ His candid style, like a clear stream, does glide,  
And his bright fancy all the way  
Doth, like the sunshine, on it play.’

The responsibility which rested upon him in respect of his unprofitable office at Bermuda became a serious inconvenience to him. His agent was a defaulter, and he was called upon to pay a much larger sum of money than he could immediately command. Poets are never rich; but Mr. Moore, though he was not rich, had never been extravagant; he withdrew himself from England until he had by his own exertions arranged the deficiency of his agent, and has now been long returned to that tranquillity of which every one must regret he was ever deprived.

He possessed for many years the friendship of the late Mr. Sheridan, upon whose death he wrote an elegant but strangely exaggerated monody. He has since published that gentleman's *Dramatic Works*, and is now employed upon his *Life*. Common fame attributes to Mr. Moore several articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; but he lacks the necessary portion of gall for a thorough-paced critic.

His *Irish Melodies* are those of his works upon which he says he must rest his fame; although we are compelled to dissent from his opinion, they are, in their kind, beautiful productions. No man, perhaps, who ever wrote in this language, understood the harmony of syllables so well as Mr. Moore does. This is an inherent faculty—a felicitous organisation—which may be traced as well in his singular musical skill as in his poetry. Without understanding the principles of the science he composes agreeable airs; and we believe that, in his construction of verse, he is rather aided by some modulation of his ear than by any mechanical method of arranging words. His power over the language is perfectly astonishing, and is in no instance more strongly marked than in *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress*; where he has made the pestilent slang, which infects and disgraces the present times, subservient to the purposes of poetry—has positively written pure lyrical *flask*. His last poem, *The Loves of the Angels*, is, next to *Lalla Rookh*, in our opinion, the best of his productions. It has encountered the dull abuse of persons whose minds are so impure, or whose perceptions are so blinded by envy, that they see or invent things which have no existence. They discover blasphemy where others find only beauty, and object that this poem, which has an elegant moral application, the more admirable from the skill with which it is veiled, may affect the cause of virtue. If the voice of honesty and truth, and of that numerous part of the community who profess them, were not in favour of the poem, it would move one's indignation to hear the hypocritical cant which has been uttered upon this subject.

To conclude: Mr. Moore has always been, in matters of politics, the advocate of opinions which he considers to be correct; and without saying that we join with him in those opinions, candour compels us to add, he has held them to the injury of his lucrative prospects. In his manners he is mild and agreeable; his conversational powers are of the highest order; his erudition varied and extensive; his wit sparkling and ready. He

possesses the friendship of many of the most estimable of our countrymen, and commands the respect even of all those opposed to him, whose praise or blame is valuable.

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ESSAYS ON PETRARCH. BY UGO FOSCOLO.

THE character of Petrarch is so intimately connected with Italian literature, and so remarkable on account of his "well-sung woes," that every thing relating to him possesses considerable interest. The reputation which Signor Foscolo has gained by his elegant taste and his profound critical skill in the writings of his countrymen, led us to expect that his method of treating the subject would be extremely satisfactory; and the work mentioned at the head of this article has not disappointed those expectations. These essays have been printed before, but not published, only sixteen copies having been thrown off. We do not understand, and still less could we approve of the motive which led to this. If it were not, as it is, the object of this undertaking to simplify the approaches to the literature of the day, and to extend some of its advantages to persons who, from their occupations and other obvious reasons, would not else be enabled to partake of them, still we should feel it a duty to raise our voices against the selfishness and arrogance of printing books for any sixteen individuals. We blame no one personally, for we do not know on whom the blame of this notable contrivance should rest; but we pity and despise the notions of the man who could presume to think that Signor Foscolo's erudition on the subject of the "learned Clerke of Padowe" was to be a fountain shut up, and a book sealed, to all but these sixteen aristocrats, this society of *illuminati*. In these days, when liberty in all its forms is in the mouths of so many professors, it excites other feelings than that of surprise to find that literary men can think thus upon the freedom of the republic of letters.

The volume is preceded by a dedication to Lady Dacre, who is complimented very justly, but at the same time in most obscure expressions, for the elegance and fidelity of her translations from Petrarch. The work contains four essays: the first on the love of Petrarch; the second on his poetry; the third on his character; and the fourth is a parallel between Dante and Petrarch.

I. In the first the author does little to remove that opinion which we shall not be too bold in asserting is now almost universal: that Petrarch's love for Laura had more of sentiment than of passion; that his union with her was impossible, and scarcely desired by him; but that she was to him the personification of that abstract principle of affection which the human mind requires, and which, if it does not find, it creates. In persons without refinement this feeling degenerates into a base devotion to unworthy objects; but to such a genius as that of Petrarch it is at first an excitement, and is afterwards ennobled by it. The author has the following passage on this part of his essay:—

'At first Petrarch saw in Laura only the most beautiful of women; one whom he was destined to love, and who inspired and ennobled his talents: he coveted glory only as it might secure her esteem and affection, and he hoped to have found happiness on earth. He next discovered in her the form and the virtue of an angel—that his love burnt only to enlighten and purify his heart; to fix his mind; to harmonise those faculties which would otherwise have been a prey to perpetual perturbation; to lift his desires and thoughts towards heaven: and, that

he might raise her above every earthly idea, he never explicitly mentions that she was bound to partake the bed of another. At last, however, he felt and confessed "that she was a woman; that he doated upon her form; that she was the only one who had ever appeared a woman in his eyes;"

" Chiare, fresche, dolci acque  
Ove le belle membra  
Pose colei che sola a me par Donna;" \*

and he was burning "with envy, jealousy, and love."—

" D'amor, di gelosia, d'invidia ardendo."†

' The illusions of a pure passion are succeeded by the desires of an impatient love, which escape, in expressions and lines too plain to be quoted, and which are not ordinarily observed, because Petrarch is traditionally read with sentimental prepossession. He was admitted but rarely into the house of Laura, and not till several years after their first meeting. "I grow old," says he, "and she grows old: I begin to despond; and yet it appears to me that time wears away slowly, till we may be permitted to be together without the fear that we should be lost."

The description of the valley of Vaucluse, to which Petrarch has given immortal interest, is extremely amusing:—

' The house of Petrarch has disappeared; nor can his frequent descriptions help antiquarians to discover the site of his gardens; but the valley of Vaucluse is one of those works of nature which five centuries have been unable to disturb. On leaving Avignon the eye of the traveller reposes on an expanse of beautiful meadow, till he arrives on a plain varied by numerous vineyards. At a short distance the hills begin to ascend, covered with trees, which are reflected on the Sorga, the waters of which are so limpid, their course so rapid, and their sounds so soft, that the poet describes them truly when he says, "that they are liquid crystal, the murmurs of which mingle with the songs of birds to fill the air with harmony." Its banks are covered with aquatic plants; and in those places where the falls or the rapidity of the current prevent their being distinguished, it seems to roll over a bed of green marble. Nearer the source, the soil is sterile; and as the channel grows narrow, the waves break against the rocks, and roll in a torrent of foam and spray, glittering with the reflection of the prismatic colours. On advancing still farther up the river, the traveller finds himself inclosed in a semicircular recess, formed by rocks inaccessible on the right, and abrupt and precipitous on the left, rising into obelisks, pyramids, and every fantastic shape; and from the midst of them a thousand rivulets descend. The valley is terminated by a mountain, perpendicularly scarped from the top to the bottom, and through a natural porch of concentric arches he enters a vast cavern, the silence and darkness of which are interrupted only by the murmuring and the sparkling of the waters in a basin which forms the principal source of the Sorga. This basin, the depth of which has never yet been fathomed, overflows in the spring, and it then sends forth its waters with such an impetuosity as to force them through a fissure in the top of the cavern, at an elevation of nearly a hundred feet on the mountain, whence

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\* Ye waters clear and fresh, to whose bright wave  
She all her beauties gave,—  
Sole of her sex in my impassion'd mind!

† With love, with jealousy, and envy burning.



they gradually precipitate themselves from height to height in cascades, sometimes showing, and sometimes concealing in their foam, the huge masses of rock which they hurry along. The roar of the torrents never ceases during the long rains, while it seems as if the rocks themselves were dissolved away, and the thunder re-echoed from cavern to cavern. The awful solemnity of this spectacle is varied by the rays of the sun, which toward evening particularly refracts and reflects its various tints on the cascades. After the dog-days the rocks become arid and black, the basin resumes its level, and the valley returns to a profound stillness.

We shall make no apology for the copiousness of our extracts, because we feel that we shall do our readers and the author the more justice by giving as much of the words of the latter as possible.

‘ Petrarch was in Italy when the plague, which in 1348 laid Europe waste, snatched away some of his dearest friends, and appalled him with the preage of a still greater calamity. “ Formerly,” says he, “ when I quitted Laura, I saw her often in my dreams. It was a heavenly union which consoled me, but now it affrights me. I think I hear her say—dost thou remember the evening when, forced to quit thee, I left thee bathed in tears? I then foresaw—but I could not—would not tell thee. I tell thee now, and thou mayest believe me—*thou wilt see me no more on this earth.*”

“ Non sperar di vedermi in terra mai.”

Two months afterwards Laura died, in her fortieth year, and Petrarch wrote in a copy of Virgil this memorandum: “ It was in the early days of my youth, on the 6th of April, in the morning, and in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues, and celebrated in my verses, first blessed my eyes in the church of Santa Clara, at Avignon; and it was in the same city, on the 6th of the very same month of April, at the very same hour in the morning, in the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from our sight, when I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity. The remains of her chaste and beautiful body were deposited in the church of the Cordeliers, on the evening of the same day. To preserve the afflicting remembrance, I have taken a bitter pleasure in recording it particularly in this book which is most frequently before my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may have any farther attraction for me; that this great attachment to life being dissolved, I may, by frequent reflection, and a proper estimation of our transitory existence, be admonished that it is high time for me to think of quitting this earthly Babylon, which I trust it will not be difficult for me, with a strong and manly courage, to accomplish.”

II. In the Essay on the Poetry of Petrarch we think the author furnishes evidence that Petrarch’s love, whatever it might have been at its commencement, had become soon a mere play-thing, and rather a subject for the display of his poetical talent—rather a thing which he affected when he chose, as Master Stephen has it, to look ‘ pensive and gentlemanlike,’ than a condition of mind which could savour of passion. We say nothing of his illegitimate children; but no lover such as Petrarch announced himself to be could polish and labour his verse in the manner disclosed by the following extract:—

‘ The pleasure of living his youth over again, of meeting Laura in every line, of examining the history of his own heart; and perhaps the consciousness which, after all, rarely misleads authors respecting the best of their works, induced the poet in his old age to give to his love-verses a

perfection which has never been attained by any other Italian writer, and which he thinks "he could not himself have carried farther." If the manuscript did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine or believe the unwearied pains he has bestowed on the correction of his verses. They are curious monuments, although they afford little aid in exploring by what secret workings the long and laborious meditation of Petrarch has spread over his poetry all the natural charms of sudden and irresistible inspiration.

'The following is a literal translation of a succession of memorandums in Latin, at the head of one of his sonnets:—"I began this by the impulse of the Lord (*Domino jubente*), 10th September, at the dawn of day, after my morning prayers."

"I must make these two verses over again, singing them (*cantando*); and I must transpose them; 3 o'clock, A. M. 19th of October."

"I like this (*hoc placet*), 30th October, 10 o'clock in the morning."

"No; this does not please me. 20th December in the evening"—

'And in the midst of his corrections he writes, on laying down his pen; "I shall return to this again; I am called to supper."

"February 18th, towards noon; this is now well; however, look at it again (*vide tamen adhuc*)."

'Sometimes he notes the town where he happens to be—"1364; *Veneris mane, 19 Jan. dum invitus Patavii ferior*."—It might seem rather a curious than useful remark, that it was generally on Friday that he occupied himself with the painful labour of correction, did we not also know that it was to him a day of fast and penitence.

In his opinion, expressed in another place, the author does his judgment credit, in spite of his fondness for Petrarch, by the following criticism on his poetry:—

'If Petrarch had not too unsparingly made use of antitheses—if he had not too frequently repeated his hyperboles—if he had not too often compared Laura to the sun—his numerous plagiarists, who, however, have never been able to imitate his beauties, would not have been so much noticed for their faults; nor would Salvator Rosa have had occasion to complain in his satires that—"These metaphors had exhausted the sun."—His play upon the words *Lauro* and *L'aura*, signifying *the laurel* and *the air*; and the conceits afforded by the transformation of Apollo's Daphne into the immortal laurel, are still admired by some foreigners, on the authority of one of the most celebrated critics of Italy, who nevertheless was delighted with the *Italia Liberata* of Trissino, and would never allow that Tasso's Jerusalem was the work of a poet. For my own part, I feel some pity towards a great poet who, with such extreme delicacy and ardour of mind—with a judgment so difficult; and a taste so refined—with a heated imagination, and an impassioned heart—could condescend, for the amusement of Laura and his readers, to such cold affectations. Still even Petrarch was bound to discharge the unfortunate duty of almost all writers, by sacrificing his own taste to that of his contemporaries. He ingrafted on his verses the *agudezzas, ternuras, y conceptos* of the Spanish poets, and was deservedly accused of plagiarism:—"We formerly passed," says an historian of Valencia, "a famous poet named Mossen Jordi; and Petrarch, who was born a hundred years after, robbed him of his verses, and has sold them in Italian to the world as his own, of which I could convict him in many passages."

Petrarch's obligations to the poetry of the Troubadours has been often alleged against him; but, in truth, they are much more indebted to him for having canonised, in his *Trionfi*, some names, which, but for him, would never have been remembered. He only took from them so much as the perusal of their works would of necessity leave hanging to the ideas of any studious man.

III. The Essay on the Character of Petrarch is the most original and the most satisfactory in the volume. It contains many particulars never before known, and which are eloquently related. M. Sismondi, in his *History of the Italian Republics*, has handled the character of the poet rather severely. Signor Foscolo thus replies to his objections:—

“That Petrarch, in his political career, never ceased to be a Troubadour—that all the tyrants of Italy, by flattering his vanity, obtained from him, in return, a base adulation—that he sometimes committed actions contrary to his principles, and to his duty as a citizen of Florence, and as a Guelph”—are the statements of a modern historian, whose devotion to liberty sometimes encroaches on his reverence for truth. Petrarch was born an exile; his father was buried in a foreign land, proscribed by the Guelphs; nor did their sons restore to Petrarch his right of citizenship until he was near fifty years old; nor his confiscated patrimony, until after the plague had laid waste Florence, when, for the purpose of attracting a greater number of foreigners, they intended to establish a University there under his direction. He loaded them with thanks and praises, in a long letter which he wrote from Padua, and returned immediately to Vacluse. His hereditary attachment to the party of the Ghibelines inspired him with more respect for the military dictators of the towns of Lombardy. The veneration which they pretended to entertain for Petrarch, and perhaps also the terror of their bloody vengeance, tempted him to give flattery for flattery. They spontaneously procured for him ecclesiastical benefices in their dominions, and sought his opinion upon political subjects. He did not consider himself unequal to afford them advice; but his soul could not rest steadily on its centre; it was impelled, by any sudden impulse, from one extreme to the other; and he would fly, as the abysses of infamy and danger, the very palaces where he had just before hoped to revive justice. Whenever there appeared the least opportunity or chance of re-establishing in Rome the seat of the Western Empire, he made the interests of all princes secondary to this illusive scheme, which he cherished to his latest breath. It is when he writes to his friends, to the popes and cardinals, to the emperors, and to the Italian people, upon this subject, that Petrarch displays the magnanimity of a noble soul, and the finest specimens of a genius which, though turned to poetry by love, seems to have been more particularly designed by nature to form a powerful orator.’

The picture which the author draws of Petrarch is a favorable one, but the features are true; his only fault, if it be one, is, that he has softened down the disagreeable points. His coldness and selfishness are ingeniously accounted for, or excused, and an attempt is made at refutation of them, by showing that he was sometimes generous.

‘The lessons of early adversity, which harden selfish dispositions, had taught the generous heart of Petrarch to feel for the sufferings of others; and shunning—like all men who are merely busied with their own feelings and intellectual faculties—the exertion necessary for the acquire-

ment and preservation of riches," he was led, in the fearlessness of youth, to spend for the benefit of others nearly all of the scanty inheritance he derived from parents who died in exile. He bestowed one part as a dowry on his sister, who married at Florence, and gave up the other to two deserving friends who were in indigent circumstances. He lent even some classic manuscripts, which he called his only treasures, to his old master, that he might pawn them; in this manner Cicero's books *DE GLORIA* were irrecoverably lost. If his presents were declined, he attached some verses to them, which compelled his friends to accept them; and he distributed his Italian poetry as alms amongst rhymesters and ballad-singers. As he advanced in years, the "sovereign contempt for riches," which he continued to profess, was more apparent than real, especially towards the end of his career: yet he never forgot those who looked to him for aid, which he always bestowed with kindness. Among the many legacies of his testament he left to one of his friends his lute, that he might sing the praises of the Almighty—to a domestic a sum of money, intreating him not to lose it at play as usual—to his amanuensis a silver goblet, recommending him to fill it with water in preference to wine—and to Boccaccio a winter pelisse, for his nocturnal studies. Nor did he wait till death had compelled him to be liberal—"In good truth," he writes to Boccaccio, "I know not what you mean by answering, that you are my debtor in money! Oh! if I were able to enrich you!—but for two friends like ourselves, who possess but one soul, one house is sufficient."

He led a life of anxiety and labour; his habits were those of the strictest temperance, which when he became rich did not alter.

'As his fortune increased, he augmented the number of his servants and transcribers; these he always took with him on his journeys, and kept more horses to carry his books. Twelve years before his death, he gave his rich collection of ancient manuscripts to the Venetian Senate, and thus became the founder of the library of Saint Marc. He requested, and received, by way of remuneration, a mansion in Venice. The only fault which he contracted from the possession of wealth was the custom of boasting too much about the good use he made of it.'

The following particulars are so interesting, and probably so new to many readers, that we insert them with pleasure:—

'Wherever he went, he took up his abode in a sort of hermitage, and continued to compose whole volumes, still exclaiming that he was only losing his time, but that he must do something to forget himself—"Whether I am being shaved or having my hair cut, whether I am riding on horseback or taking my meals, I either read myself or get some one to read to me. On the table where I dine, and by the side of my bed, I have all the materials for writing; and, when I awake in the dark, I write, although I am unable to read the next morning what I have written." During the latter years of his life he always slept with a lighted lamp near him, and rose exactly at midnight. "Like a wearied traveller, I quicken my pace in proportion as I approach the end of my journey. I read and write night and day: it is my only resource. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is wearied with writing, and my heart is worn with care. I desire to be known to posterity; if I cannot succeed, I may be known to my own age, or at least to my friends. It would have satisfied me to have known myself; but in that I shall never succeed."—What does a life thus spent avail? To what purpose are so many

watchful nights and weary days—so many specimens of a noble genius, and of a benevolent heart? In the letter which Petrarch addressed, a few months before his death, to posterity, as his last legacy, and as the ultimate result of his long studies, he declares, that he never found a philosophical system which was satisfactory to him; and scarcely an historical fact, on the truth of which he could depend; and thus concludes: “To philosophise is to love wisdom; and true wisdom is Jesus Christ.”

‘The power of executing his resolutions was not equal to his ardour in planning them, and his faculties were exhausted by conflicting impulses. After he had accustomed himself to look on death without dread, it again appeared to him under fearful forms. He was seized with sudden lethargies, which rendered him absolutely insensible; and for the space of thirty hours his body appeared like a corpse. When he revived, he testified that he had experienced neither terror nor pain. But, by his intemperate meditation on eternity, as a Christian and as a philosopher, he provoked Nature to withhold the boon which she had designed for him, of dying in peace. “I lay myself in my bed as in my shroud—suddenly I start up in a frenzy—I speak to myself—I dissolve in tears, so as to make those weep who witness my condition.” Whatever he saw or heard in these paroxysms of grief, made him experience “the torments of hell.” By degrees he found delight in nourishing his sorrows, and resigned himself during the rest of his life to those reveries which beset ardent minds, and make them ever regret the past, and ever repent—ever grow weary of the present, and either hope or fear too much from the future. Four years before his death, Petrarch built a new house at Arquà, near Padua; and on the 20th day of July, 1374, the eve of the seventieth anniversary of his birth, he was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book.’

IV. The parallel between Dante and Petrarch is ingenious, but we have already run our extracts to so great a length, that if we did not now pause we should have no space for inserting some beautiful translations by Lady Dacre, which are placed in the Appendix:—

‘The eyes, the face, the limbs of heavenly mould,  
So long the theme of my impassion’d lay,  
Charms which so stole me from myself away,  
That strange to other men the course I hold:  
The crisped locks of pure and lucid gold,  
The lightning of the angelic smile, whose ray  
To earth could all of Paradise convey,  
A little dust are now!—to feeling cold!  
And yet I live!—but that I live bewail,  
Sunk the loved light that through the tempest led  
My shatter’d bark, bereft of mast and sail:  
Hush’d be the song that breathed love’s purest fire!  
Lost is the theme on which my fancy fed,  
And turned to mourning my once tuneful lyre.’

‘Not skies serene, with glittering stars inlaid,  
Nor gallant ships o’er tranquil ocean dancing,  
Nor gay careering knights in arms advancing,  
Nor wild herds bounding through the forest glade,  
Nor tidings new of happiness delay’d,  
Nor poesie, Love’s witchery enhancing,  
Nor lady’s song beside clear fountain glancing.  
In beauty’s pride, with chastity array’d;

Nor aught of lovely, aught of gay in show,  
 Shall touch my heart, now cold within her tomb  
 Who was erewhile my life and light below!  
 So heavy—tedious—sad—my days unblest,  
 That I, with strong desire, invoke Death's gloom,  
 Her to behold, whom ne'er to have seen were best.'

It is impossible to praise too highly the elegance, the fidelity, and the spirit of these translations: it would be difficult to say whether the original or the English version possesses most merit.

The volume is enriched also with a fac-simile of Petrarch's handwriting, singularly clear for the period at which he lived.

We close the volume with feelings of obligation to Signor Foscolo for the able and interesting manner in which he has communicated the particulars, hitherto unknown, of the life of his illustrious countryman.

#### DECEMBER TALES.

THERE is no species of writing more favorable to the attempts of essayists in literary composition than short tales; and when they are even tolerably executed nothing is more agreeable to that numerous class of persons called light readers, for whom we profess unbounded respect. The flight is not too high either to tire a light wing, or to lose sight of the humble but real enjoyments which strew our lower earth. Sublimity is not looked for; but that good taste, ease, and elegance, which are created by education and society, supply nearly all that is requisite to ensure success in this sort of writing. The tales of Goldsmith are, perhaps, the most beautiful which have been written in English: the *Vicar of Wakefield* is a production *sui generis*,—there is no work in the language which possesses so irresistible a power over the sensibilities, and which excites with so infallible a charm the tears and the smiles of every description of readers. But it is in the tales of the elder Italian writers that may be seen what treasures this style contains, and of what it is susceptible. It would be foreign to our present purpose to do more than allude to these rich and, unhappily, rare productions; and we mention them now only because it seems to us that their authors discovered that of which our own are not yet convinced; that the first qualification for tale-writing is simplicity;—and upon this alone they relied. Whatever other talent they possessed enhanced the merit of their productions; but without this difficult gift, this faculty which is natural and not acquired, they would not have gained the deathless reputation which now belongs to them. It is because Goldsmith possessed this in an eminent degree that he mates with them in fame, and that the *Vicar of Wakefield* is better than all the rest of his works put together. It is a study for all writers who would attempt a similar style.

The author of the book before us seems to have all the other qualifications we have mentioned, in a very respectable degree; but he is deficient in simplicity. This weakens the effect of his labours; and although all his tales are pleasing, and some of them elegant, they do not make any strong impression upon the readers. It would be unfair to speak of them in terms of censure, but it would be difficult to praise them highly. He professes only to have endeavoured to make them amusing, and in this we must confess he has entirely succeeded. He possesses, however, powers of a higher rank, and he should exert them.



It is not enough for him to be second in such a class; and if it be worth his while to write such *December Tales* as he has now sent into the world, we look for some of a superior order from him.

In his tale of the Falls of Ohiopyle, he has displayed considerable fancy and eloquence. It is the story of a sportsman, who is pursuing the amusement of shooting, on the banks of the Youghiogeny river, and enters a small boat which he finds on the bank. His dog, who is strongly averse to the voyage, is at length compelled to accompany him. They approach, without knowing it, the falls of Ohiopyle; the descriptions offer so favorable a specimen of the author's style that we insert them with great pleasure:—

‘The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds: his last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow and sombre lustre the embrowned foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity: and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased: immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches, covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees and thick shrubs filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forest assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-seathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant, about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would give way to another—and another—and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances: distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels and attendants, dwarfs and ‘squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of fantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions; thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the dense masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance, while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled amid its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure—it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me, at thus beholding, in their pride of loveliness, the works of the Creating Spirit.

‘In the mean time, the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had, since his entrance into the boat, lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and, as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping



shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but, in spite of his unwillingness, he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

‘Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an uninterrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked that, though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat’s course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought, with considerable anxiety, for a place where I might, by any means, land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them, by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him, with considerable difficulty, obtain a safe landing: still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation, or return to his master.

‘Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered and grew cold, to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope of succour, or a twig to catch at, to save me from destruction. In a few moments I should, in all probability, be dashed to atoms on the rock, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death; I had seen him in various forms; I had been in camps, where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. Still the beautiful face of nature, which had tempted me to my fate, was the same; the clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds, were above me, and far high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the stars of evening, and, in their tranquillity, seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects; a mist was over my eyes; but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind: things of whose shape I could form no idea would seize me, and whirl me round till sight and hearing fled; then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity; for more than a very few minutes could not have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly I seemed rapt along inconceivably swift, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity; then a shock, as if my frame had been rent in atoms, succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered in some degree to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam, and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted up from the water; but human nature could not bear such a situa-

tion long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained; I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

'It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me from a long and troubled sleep; but my memory was totally ineffectual to explain what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I had retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorance of its origin, which I imagine a creature, placed in the situation I have supposed, would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some allowance will, I trust, be made, in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

'I looked around the place in which I was; I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity, but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation; of my sailing on the river, of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohiopyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it; but no one was visible.'

Upon his recovery he finds himself in the cottage of a Pennsylvanian farmer, whose son had rescued him from his perilous situation in the river, below the cataract, and to the care of whose daughter he was indebted for his recovery. The tale ends by the hero's marriage with his fair physician.

In the Wanderings of an Immortal, or a man who has discovered the *elixir vitæ*, he is less happy. The subject is a painful one, and it requires such a master-hand as Godwin to give it interest as well as force. The description of a storm, and the wreck of a vessel, is the best part of it. The pain of drowning, increased tenfold by its duration, and by that gate which is the relief of mortal agony being closed upon it, is well painted:—

'In little more than a minute after we had left the ship, I saw her sink. Her descent made a wide chasm in the waves, and the rush of the parted waters was dreadful, as they closed over, and dashing up their white foam as they met, seemed to exult over their victim. I was dashed about in the water till I was exhausted: I could no longer take my breath, and began to sink; I struggled hard to keep up, but the tempest subsided, and I was no longer borne up by the force of the waves. I descended—they were the most horrible moments of my life. I gasped for breath, but my mouth and throat were instantly filled with water, and the passage totally obstructed; the air confined in my lungs endeavoured in vain to force an outlet; I felt a tightness at the inside of my ears; the external pressure of the water on all sides of my body was very painful, and my eyes felt as if a cord were tied tightly round my brows. At last, by a dreadful convulsion of my whole body, the air was expelled through my wind-pipe, and forced its way through the water with a gurgling sound:—again the same sensations recurred—and again the same convulsion. Then I cursed the hour when I had obtained the fatal possession which hindered me from perishing. Ardently did I long for death to free me

from the sufferings which I endured. In a short time I was exhausted, the convulsions became more frequent but less powerful, and I gradually lost all sense and feeling.'

There is no tale in this: it is a mere fragment. The book is closed by four papers, which are to us the most amusing part of the work. They are called *Recollections*, and are rambling essays upon old books and the old pleasures which were derived from them. This is a subject upon which every reading man has a strong sympathy; the names of Chaucer, and Walton, and Burton, of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas Browne, and the thousand literary English worthies whose names hang on our memories as if we had really been personally acquainted with them, are like spells to call up the enjoyments of the best and happiest days of our lives. In this part of his work the author displays much reading and good taste. It would be uninteresting to our readers to quote any part of them, and unjust to the essays themselves; they deserve to be read through. We dismiss the subject by assuring such of our friends as may want an hour's amusing reading, that we do not know any new book more likely to answer their purpose than the *December Tales*.

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THE LUCUBRATIONS OF HUMPHRY RAVELIN, ESQ. LATE  
MAJOR IN THE \* \* REGT. OF INFANTRY.

THIS is an imitation of the elegant and airy Geoffrey Crayon; and it is a bad imitation. Unlike the generality of persons who adopt such names as the author has prefixed to his book, and which are generally clumsy deceptions, we believe he is exactly what he announces himself, an *ex-militaire*. He has the very tone and manner of an old soldier on half pay; that is to say, he is a great bore. Wars, and rumours of wars, crowd his pages, uninteresting as an army list, and not so true. The perils he has past, however, are the least of the tediousness he inflicts on his readers; for whatever may be the subject of his lucubrations, whatever may have engaged his fluttering fancy for a while, he comes back to the disbanding and the half pay with tears in his eyes, and with a most ponderous melancholy. His attempts to be merry are as unsuccessful as those of a defeated candidate at an election; and he 'mocks his own grinning' at every joke he cuts. Every body knows how tiresome the gentlemen of his cloth are when they cannot forget they are no longer in the army. In most companies it is now one's lot to meet a led captain, who seems to think his only chance of making an impression is to talk of the Peninsula, and to abuse the discipline. These persons have hitherto kept out of print, their idleness being greater than their vanity; but as Mr. Humphry Ravelin shows himself up a representative of his species, he must take the consequence of that indignation which has been long collecting against them. Heaven forbid that we should seem to imply anything disrespectful of retired soldiers who, content with the honours they have acquired, prefer no other claims to notice than those of their intrinsic merit; they command a respect which is willingly paid to them by every well regulated mind; but to have 'a robustious, perriwig-pated, fellow' of a *rasé* thrusting his dwarf laurels into one's face, and talking about Barrosa and Badajoz as if he had ever seen any more of them than the other readers of the *London Gazette*; assuming the part of a hero, and displaying the mind of a milliner; this is really more than one can bear. It is doing good to society to put

such persons down, and it will be a kindness to them to remind them of what they seem miserably to have forgotten;—that having left the army, they are expected to be civil members of the community.

Major Ravelin, as we have said, is of this class; his style is the modern military, which differs in few particulars from that which Fielding has personified in Mrs. *Slip-slop*: it is of a conversational cast, much like that uttered in a mess-room, only having the *damns* left out. He quotes by the head and shoulders—not always correctly, and seldom appositely. His stories are long and pointless, in which respects the stories of such soldiers and of aldermen always coincide—the subject alone differing, and that only in as much as one treats of eating, and the other of fighting; the one talks of what he has a stomach to, and the other of that to which he has not. The following is a specimen of the author's best style, and one of his best subjects. It is on Modern Extravagance, and is composed chiefly of a comparison between the present and past state of society in middle life.—After some pages of tiresome contrast, he thus pursues:—

‘But it is needless to pursue the comparison of the present with the past, and to wander through all the gradations of society, to prove how we have deserted the wholesome prudence of our fathers. I shall therefore conclude this subject with some account of a visit which I lately paid to a family in one of the midland counties, who appear to me to present a picture from whence not a few of my readers may receive a useful hint.

‘Their residence was, when I knew it, in my younger and gayer days, what might now be styled a farm-house of the better order; and, together with about three or four hundred acres by which it was surrounded, formed the property of the family. They had possessed it for several generations, and were a good sample of the order of the lesser country gentry, or superior farmers, who cultivated their own land, and experienced all the blessings of easy circumstances without the attendant evil of idleness. The father of the present proprietor was the friend of my school-days, and we were attached to each other with all the warmth and sincerity of youthful feelings. But, as we drew towards manhood, various causes, which it would be useless to particularise, conspired to separate us, without diminishing the ardour of our mutual friendship; and the events of my life so ordered it, that my first visit to the house since boyhood was upon the occasion of which I have spoken. I was then induced, at the pressing invitation of the son of my old friend, who, after the death of his father, had married and settled upon the property, to become once more a guest under the roof where I had spent some of the merriest hours of a chequered life. I accordingly set out upon my expedition; and happening to have no companion in the coach which conveyed me and my portmanteau, I had full leisure for the indulgence of my own cogitations. Insensibly I fell into a train of reverie, which, connecting my present journey with its destination, brought me back to all the scenes of my youth. I was again, in imagination, let loose from school, and passing my Christmas with my sworn crony, at the old house. Every spot where we had shared in mischief or play was fresh in my memory in the colours which it had then worn. The little lake, on whose surface we had skated together; the great doors of the village church, where we had daily made the old building ring to our game of fives; the cottage of the dame, whose cats our terrier, Snap, the arch

enemy of the feline race, had so often worried in our merciless sports; the forge, where we had many a time provoked the surly smith, by hiding his tools or spoiling his fire, all stood before me such as they had once seemed. Then came the house itself—the old-fashioned parlour, the crackling wood fire, the plain good cheer which reigned within its walls and triumphed despotically at Christmas; the kitchen, with bacon, fishing-rods, and fowling-pieces, all pendent from the roof, and the warm chimney nook, to which we had frequently retired from the parlour, to carry on in security our plots of mischief, or enjoy the uncouth merriment of the farm servants.

These recollections all arose as if the occurrences of my subsequent life had been but a long and wearisome dream, and they the reality to which I had suddenly awakened. When, at last, I had broken the charm in which I was bound, my mind still dwelt upon the scenes I was about to revisit. I forgot the alterations which must have arisen from the hand of time, and the yet more powerful influence of new manners and tastes, and involuntarily expected to find every thing such as I had left it many, many years before. As I drew near to the end of my journey, this illusion was strengthened by the sight of an ancient oak, which a turn of the road brought to my view. It still stood, as of old, dividing the entrance of the village into two, and seemed scarce to have felt the touch of age; but it was the only memorial of the past—every thing around it was changed, and I could with difficulty have traced on the spot those haunts of which the pictures were so strongly painted in my heart. When I alighted at my friend's gate, and looked with an anxious eye for the rough-cast dwelling, with its lattices, and the bow-window which had distinguished the parlour, the green meadow in front, and farm-yard behind, I beheld in its place an elegant mansion, with a viranda encircling its lower story, and pleasure-grounds extending in front and on both sides, in all the beauty of landscape gardening, with roses, and the endless variety of flowering shrubs, blooming around. No farm-yard was still to be seen; for the offices in the rear were carefully excluded from view by the screen of plantations that shrouded the wings of the house. I was greeted with all the sincerity of welcome by my host, as the early friend of his father; and on entering was introduced to his lady, and received with the same cordiality. But I was no longer in the dwelling of other days. The old parlour, and the style of its furniture, were no more; mirrors and pictures, Grecian sofas, and Turkish carpets, appeared on all sides. "You must, my dear sir, find great changes since you were last under this roof," was the observation of my host: "Great, indeed!" replied I, looking around me. "The house," said he, "required complete alteration to make it habitable with our notions of comfort. We have been obliged to throw down a side wall, to build out from the only parlour which it possessed in my father's time, and so to form a drawing and dining-room. I have converted the former kitchen into a library, with a study for myself, and added a new one, with patent steam ranges, and so forth, to the back of the house. It is now comfortable, though still confined." I concluded that he must have farmed very advantageously, to be enabled to carry on such expensive works; and observed, that I had no doubt he was an excellent practical farmer.—No: he had found that the business of the farm interfered very much with his pursuits; it left him no time for his books, and he had given it up, and procured a



tenant for his land. The lady added, that, besides this, the superintendence of his labourers had so confined him, that they could never leave home for a fortnight. His grandfather, thought I, never went beyond the county-town in his life, and only so far to a grand jury or an election; but I said nothing. He told me he had half a dozen friends and a batch of claret for me; and we at length sat down to a superb dinner. Two men servants, and corner dishes of plate, were other concomitants to an entertainment which would have made his grandfather's hair stand an end at the profusion of his polished descendant.

'The conversation at table was pleasing and spirited, and I had more than one occasion of observing that my host possessed some information and talent. But still it was all in the manner of our days. Elegance and refinement of mind, rather than strength of intellect; an imagination that merely skimmed the surface of things; superficial acquaintance with every subject, but depth of research in none. He talked with animation, and bore a considerable share in every topic of the evening; but, whenever an incidental remark could betray the tone of his mind, it was out of unison with the air of easy enjoyment which he assumed. An inward dissatisfaction and inquietude would at intervals break through the semblance of his gaiety, and discover a breast ill at ease. France was mentioned; and I found that he was about to remove thither with his family. He was over careful to impress upon his hearers, that the many advantages which the Continent afforded for the education of his children were the temptations that induced him to the measure of removal. A few minutes afterwards, the mention of a late public meeting was the signal for the declaration of his political feelings. When I heard him assert that the ruin of the national affairs was at hand, I feared that his own were embarrassed; when I listened to his prophecy, that the general overthrow of property was inevitable, I was strengthened in my suspicion that he had himself little remaining to lose. The evening at last was consumed, the guests took their leave, and I retired for the night to my chamber. Being sleepless from the train of ideas which rushed over my mind, the observations that I had made since I arrived at the house mingled with my other thoughts. Malgré some things of which I could not approve, I was pleased with my host: he appeared open and generous in temper, much attached to his wife and two infant children, and she to him; and I felt real pain at the conviction that they must be ruining themselves, and were probably already in difficulties. I reflected that he had only the same property as his forefathers; and did not, like them, improve his income by farming with skill and industry. I considered that it was certainly not more easy to live now than formerly, and that his predecessors would never for a moment have aspired at a tenth part of the display of riches which I had just witnessed. There was no room to doubt that ruin must ensue.

'I formed my resolve upon my pillow, and in the morning, using the privilege of age and long friendship towards the family, I drew from the husband the real state of their affairs, and became acquainted with a detail which made my very heart ache. They were irretrievably in debt; the present was without hope, the prospect of the future insupportable. The fairest side of the picture was sufficiently gloomy; but I thought it yet darker, when he assured me that they had nothing to reproach themselves with; that they were obliged to preserve such an appearance as became

their rank in life; that in a country like England, under the curse of distress and overwhelming taxation, neither they, nor any whom they knew, found it possible to live upon a moderate income: in short, that they were the victims of the times, not of their own extravagance! I had designed to assist them with my counsel, and such little aid as I could offer—of the latter they accepted; and it barely enabled them to escape from the horrors of imprisonment by flight across the channel. My advice was yet more ineffectual; for it left them precisely of their former opinion, that they were guiltless of the work of their ruin. A heavy mortgage is now foreclosing on their estate; and if the bounty of Heaven were to bestow a second property upon them, the same train of expense, outward gaiety, real misery, disgrace, and banishment, would attend them; for adversity has failed to convince them of their errors.

‘Thus is it that we can deceive ourselves. Thus is it that thousands can sacrifice principle, competence, and inward peace, in the mania for expense, while they steel their minds against the conviction that their own folly is the living fountain of their distresses. If the signs of the times must be looked to for the causes of pecuniary embarrassment in private life, they are to be found in the desertion of the wholesome economy of former days by all classes of society, and by the middle orders in particular. They are to be sought in the general disposition to grasp at indulgences which our means do not warrant. Luxury and profusion have become the deities of our hearths; the desire of vying with superiors; and outdoing equals, the only ambition of English hospitality.’

Nothing could reconcile us to Major Ravelin, unless his book were, like himself, reduced to half pay.

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PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. BY THE AUTHOR OF *Waverley*,  
KENILWORTH, &c.

THE prolific author of *Waverley* has produced another novel, which, after the usual flourish of trumpets which precedes his works, has at length arrived to gladden the hearts of the expectant Londoners. It is impossible for any man to hold on untired in the same course at the pace at which this popular author writes; and it would be to betray our judgment and experience if we expected that his latter rapid productions could equal his earlier labours. They bear, indeed, little similarity to each other. In *Waverley*, and in some of those which immediately followed it, there were evident marks of careful writing; the incidents were skilfully disposed and naturally connected; the characters were strongly marked, and no more of them brought upon the canvass than were essential to the picture; and lastly, the style, though never pure, was easy and agreeable. In the latter novels, instead of these excellences, we are compelled to observe with regret, that while there are marks of the same power as in the others, there is a want of care, an utter slovenliness and depravation of style, which impair the works so much as to bring them on a par with the productions of ordinary novelists. It is said by the uncharitable, that the reason for this is the desire of the author to make his popularity as lucrative as may be. We do not pretend to say whether this be true or not; we do not account for the falling off, but we regret that the fact is so, and that our duty compels us to notice it. Premising then that the



present novel is far inferior to many of its predecessors, we proceed to give our readers an account of its nature.

The opening scene is laid in the neighbourhood of the Peak in Derbyshire. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a cavalier, whose devotion to his king has crippled his fortune and endangered his life, is living with his lady and his only child, Julian, in Martindale-castle, the seat of his ancestors. His neighbour, Major Bridgenorth, of Moultrassie-hall, has been one of Cromwell's soldiers, and his influence with the Protector has preserved the life of Sir Geoffrey when his loyalty had placed it in jeopardy. An intimacy, and as much friendship as could subsist between the proud aristocratic knight and the stern puritan, had long prevailed. Major Bridgenorth had lost his wife, and all his children but one, at an early age; his only surviving infant daughter had been taken by Lady Peveril, and under her care, educated with her own child Julian, the little Alice grew healthy and strong. The restoration of the king had brought back public tranquillity, which was, however, soon disturbed by the infamous machinations of the popish plot witnesses. The Countess of Derby is, by a strange anachronism, brought in as being suspected of sharing this plot, and arrives at Martindale-castle *incog.* in her way to the court. Major Bridgenorth is present at the meeting between her and Lady Peveril, who has been her early *protégée*. The following conversation exhibits the character of the countess, and explains an important incident in the novel. Lady Peveril expresses her surprise at the countess's manner of journeying :

"You remember," replies the countess,—“you must have heard—for I think Margaret Stanley would not be indifferent to my fate—that after my husband's murder at Bolton, I took up the standard which he never dropped until his death, and displayed it with my own hand in our Sovereignty of Man.”

"I did indeed hear so, madam," said the Lady Peveril; “and that you had bidden a bold defiance to the rebel government, even after all other parts of Britain had submitted to them. My husband, Sir Geoffrey, designed at one time to have gone to your assistance with some few followers; but we learned that the island was rendered to the Parliament party, and that you, dearest lady, were thrown into prison.”

"But you heard not," said the countess, “how that disaster befell me.—Margaret, I would have held out that island against the knaves as long as the sea continued to flow around it. Till the shoals which surround it had become safe anchorage—till its precipices had melted with the sunshine—till of all its strong abodes and castles not one stone remained upon another, would I have defended against these villainous hypocritical rebels, my dear husband's hereditary dominion. The little kingdom of Man should have been yielded only when not an arm was left to wield a sword, not a finger to draw a trigger in its defence. But treachery did what force could never have done. When we had foiled various attempts upon the island by open force—treason accomplished what Blake and Lawson, with their floating castles, had found an enterprise too hazardous—a base rebel, whom we had nursed in our own bosoms, betrayed us to the enemy. This wretch was named Christian—”

Major Bridgenorth started and turned towards the speaker, but instantly seemed to recollect himself, and again averted his face. The countess proceeded, without noticing the interruption, which, however,

rather surprised Lady Peveril, who was acquainted with her neighbour's general habits of indifference and apathy, and therefore the more surprised at his testifying such sudden symptoms of interest. She would once again have moved the countess to retire to another apartment, but Lady Derby proceeded with too much vehemence to endure interruption.

"This Christian," she said, "had eaten of my lord his sovereign's bread, and drank of his cup, even from childhood—for his fathers had been faithful servants to the house of Man and Derby. He himself had fought bravely by my husband's side, and enjoyed all his confidence; and when he was martyred by the rebels, he recommended to me, amongst other instructions communicated in the last message I received from him, to continue my confidence in Christian's fidelity. I obeyed, although I never loved the man. He was cold and phlegmatic, and utterly devoid of that sacred fire which is the incentive to noble deeds, suspected too of leaning to the cold metaphysics of calvinistic subtlety. But he was brave, wise, and experienced, and, as the event proved, possessed but too much interest with the islanders. When these rude people saw themselves without hope of relief, and pressed by a blockade, which brought want and disease into their island, they began to fall off from the faith which they had hitherto shown."

"What," said the Lady Peveril, "could they forget what was due to the widow of their benefactor—she who had shared with the generous Derby the task of bettering their condition?"

"Do not blame them," said the countess; "the rude herd acted but according to their kind—in present distress they forgot former benefits, and, nursed in their earthen hovels, with spirits suited to their dwellings, they were incapable of feeling the glory which is attached to constancy in suffering. But that Christian should have headed their revolt—that he, born a gentleman, and bred under my murdered Derby's own care in all that was chivalrous and noble—that he should have forgot a hundred benefits—why do I talk of benefits?—that he should have forgotten that kindly intercourse which binds man to man far more than the reciprocity of obligation—that he should have headed the ruffians who broke suddenly into my apartment—immured me with my infants in one of my own castles, and assumed or usurped the tyranny of the island—that this should have been done by William Christian, my vassal, my servant, my friend, was a deed of ungrateful treachery, which even this age of treason will scarcely parallel!"

"And you were then imprisoned," said the Lady Peveril, "and in your own sovereignty?"

"For more than seven years I have endured strict captivity," said the countess. "I was indeed offered my liberty, and even some means of support, if I would have consented to leave the island, and pledged my word that I would not endeavour to repossess my son in his father's rights. But they little knew the princely house from which I spring—and as little the royal house of Stanley which I uphold—who hoped to humble Charlotte of Tremouille in so base a composition. I would rather have starved in the darkest and lowest vault of Ruffin Castle, than have consented to aught which might diminish in one hair's breadth the right of my son over his father's sovereignty."

"When the news arrived of the changes which were current in Britain, these sentiments were privately communicated to me; and a rising, effected as suddenly and effectually as that which had made me a captive, placed me at liberty and in possession of the sovereignty of Man, as regent for my son, the youthful Earl of Derby. Do you think I enjoyed that sovereignty long without doing justice to that traitor Christian?"

"How, madam," said Lady Peveril, who though she knew the high and ambitious spirit of the countess, scarce anticipated the extremities to which it was capable of hurrying her—"Have you imprisoned Christian?"

"Ay, wench—in that sure prison which felon never breaks from," answered the countess.

Bridgenorth, who had insensibly approached them, and was listening with an agony of interest which he was unable any longer to suppress, broke in with the stern exclamation—

"Lady, I trust you have not dared——"

The countess interrupted him in her turn.

"I know not who you are who question—and you know not me when you speak to me of that which I dare, or dare not, do. But you seem interested in the fate of this Christian, and you shall hear it.—I was no sooner placed in possession of my rightful power, than I ordered the doomsman of the island to hold upon the traitor a high court of justice, with all the formalities of the isle, as prescribed in its oldest records. The court was held in the open air, before the judges and keys, seated upon chairs of the living rock—the criminal was heard at length in his own defence, which amounted to little more than those specious allegiances of public consideration, which are ever used to colour the ugly front of treason. He was fully convicted of his crime, and he received the doom of a traitor."

"He passed from the judgment-seat to the place of execution, with no farther delay than might be necessary for his soul's sake. He was shot to death in the court-yard of Peel Castle, by a file of musketeers."

Bridgenorth clasped his hands together, wrung them, and groaned bitterly.

"As you seem interested for this criminal," added the countess, addressing Bridgenorth, "I do him but justice in reporting to you, that his death was firm and manly, becoming the general tenor of his life, which, but for that gross act of traitorous ingratitude, had been fair and honourable. But what of that? The hypocrite is a saint, and the false traitor a man of honour, till opportunity, that faithful touchstone, proves their metal to be base."

"It is false, woman—it is false!" said Bridgenorth, no longer suppressing his indignation.

"What means this bearing, master Bridgenorth?" said Lady Peveril, much surprised. "What is this Christian to you, that you should insult the Countess of Derby under my roof?"

"Speak not to me of countesses and of ceremonies," said Bridgenorth; "grief and anger leave me no leisure for idle observances, to humour the vanity of overgrown children.—O Christian—worthy, well worthy of the name thou didst bear! My friend—my brother—the brother of my blessed Alice—the only friend of my desolate estate; art thou then cru-

elly murdered by a female fury, who, but for thee, had deservedly paid with her own blood that of God's saints, which she, as well as her tyrant husband, had spilled like water!"

Lady Peveril remonstrates with him upon his violence, but he persists in arresting the countess for the murder of Christian; and at length Lady Peveril, with more energy than might have been expected from the mildness of her temper, orders her servants to defeat his attempt by main force.

Sir Geoffrey, who was from home, now returns, and escorts the countess to Liverpool, in spite of the major's endeavour to stop her, and the consequence of this event is the breaking off all intimacy between the families; Major Bridgenorth takes away his daughter, persuading the nurse to accompany her, and they disappear from the county. The history then takes a leap to the Isle of Man, where Julian Peveril, by this time grown up, has been educated with the young Earl of Derby. The character of the young nobleman is so amusing that we regret he does not play a more prominent part. He is thus introduced:

'The Isle of Man, in the midst of the seventeenth century, was something very different, as a place of residence, from what it is now. Men had not discovered its merit, as a place of occasional refuge from the storms of life, and the society to be there met with was of a very uniform tenor. There were no smart fellows, whom fortune had tumbled from the seat of their barouches—no plucked pigeons, or winged rooks—no disappointed speculators—no ruined miners—in short, no one worth talking to. The society of the island was limited to the natives themselves, and a few merchants, who lived by contraband trade. The amusements were rare and monotonous, and the mercurial young Earl was soon heartily tired of his dominions.

'Julian was seated in the deep recess which led to a latticed window of the Old Castle; and, with his arms crossed, and an air of profound contemplation, was surveying the long perspective of ocean, which rolled its successive waves up to the foot of the rock on which the ancient pile is founded. The Earl was suffering under the infliction of ennui—now looking into a volume of Homer—now whistling—now swinging on his chair—now traversing the room—till, at length, his attention became swallowed up in admiration of the tranquillity of his companion.

"King of Men!" he said, repeating the favourite epithet by which Homer describes Agamemnon. "I trust, for the old Greek's sake, he had a merrier office than being King of Man—Most philosophical Julian, will nothing rouse thee—not even a bad pun on my own royal dignity?"

"I wish you would be a little more the King in Man," said Julian, starting from his reverie, "and then you would find more amusement in your dominions."

"What? dethrone that royal Semiramis my mother," said the young lord, "who has as much pleasure in playing Queen as if she were a real Sovereign? I wonder you can give me such counsel."

"Your mother, as you well know, my dear Derby, would be delighted, did you take any interest in the affairs of the island."

"Ah, truly, she would permit me to be King; but she would choose to remain Viceroy over me. Why, she would only gain a subject the more, by my converting my spare time, which is so very valuable to me, to the cares of royalty. No, no, Julian, she thinks it power to direct

all the petty affairs of these poor Manxmen; and, thinking it power, she finds it pleasure. I shall not interfere, unless she hold a high court of justice again. I cannot afford to pay another fine to my brother, King Charles—But I forget—this is a sore point with you.”

“With the countess, at least,” replied Julian; “and I wonder you will speak of it.”

“Why, I bear no malice against the poor man’s memory any more than yourself, though I have not the same reasons for holding it in veneration,” replied the Earl of Derby; “and yet I have some respect for it too. I remember their bringing him out to die—It was the first holiday I ever had in my life, and I heartily wish it had been on some other account.”

“I would rather hear you speak of any thing else, my lord,” said Julian.

“Why, there it goes,” answered the Earl; “whenever I talk of any thing that puts you on your metal, and warms your blood, that runs as cold as a mer-man’s—to use a simile of this happy island—Hey pass! you press me to change the subject.—Well, what shall we talk of?—O, Julian, if you had not gone down to earth yourself among the castles and caverns of Derbyshire, we should have had enough of delicious topics—the play-houses, Julian—Both the King’s house and the Duke’s—Louis’s establishment is a jest to them; and the Ring in the Park, which beats the Corso at Naples—and the beauties, who beat the whole world.”

“I am very willing to hear you speak on the subject, my lord,” answered Julian; “the less I have seen of the London world myself, the more I am liked to be amused by your account of it.”

“Ay, my friend—but where to begin?—with the wit of Buckingham, and Sedley, and Etherege, or with the grace of Harry Jermyn—the courtesy of the Duke of Monmouth, or with the loveliness of La Belle Hamilton—of the Duchess of Richmond—of Lady —, the person of Roxalana, the smart humour of Mrs. Nelly —”

“Or what say you to the bewitching sorceries of Lady Cynthia?” demanded his companion.

“Faith, I would have kept these to myself, to follow your prudent example. But since you ask me, I fairly own I cannot tell what to say of them; only I think of them twenty times as often as all the beauties I have spoke of. And yet she is neither the twentieth part so beautiful as the plainest of these court beauties, nor so witty as the dullest I have named, nor so modish—that is the great matter—as the most obscure. I cannot tell what makes me doat on her, except that she is as capricious as her whole sex put together.”

The interesting part of the story then begins. Julian Peveril has met by accident with Alice Bridgenorth, who is changed from his infantine playmate to a beautiful young woman. A mutual passion ensues, which is nourished by interviews permitted by the nurse, Deborah Debitch, but which, as it appears afterwards, are not without the knowledge of Major Bridgenorth.

The Major, in an interview with Peveril, neither quite discourages nor favours his addresses. Julian is despatched by the countess to the court, with papers to the king, in consequence of the imputation that she has been engaged in the plot. It is now necessary that we should introduce a singular but important personage, the countess’s train-bearer:

‘ This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form), set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ankles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella’s look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

‘ The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughts-woman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still show the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honours of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of caligraphy.’

This singular being accompanies Julian to the vessel in which he is to embark, and, notwithstanding his displeasure, she refuses to return, nor can she be sent away, but by violence. He learns from the captain that she was the pupil of a Dutch rope-dancer, and had been rescued by the countess from this horrible mode of life. Julian lands at Liverpool, and, after some interruption by the Commons Sergeant at Mace, who seizes the horse he had just purchased, he pursues his journey to Martindale Castle. On the road he is overtaken by a person who forces his company on him, notwithstanding Julian’s aversion and positive refusal to travel with him,

‘ The stranger proceeded the same pace with him, keeping cautiously on his bridle-hand, as if to secure that advantage in case of a struggle. But his language did not intimate the least apprehension. “ You do me wrong,” he said to Peveril, “ and you equally wrong yourself. You are uncertain where to lodge to-night—trust to my guidance. Here is an ancient hall, within four miles, with an old knightly pantaloon for its lord—an all-be-ruffed Dame Barbara for the lady gay—a Jesuit, in a butler’s habit, to say grace—an old tale of Edgehill and Worster fights to relish a cold venison pasty, and a flask of claret mantled with cobwebs—a bed for you in the priest’s hiding hole—and, for aught I know, pretty Mistress Betty, the dairy-maid, to make it ready.”

“ This has no charms for me, Sir,” said Peveril, who, in spite of himself, could not but be amused with the ready sketch which the stranger gave of many an old mansion in Cheshire and Derbyshire, where the owners retained the ancient faith of Rome.

“ Well, I see I cannot charm you in this way,” continued his companion; “ I must strike another key. I am no longer Ganlesse, the



seminary priest, but (changing his tone, and snuffing in the nose) Simon Canter, a poor preacher of the word, who travels this way to call sinners to repentance; and to strengthen, and to edify, and to fructify, among the scattered remnant who hold fast the truth.—What say you to this, Sir?”

“I admire your versatility, Sir, and could be entertained with it at another time. At present, sincerity is more in request.”

“Sincerity!” said the stranger;—“A child’s whistle, with but two notes in it—yea, yea, and nay, nay. Why, man, the very Quakers have renounced it, and have got in its stead a gallant recorder, called Hypocrisy, that is somewhat like Sincerity in form, but of much greater compass, and combines the whole gamut. Come, be ruled—be a disciple of Simon Canter for the evening, and we will leave the old tumble-down castle of the knight aforesaid, on the left hand, for a new brick-built mansion, erected by an eminent salt-boiler from Namptwich, who expects the said Simon to make a strong spiritual pickle for the preservation of a soul somewhat corrupted by the evil communications of this wicked world. What say you? He has two daughters—brighter eyes never beamed under a pinched hood; and for myself, I think there is more fire in those who live only to love and to devotion, than in your court beauties, whose hearts are running on twenty follies beside. You know not the pleasure of being conscience-keeper to a pretty precisian, who in one breath repeats her foibles, and in the next confesses her passion. Perhaps, though, you may have known such in your day? Come, Sir, it grows too dark to see your blushes; but I am sure they are burning on your cheek.”

“You take great freedom, Sir,” said Peveril, as they now approached the end of the lane, where it opened on a broad common; “and you seem rather to count more on my forbearance, than you have room to do with safety. We are now nearly free of the lane which has made us companions for this last half hour. To avoid your further company, I will take the turn to the left, upon that common; and if you follow me, it shall be at your peril. Observe, I am well armed; and you will fight at odds.”

“Not at odds,” returned the provoking stranger, “while I have my brown jennet, with which I can ride round and around you at pleasure; and this text, of a handful in length, (showing a pistol, which he drew from his bosom,) which discharges very convincing doctrine on the pressure of a fore-finger, and is apt to equalize all odds, as you call them, of youth and strength. Let there be no strife between us, however—the moor lies before us—chuse your path on it—I take the other.”

“I wish you good night, Sir,” said Peveril to the stranger, “I ask your forgiveness, if I have misconstrued you in any thing; but the times are perilous, and a man’s life may depend on the society in which he travels.”

“True,” said the stranger; “but in your case, the danger is already undergone, and you should seek to counteract it. You have travelled in my company long enough to devise a handsome branch of the Popish Plot. How will you look, when you see come forth, in comely folio form, *The Narrative of Simon Canter, otherwise called Stephen Ganlesse, concerning the horrid Popish Conspiracy for the Murther of the King, and Massacre of all Protestants, as given on oath to the Honourable House*



of Commons; setting forth, how far Julian Peveril, younger, of Martindale Castle, is concerned in carrying on the same—”

“How, Sir? What mean you?” said Peveril, much startled.

“Nay, Sir,” replied his companion, “do not interrupt my title-page.”

“You seem to know me, Sir,” said Peveril; “and if so, I think I may fairly ask you your purpose in thus bearing me company, and the meaning of all this rhapsody. If it be mere banter, I can endure it within proper limit; although it is uncivil on the part of a stranger. If you have any further purpose, speak it out; I am not to be trifled with.”

This angry conversation ends by a proposal on the part of the stranger to show Julian to an inn, which he accepts. He here meets a person who is called Smith, but who is in reality Chiffinch, a notorious pandar of the king's. The conversation between these persons is amusing, and given in the very spirit of the times. Julian falls asleep, but the others keep up a debauch. On his awakening, he resolves to pursue his journey, which he does, rejecting the proffered advice of Ganlesse. He reaches Martindale Castle, where he finds his father just arrested for having taken part in the plot. Major Bridgenorth is with the parliamentary messengers, and Julian, in attempting to rescue his father, fires at the major, but without hitting him. He is immediately overpowered, and the old knight, and his lady, are carried to London, while Julian remains in the custody of Major Bridgenorth, whom he accompanies to his own house. He here finds again that same Ganlesse whom he had met upon the road, and who, in the company of Puritans, is affecting an air of sanctified severity. Major Bridgenorth, whose affection for Julian is sincere, proposes to him, on retiring for the night, the means of escape, provided he will hasten to Liverpool. He refuses, as well on account of his father, who is taken to London, as for the countess's errand. The major leaves him, but in the course of the night his escape is effected by means altogether unexpected. His father's tenantry, and some miners in the neighbourhood, are raised by Lance Outram, the gamekeeper. They beset Bridgenorth's house, which is soon on fire; and, after a sharp skirmish, in which one of the miners falls, Julian is released to them. Accompanied by Lance, he proceeds towards London; they arrive at an obscure inn, to which they find it difficult to obtain admission, and at length it is granted only on condition that Lance shall assist the landlord at the tap, and Peveril take his place in the bar, behind a room which is occupied by guests who have required the whole of the inn. These are a young lord of the court, and Chiffinch, or Smith. From this place he hears the whole of their conversation, and learns enough to clear up all that was before mysterious. The person whom he has known as Ganlesse is Edward Christian, whose brother was executed in the Isle of Man; he has joined in a plan for destroying the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth, then the king's favorite mistress, by introducing a new beauty; this is intended to be no other than Alice Bridgenorth, the daughter of his brother-in-law the major; and to accomplish it he has engaged the assistance of Chiffinch. His object is, by gaining court interest, to effect the ruin of the Countess of Derby. Julian's indignation is tempered by his prudence, and he learns, moreover, that the wine he drank in the company of Smith and Ganlesse was drugged, that the bullet had been taken out of the pistol he fired at Major Bridgenorth, and that they have robbed him of the countess's papers, substituting a packet of a similar shape

He promptly resolves upon the conduct he means to pursue, and, overtaking Chiffinch on the road the next day, he obtains the papers from him by force, and hastens on to London.

While he is seeking in the Savoy for a Jesuit priest, to whom the countess has directed him, he is met by the incomprehensible Fenella, and supposing she is sent by the countess, he follows her. She leads him through the park, where he very unexpectedly encounters the king. The description of this interview is clever, but so monstrously improbable, that Mother Bunch's fairy tales are *vraisemblable* compared with it. We leave this, however, to introduce a very important character in his own times, but who, in the novel, is made to play a part of unmixed absurdity—the witty and the wicked Duke of Buckingham, Dryden's Zimri, and the author of *The Rehearsal*. The following conversation between Christian, or Ganlesse, who proposes to make Buckingham a tool for working his vengeance, and the duke, will display the plot of the one and the character of the other. It takes place in the Duke's house in London ;

“Your grace is so much occupied with conquests over the fair and over the witty, that you have perhaps forgotten what a stake you have in the little Island of Man.”

“Not a whit, Master Christian. I remember well enough that my round-headed father-in-law, Fairfax, had the island from the Long Parliament; and was ass enough to quit hold of it at the Restoration, when, if he had closed his clutches, and held fast, like a true bird of prey, as he should have done, he might have kept it for him and his. It had been a rare thing to have had a little kingdom—made laws of my own—had my chancellor with seals and mace——”

“You might have done this, and more, if it had pleased your Grace.”

“Ay, and if it had pleased my Grace, thou, Ned Christian, shouldst have been the Jack Ketch of my dominions.”

“I your Jack Ketch, my lord?” said Christian, more in a tone of surprise than of displeasure.

“Why, ay; thou hast been perpetually intriguing against the life of yonder poor old woman. It were a kingdom to thee to gratify thy spleen with thy own hands.”

“I only seek justice against the Countess,” said Christian.

“And the end of justice is always a gibbet,” said the Duke.

“Your Grace is then resolved to forego all the advantages which may arise? If the house of Derby fall under forfeiture, the grant to Fairfax, now worthily represented by your Duchess, revives; and you become the Lord and Sovereign of Man.”

“As they are unlawfully possessed of my wife's kingdom, they certainly can expect no favour at my hand. But thou knowest there is an interest at Whitehall predominant over mine.”

“That is only by your Grace's sufferance,” said Christian.

“No, no; I tell thee a hundred times, no,” said the Duke, rousing himself to anger at the recollection. “I tell thee that base courtesan, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hath impudently set herself to thwart and contradict me; and Charles hath given me both cloudy looks and hard words before the court. I would he could but guess what is the offence between her and me! I would he but knew that! But I will have her plumes plucked, or my name is not Villiers. A worthless French *fille-de-joie* to brave me thus! Christian, thou art right; there is no passion

so spirit-stirring as revenge. I will patronize the plot, if it be but to spite her, and make it impossible for the King to uphold her."

Christian smiled internally to see him approaching the state of mind in which he was most easily worked upon, and judiciously kept silence, until the Duke called out to him in a pet, "Well, Sir Oracle, you that have laid so many schemes to supplant this she-wolf of Gaul, where are all your contrivances now? Where is the exquisite beauty who was to catch the Sovereign's eye at the first glance? Chiffinch, hath he seen her? and what does he say, that exquisite critic in beauty and blam-mange, women and wine?"

"He has seen and approves, but has not yet heard her; and her speech answers to all the rest. We came here yesterday; and to-day I intend to introduce Chiffinch to her, the instant he arrives from the country; and I expect him every hour. I am but afraid of the damsel's peevish virtue, for she hath been brought up after the fashion of our grandmothers—our mothers had better sense."

"What! so fair, so young, so quick-witted, and so difficult?" said the Duke. "By your leave, you shall introduce me as well as Chiffinch."

"That your Grace may cure her of her intractable modesty?" said Christian.

"Why, it will but teach her to stand in her own light. Kings do not love to court and sue; they should have their game run down for them."

"Under your Grace's favour," said Christian, "this cannot be—*Non omnibus dormio*—Your Grace knows the allusion. If this maiden become a Prince's favourite, rank gilds the shame and the sin. But to any under Majesty, she must not vail topsail."

"Why, thou suspicious fool, I was but in jest," said the Duke. "Do you think I would interfere to spoil a plan so much to my own advantage as that which you have laid before me?"

Christian smiled and shook his head. "My lord," he said, "I know your Grace as well, or better, perhaps, than you know yourself. To spoil a well-concerted intrigue by some cross stroke of your own, would give you more pleasure than to bring it to a successful termination according to the plans of others. But Shaftesbury, and all concerned, have determined that our scheme shall at least have fair play. We reckon, therefore, on your help; and—forgive me when I say so—we will not permit ourselves to be impeded by your levity and fickleness of purpose."

"Your Grace's talent and capacity will remain unimpeached," said Christian; and it is those that must serve yourself and your friends. Above all, keep the King's ear employed, which no one can so well do as you. Leave Chiffinch to fill his heart with a proper object. Another thing is, there is a blockheadly old Cavalier, who must needs be a bustling in the Countess of Derby's behalf—he is fast in hold, with the whole tribe of witnesses at his haunches."

"And there is, besides, a young gallant, a son of the said Knight, who was bred in the household of the Countess of Derby, and who has brought letters from her to the Provincial of the Jesuits, and others in London."

"What are their names?" said the Duke, drily.

"Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, in Derbyshire, and his son Julian."

"What! Peveril of the Peak?" said the Duke—"a stout old Cavalier as ever swore an oath—A Worcester-man too—and in truth a man of

all work, when blows were going: I will not consent to his ruin, Christian. These fellows must be flogged off such false scents—flogged, in every sense; they must, and will be, when the nation comes to their eyesight again.”

“It is of more than the last importance, in the mean time, to the furtherance of our plan,” said Christian, “that your grace should stand for a space between them and the king’s favour. The youth hath influence with the maiden, which we should find scarce favourable to our views; besides, her father holds him as high as he can any one who is no such Puritanic fool as himself.”

“Well, most Christian Christian,” said the Duke, “I have heard your commands at length. I will endeavour to stop the earths under the throne, that neither the lord, knight, nor squire in question, will find it possible to burrow there. For the fair one, I must leave Chiffinch and you to manage her introduction to her high destinies, since I am not to be trusted. Adieu, most Christian Christian.”

The scenes changes to the apartments of Mrs. Chiffinch, a cast off mistress of the king’s, where Fenella and Peveril await his majesty’s coming. Julian delivers the countess’s papers, and acquaints the king with his father’s imprisonment. The monarch, with that sensibility which even such profligacy as he indulged in does not entirely destroy, promises his protection. During this scene, Alice Bridgenorth, who has been left by her unworthy uncle with Madam Chiffinch, rushes into the chamber, to seek protection from the insolence of Buckingham, who had assailed her. Seeing Peveril, she clings to his arm in spite of the remonstrances of the king and Buckingham, and even Mistress Chiffinch, who is utterly overwhelmed with confusion at this destruction of their plot. They leave the house together, but the duke, by way of making up for his defeat, has Julian set upon by bullies: he wounds one, and Alice is carried off by the other during the fight, while Julian is clapped up in Newgate for the murder of the duke’s bravo. Here he is, by a trick of the gaoler, made the tenant of the same dungeon with Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the notorious dwarf of the unfortunate queen, Henriette Marie. This would be an amusing personage at Bartholomew Fair, but we cannot tell for what purpose he figures in the novel.

Poor Alice is carried to the duke’s house, where she is lodged in a sort of gilded prison, in a part of the building dedicated to the duke’s pleasure; her escape from this is strangely contrived by Christian, who finds it necessary to pacify his brother-in-law. Alice seeks refuge with her early protector, Lady Peveril, and a sort of Eastern princess, called Zarah, is left in her place. This, not to keep our readers in the dark, is no other than Fenella, who has now found her tongue. She has an interview with the duke, and at length quits him by leaping out of the window. The Peverils, father and son, with the dwarf knight, are tried and acquitted. The belief that they are Papists, has, however, exasperated the mob against them; they are attacked, and, after a skirmish, take refuge in an armourer’s house, where they find Major Bridgenorth. Here they become acquainted with a plot which is then hatching by some of the old Puritans, in which Major Bridgenorth and Christian are concerned, the object of which is to seize and destroy the obnoxious persons at court. Christian has drawn the fickle Duke of Buckingham into the conspiracy and it is arranged between them that arms shall be carried into the pre-

sence, inclosed in violoncellos, by some Germans of the duke's retinue, and all the disaffected persons in town have intimation of the design, as soon as it should be ripe;—with their co-operation the plot is to be achieved. Little Sir Geoffrey, who is also acquainted with the plot, puts himself into one of the violoncellos, and is carried into the king's presence, where he reveals it. The duke is suddenly summoned, but his impudence and the premature discovery shield him from any actual proof of guilt, and his importance to the Protestant cause, protects him. The Countess of Ormond is at court when this discovery takes place; Christian and Fenella are produced by the duke as witnesses, that his intention was to have contrived a masque for the amusement of the king and the court, instead of the plot laid to his charge. The king's penetration discovers the imposture of Fenella; he supposes she is in love with Peveril, as the truth is, and takes the following means to discover it. The monarch says:

"If Lady Derby will contrive either to place her hand near the region of the damsel's heart, or at least on her arm, so that she can feel the sensation of the blood when the pulse increases, then do you, my Lord of Ormond, beckon Julian Peveril out of sight—I will show you in a moment that it can stir at sounds spoken."

The Countess, much surprised, afraid of some embarrassing pleasantry on the part of Charles, yet unable to repress her curiosity, placed herself near Fenella, as she called her little mute; and, while making signs to her, contrived to place her hand on her wrist.

At this moment the King, passing near them, said "This is a horrid deed—the villain Christian has stabbed young Peveril!"

The mute evidence of the pulse, which bounded as if a cannon had been discharged at the poor girl's ear, was accompanied by such a loud scream of agony, as distressed, while it startled, the good-natured Monarch himself. "I did but jest," he said; "Julian is well, my pretty maiden. I only used the wand of a certain blind deity called Cupid, to bring a deaf and dumb vassal of his to the exercise of her faculties."

"I am betrayed!" she said, with her eyes fixed on the ground—"I am betrayed!—and it is fit that she, whose life has been spent in practising treason on others, should be caught in her own snare.—But where is my tutor in iniquity?—Where is Christian, who taught me to play the part of spy on this unsuspecting lady, until I had well nigh delivered her into his bloody hands?"

"This," said the king, "craves more secret examination. Let all leave the apartment who are not immediately connected with these proceedings, and let this Christian be again brought before us.—Wretched man," he continued, addressing Christian, "what wiles are these you have practised, and by what extraordinary means?"

"She has betrayed me, then!" said Christian—"Betrayed me to bonds and death, merely for an idle passion, which can never be successful!—But know, Zarah," he added, addressing her sternly, "when my life is forfeited through thy evidence, the daughter has murdered the father!"

The unfortunate girl stared on him in astonishment. "You said," at length she stammered forth, "that I was the daughter of your slaughtered brother?"

"That was partly to reconcile thee to the part thou wert to play in my destined drama of vengeance—partly to hide what men call the in-



famy of my birth. But my daughter thou art! and from the eastern clime, in which thy mother was born, you derive that fierce torrent of passion which I laboured to train to my purposes, but which, turned into another channel, has become the cause of your father's destruction.—My destiny is the Tower, I suppose?"

'He spoke these words with great composure, and scarce seemed to regard the agonies of his daughter, who, throwing herself at his feet, sobbed and wept most bitterly.

"This must not be," said the king, moved with compassion at this scene of misery. "If you consent, Christian, to leave this country, there is a vessel in the river bound for New England—Go, carry your dark intrigues to other lands."

"I might dispute the sentence," said Christian, boldly; "and if I submit to it, it is a matter of my own choice.—One half hour had made me even with that proud woman, but fortune hath cast the balance against me.—Rise, Zarah, Fenella no more! Tell the Lady of Derby, that, if the daughter of Edward Christian, the niece of her murdered victim, served her as a menial, it was but for the purpose of vengeance—miserably, miserably frustrated!—Thou seest thy folly now—thou wouldst follow yonder ungrateful stripling—forsake all other thoughts to gain his slightest notice; and now, thou art a forlorn outcast, ridiculed and insulted by those on whose necks you might have trode, had you governed yourself with more wisdom!—But come, thou art still my daughter—there are other skies than that which canopies Britain."

Christian departs with his daughter.

"See after him, Selby," said the king; "lose not sight of him till the ship sail; if he dare return to Britain, it shall be at his peril. Would to God we had as good riddance of others as dangerous! And I would also," he added, after a moment's pause, "that all our political intrigues and feverish alarms could terminate as harmlessly as now. Here is a plot without a drop of blood; and all the elements of a romance, without its conclusion. Here we have had a wandering island princess, (I pray my Lady of Derby's pardon,) a dwarf, a Moorish sorceress, an impenitent rogue, and a repentant man of rank, and yet all ends without either hanging or marriage."

"Not altogether without the latter," said the Countess, who had an opportunity, during the evening, of much private conversation with Julian Peveril. "There is a certain Major Bridgenorth, who, since your Majesty relinquishes farther inquiry into these proceedings, which he had otherwise intended to abide, designs, as we are informed, to leave England for ever. Now this Bridgenorth, by dint of the law, hath acquired strong possession over the ancient domains of Peveril, which he is desirous to restore to the owners, with much fair land besides, conditionally, that our young Julian will receive them as the dowry of his only child and heir."

"By my faith," said the king, "she must be a foul-favoured wench indeed, if Julian requires to be pressed to accept her on such fair conditions."

"They love each other like lovers of the last age," said the Countess; "but the stout old knight loves not the Roundheaded alliance."

"Our royal recommendation shall put that to rights," said the king; "Sir Geoffrey Peveril has not suffered hardship so often at our command,

that he will refuse our recommendation when it comes to make him amends for all his losses."

Major Bridgenorth quits England, having first consented to the marriage of the lovers, which concludes the novel; the catastrophe is absurdly complicated.

We have only to add to the opinion we have pronounced upon the inferiority of *Peveril of the Peak*, a recommendation to its author to take breath: let him have patience, and the public fair play; for in these times to receive two guineas for four such volumes is downright extortion, and no less hurtful to his reputation than to his readers' pockets.

VALPERGA: OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CASTRUCCIO,  
PRINCE OF LUCCA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

THE novel writing of the present day seems in general to have assumed a very different shape from those of all the times past. They used to contain the history of men's lives from the cradle to the tomb; and all that they possessed of interest was connected with the subject of them. Now, however, they take the complexion rather of dramas than of histories; the hero is only an actor—often a subordinate one—and the interest is created rather by the incidents than for the persons affected by them. With all due deference to the moderns, and under the favour of that rule which has been made by 'present company' in favour of themselves, we must say that we entertain a strong predilection for the older fashion. We think that *Don Quixote*, and *Tom Jones*, and *Peter Wilkins the Cornishman*, are models in their way; and, although we should not care to confess it in all companies, we tell our readers, in this moment of unlimited confidence, that we like our old friends, the authors of those works, twenty to one better than 'The Author of *Waverley*,' and yet we mean no disparagement to him. It is this feeling which has caused us to hail with sincere pleasure the attempt which is made, in a new novel called *Valperga*, to restore the old style; and, as it has been successfully done, we have the agreeable task of bestowing our praise upon the ingenious author.

To be candid—for we propose always to impart those things to our amiable and indulgent readers which we keep profoundly secret from all the rest of the world—we have been agreeably disappointed. *Valperga* was announced to be by the author of *Frankenstein*—we did not like *Frankenstein*:—we knew the author was Mrs. Shelley—we are not very fond of *Liberaux*—not even in petticoats. We hate cockneyism, and we had the fear of licentious opinions, and startling paradoxes, and the affectations of the London Arcadia, before our eyes. We opened the volume with somewhat of the feeling that we were about to endure an infliction, and had begun to encourage ourselves with 'a sense of our duty,' and so forth; we read on, and all these notions were quickly dissipated. We found that, besides the advantage of being written in the old unaffected shape, the novel of *Valperga* was one of the best we had read in these later times.

The authoress shows herself the true child of a mother who was perhaps one of the most eloquent and passionate of her sex; and well wor-



thy to bear, as she did before her marriage, the name of the author of *St. Leon* and of *Caleb Williams*.

*Valperga* contains the life and adventures of *Castruccio Castruccani*, the sovereign prince of *Lucca*. The author has found in *M. Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics in the middle ages*, and elsewhere, authority for departing almost entirely from the well-known remarkable sketch of his life by *Macchiavelli*. The accounts relating to him are so contradictory and so obscure that there is ample reason to excuse this deviation, even if it required any other apology than the fictitious nature of the work. Instead of the deserted orphan, found by *Madonna Dianora* under the vine leaves in the garden of the Canon *Antonio*, he is described as the son of a noble *Ghibelline*, who is driven from *Lucca* and forced into retirement. The youth, having resolved to embrace the profession of arms, visits *England* under the reign of *Edward II.* and makes campaigns also in *France* under his countryman *Alberto Scoto*, in the service of the French king. He afterwards returns into *Italy*, enriched by experience, his fame, and the counsels of *Scoto*. The latter are extremely well given; they are extracted from the precepts of *Macchiavelli*, but the picture they present of the Italian policy of that period renders them very interesting. The description of his journey from *France* into *Italy* over the *Alps*, by a road then dangerous and unfrequented, is skilfully and powerfully written. We cannot resist giving our readers and ourselves the gratification of reading again the passage to which we allude:

‘He approached the beautiful *Alps*, the boundaries of his native country: their white domes and peaks pierced the serene atmosphere; and silence, the deep silence of an *Alpine* winter, reigned among their ravines. As he advanced into their solitudes, he lost all traces of the footsteps of man, and almost of animals:—an eagle would sometimes cross a ravine, or a chamois was seen hanging on the nearly perpendicular rock. The giant pines were weighed down by a huge canopy of snow; and the silent torrents and frozen waterfalls were covered, and almost hid, by the uniform mass. The paths of the valleys, and the ascent of the mountains, ever difficult, were almost impassable; perpetual showers of snow hid every track, and a few straggling poles alone guided the traveller in his dangerous journey. The vulture leaving his nest in the rock, screamed above, seeming to tell the rash adventurer who dared disturb his haunts, that his torn limbs were the tribute due to him, the monarch of that region. Sometimes even the road was strewn with the members of the venturesome chamois, whose sure foot had failed among the snows; and the approach of *Castruccio* scared the birds of prey from their repast on his half-frozen limbs. One pass was particularly dangerous: the road was cut in the side of a precipitous mountain: below, the stream, which had cleared its way in the very depth of the valley, was hidden by the overhanging of the precipice: above, the mountain side, almost vulture-baffling, black, except where the snow had found a resting-place in its clefts, towered so high that the head became dizzy, when the traveller would have gazed on the walled-in heavens. The path was narrow; and being entirely exposed to the south, the snows that covered it had been slightly melted, and again frozen, so that they had become slippery and dangerous. *Castruccio* dismounted from his horse; and turning his

eyes from the depth below, he led him slowly on, until the widening of the road, and the appearance of a few pines diminished the terror of the surrounding objects.'

Upon his arrival in Italy he joins the standard of Ugucione of Fagginola, and becomes an important Condottiero. His skill, his valour, and his towering talents, soon impel him to higher flights, and from this period his life is a succession of conquests and acquisition of power. The court of Milan is described with great effect; the author displays a perfect knowledge of the persons and characters of the great men who adorned Italy at this time; and, if we may venture to praise her for a talent which she, perhaps, would despise, we think her descriptions of the costume then worn by the splendid personages of both sexes are not the least happy part of her labour. They are beautiful in themselves, but they become much more so in her elegant account of them; they are given with truly feminine delicacy. She reminds us of the figures which the pictures of the old masters have made us acquainted with. It is, however, on more serious occasions that she exerts all her powers: the relation of the sacking of Cremoua is one of the most striking we remember, next to Defoe's description of the effects of the great plague:

'Most of the German soldiers were busy in destroying the fortifications, or in compelling the peasants and citizens to raze the walls of their town. Other parties were ranging about the streets, entering the palaces, whose rich furniture they destroyed, by feasting, and tearing down from the walls all that had the appearance of gold or silver. The cellars were broken open; and, after inebriating themselves with the choice wines of Italy, the unruly, but armed bands, were in a better mood for oppressing the defenceless people. Some of these poor wretches fled to the open country; others locked themselves up in their houses, and throwing what they possessed from the windows, strove to save their persons from the brutality of their conquerors. Many of the noble females took refuge in the meanest cottages, and disguised themselves in poor clothing, till, frightened by the eager glances, or brutal address of the soldiers, they escaped to the country, and remained exposed to hunger and cold among the woods that surrounded the town. Others, with their hair dishevelled, their dresses in disorder, careless of the eyes which gazed on them, followed their husbands and fathers to their frightful prisons, some in mute despair, many wringing their hands, and crying aloud for mercy. As night came on, the soldiery, tired of rapine, went to rest in the beds from which the proprietors were remorselessly banished: silence prevailed; a dreadful silence, broken sometimes by the shriek of an injured female, or the brutal shouts of some of the men, who passed the night in going from palace to palace, calling up the inhabitants, demanding food and wine, and, on the slightest show of resistance, hurrying their victims to prison, or binding them in their own houses with every aggravation of insult.

'Castruccio divided his little band, and sent his men to the protection of several of the palaces, while he and Arrigo rode all night about the town; and having the watchword of the emperor, they succeeded in rescuing some poor wretches from the brutality of the insolent soldiers. Several days followed, bringing with them a repetition of the same scenes; and the hardest heart might have been struck with compassion, to see the misery painted on the faces of many whose former lives had been a

continual dream of pleasure; young mothers weeping over their unfortunate offspring, whose fathers lay rotting or starving in prison; children crying for bread, sitting on the steps of their paternal palaces, within which the military rioted in plenty; childless parents, mourning their murdered babes; orphans, helpless, dying, whose parents could no longer soothe or relieve them.

He finds the lady Euthanasia dei Adimari, with whose family his own had been connected, and who had been the friend and companion of his early days, residing in her feudal Castle of Valperga, near Lucca. He renews the acquaintance; he sues, and is beloved. The character of Euthanasia is elaborately and no less excellently drawn. She is the perfection of womanly beauty, and the personification of all that is great and good in her sex; with a clear judgment, exquisite sensibility, and intense passions; but with reason so powerful, and principles so well established, that all her actions are under the domination of a severe virtue. The following description of the meeting of the lovers, our readers will observe, is in such a style of writing as has not often been seen in productions of a similar name:—

‘Castruccio and Euthanasia met; after many years of absence, they gazed on each other with curiosity and interest. Euthanasia had awaited his arrival with unwonted anxiety: she could not explain to herself the agitation that she felt at the idea of meeting him; but when she saw him, beautiful as a god, power and love dwelling on every feature of his countenance, and in every motion of his graceful form, the unquiet beatings of her heart ceased, and she became calm and happy. And was she not also beautiful? Her form was light, and every limb was shaped according to those rules by which the exquisite statues of the ancients have been modelled. A quantity of golden hair fell round her neck, and, unless it had been confined by a veil that was wreathed round her head, it would almost have touched the ground; her eyes were blue; a blue that seemed to have drunk in the depths of an Italian sky, and to reflect from their orbs the pure and unfathomable brilliance, which strikes the sight as darkness of a Roman heaven; but these beauteous eyes were fringed by long pointed lashes, which softened their fire, and added to their sweetness: the very soul of open-hearted Charity dwelt on her brow, and her lips expressed the softest sensibility; there was in her countenance, beyond all of kind and good that you could there discover, an expression that seemed to require ages to read and understand; a wisdom exalted by enthusiasm, a wildness tempered by self-command, that filled every look and every motion with eternal change. She was dressed according to the custom of the times, yet her dress was rather plain, being neither ornamented with gold nor jewels: a silk vest of blue reached from her neck to her feet, girded at the waist by a small embroidered band; the wide and hanging sleeves were embroidered at the edge, and fell far over her hands, except when, thrown back, they discovered her rosy-tipt fingers and taper wrist.’

Euthanasia loves him, and Castruccio returns her affection with all the love of which his soul is capable. But now the councils of his old general, Scoto, have taken full possession of his mind; his daring and activity lead him to dangerous attempts, and crown him with success. Coldness of heart comes with his honours; his soul is swallowed up with ambition; and his love for Euthanasia is a minor feeling, and one utterly unworthy

of her. She, on the contrary, loves him with all the fervor of a first passion and a single heart. In the author's own powerful words,

'She loved, and was beloved :—her eyes beamed with a quicker fire; and her whole soul, perfectly alive, seemed to feel with a vividness and truth she had never before experienced. Nature was invested for her with new appearances; and there was a beauty, a soul, in the breeze of evening, the starry sky, and uprising sun, which filled her with emotions she had never before so vividly felt. Love seemed to have made her heart its chosen temple; and he linked all its beatings to that universal beauty which is his mother and his nurse.'

Castruccio establishes himself in Lucca, by driving out Uguccione; and the marriage of the lovers is to take place when he shall have returned from a journey he is then about to undertake. Our limits do not allow us to give any account of a court held by Euthanasia, but which well deserves notice. The author has taken this opportunity of describing the magnificent festivals for which the Italian princes were so famous, and of which the earlier novelists of that country are so loud in their praises. It is not too much to say, that in this part of the book we have been reminded of Boccaccio's glorious relations.

Castruccio undertakes the surprise of Ferrara for the purpose of restoring the Marquis Obizzi to its sovereignty, and succeeds. He there meets with a young girl who is said to be inspired, and vowed to God. She is the daughter of a woman who was burnt as a heretic, and at this period she is in the house of the bishop, who has brought her up. While she is one day haranguing the people, the inquisitors seize her; she appeals to the *Judgment of God*, which is the ordeal of walking over heated plough-shares. From the peril of this trial she is saved by a fraud of the monks, to whom the preparations are entrusted. To make the story short, she becomes enamoured of Castruccio, and he, forgetting his high minded Euthanasia, returns her love. The necessity of his departure compels him to explain to the fallen Ancilla Dei that he is betrothed to another, and he quits her. She does not even reproach him. The passionate spirit of the following passage will, we are sure, justify our extracting it :—

'Poor Beatrice! She had inherited from her mother the most ardent imagination that ever animated a human soul. Its images were as vivid as reality, and were so overpowering that they appeared to her, when she compared them to the calm sensations of others, as something superhuman; and she followed that as a guide, which she ought to have bound with fetters, and to have curbed and crushed by every effort of reason. Unhappy prophetess! the superstitions of her times had obtained credit for, and indeed given birth to her pretensions, and the compassion and humanity of her fellow creatures had stamped them with the truth-attesting seal of a miracle. There is so much life in love! Beatrice was hardly seventeen, and she loved for the first time; and all the exquisite pleasures of that passion were consecrated to her, by a mysteriousness and delusive sanctity that gave them tenfold zest. It is said, that in love we idolize the object; and, placing him apart and selecting him from his fellows, look on him as superior in nature to all others. We do so; but even as we idolize the object of our affections, do we idolize ourselves: if we separate him from his fellow mortals, so do we separate ourselves, and, glorying in belonging to him alone, feel lifted above all other sensations

all other joys and griefs, to one hallowed circle from which all but his idea is banished; we walk as if a mist or some more potent charm divided us from all but him; a sanctified victim which none but the priest set apart for that office could touch and not pollute, enshrined in a cloud of glory, made glorious through beauties not our own. Thus we all feel during the entrancing dream of love; and Beatrice, the ardent, affectionate Beatrice, felt this with multiplied power: and, believing that none had ever felt so before, she thought that heaven itself had interfered to produce so true a paradise. If her childish dreams had been full of fire, how much more vivid and overpowering was the awakening of her soul when she first loved! It seemed as if some new and wondrous spirit had descended alive, breathing and panting, into her colder heart, and gave it a new impulse, a new existence. Ever the dupe of her undisciplined thoughts, she cherished her reveries, believing that heavenly and intellectual, which was indebted for its force to earthly mixtures; and she resigned herself entire to her visionary joys, until she finally awoke to truth, fallen, and for ever lost.'

Castruccio returns to Lucca with his power increased and established; still his marriage with Euthanasia is postponed. She is anxious to prevent the enslavement of her native city of Florence, and the acquisition of that territory is one point of his ambition.

The poor Beatrice, forlorn and broken-hearted, and in the disguise of a pilgrim, visits the Castle of Valperga for the purpose of beholding her rival, and quits it almost in delirium. Castruccio relates her story to Euthanasia, who has now so far conquered her passion that she has resolved never to wed him. The deeds by which he has ascended to power are so incompatible with virtue and honour, that her soul which is capable of any sacrifice, shudders at a union with him. At length so little weight has his love against his ambition, that he summons the Castle of Valperga, which has hitherto been independent. Euthanasia refuses to yield it; it is attacked, and taken by the troops of Castruccio, who himself basely points out the secret path of entrance by which he has been admitted for far different purposes. Euthanasia is led a prisoner to Lucca, where Castruccio again offers her his hand: he is refused; but the refusal does not excite even his anger; so cool has his heart grown in his worldly career.

An episode is then introduced of a witch who is consulted by Euthanasia's dwarf Bindo; this old woman is actuated only by a love of mischief, and pretends to enter into his plans for the destruction of Castruccio. If we might say so of what we do not profess clearly to understand, this is the weakest and worst part of the novel. We leave it, to return to the poor Beatrice, whom the charitable disposition of Euthanasia leads her to find in one of the prisons of the city, about to be put to death as a Paterin heretic. She procures from Castruccio her liberation, takes her home, learns her story, which is one of madness and suffering; solaces her woes, restores her health, and in some measure her tranquillity. The mischievous witch, who has also learnt her history, and has by Bindo's assistance seen her, promises to assist her in conjuring up the form of Castruccio. They meet by night, at a time when the adroit hag knows he must pass. A mummery ensues; she administers a draught to Beatrice for the purpose of aiding the delusion; she then invokes Castruccio, who passes the road; the distracted Beatrice rushes towards

him, and the shock, together with the potency of the draught, uproots her reason—she is carried home and expires.

The manner of her funeral, which Euthanasia wished to be private, but which Castruccio insisted should be attended with every circumstance of pomp used in those days, is thus described:—

‘The room was hung with black cloth, and made as dark as night, to give brightness to the many torches by which it was illuminated. Beatrice was laid on a bier, arrayed in costly apparel, and canopied with a pall of black velvet embroidered with gold: flowers, whose beauty and freshness mocked the livid hues of the corpse, were strewn over her, and scattered about the room; and two boys walked about, swinging censers of incense. The chamber was filled with mourning women; one, the chief, dressed in black, with dishevelled hair, knelt near the head of the bier, and began the funeral song; she sang a strain in a monotonous, but not unmelodious voice: the verses were extempore, and described the virtues and fortunes of the deceased; they ended with the words:

*Oime! ora giace morta sulla bara!\**

‘And the other women, taking up the burthen, cried in shrill tones:

*Oime! ora giace morta sulla bara!*

‘Again they were silent: and the *Cantatrice*, renewing her song, repeated another verse in praise of poor Beatrice. Castruccio had told her in part what ought to be the subject of her song. The first verse described her as beautiful, beloved, and prosperous among her friends and fellow citizens: “Then,” cried the singer, “the spoiler came; she lost all that was dear to her; and she wandered forth a wretch upon the earth. Who can tell what she suffered? Evil persons were abroad; they seized on her; and she became the victim of unspoken crimes: worse ills followed, madness and heresy, which threatened to destroy her soul.”

‘The woman wept, wept unfeigned tears as she sang; and the hired mourners sympathized in her grief; each verse ended with the words,

*Oime! ora giace morta sulla bara!*

which were echoed by them all, and accompanied by cries and tears.

‘She ended; and, night being come, the hour for interment arrived. The censers were replenished with incense; and the priests sprinkled holy water about the room. Four lay-brothers raised the bier, and followed a troop of priests and monks, who went first with the crucifix, chaunting a *De profundis*. The streets through which they passed were rendered as light as day by the glare of torches; after the priests, came the bier on which the body lay exposed, covered with flowers; many of the young girls and women of the city followed, each carrying a wax taper; a troop of horse closed the procession. It was midnight when they entered the church; the moon threw the shadow of the high window on the pavement: but all shadows were effaced by the torches which filled the church. Beatrice was laid in her peaceful grave; and, mass being said for the repose of her soul, the ceremony closed.’

Castruccio’s increasing crimes widen the gulf which separates him from Euthanasia. The murder of her kinsmen, the enslavement of her country, and the persuasions of her friends, induce at length the magnanimous lady of Valperga to join in a plot for his removal. It is dis-

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\* Alas! she now lies dead upon the bier!



covered by the treachery of an infamous priest who has been the cause of Beatrice's woes and madness; the conspirators are seized, and Euthanasia is thrown into the dungeon of Lucca. Castruccio visits her by night to offer her liberty—but it is the liberty of exile, which she at first rejects, and is afterwards induced to accept. Castruccio himself conducts her by night towards the shore. A vessel is waiting to carry her to Sicily. The concluding paragraphs of the novel derive the most affecting interest from the similarity of the catastrophe to that which lately befell one so dear to the authoress.

"The Virgin Mother bless your voyage!" said her guide to Euthanasia.—"I am afraid that it will be rough, for an ugly wind is rising: but the saints will surely guard you."

'Euthanasia stepped into the boat; its commander sat beside her; and the men took their oars: she waved her hand to her guide, saying, "Farewell, may God bless you!" she added in a low tone, half to herself—"They speak Italian also in Sicily."

'These were the last words she ever spoke to any one who returned to tell the tale. The countryman stood upon the beach;—he saw the boat moor beside the vessel; he saw its crew ascend the dark sides. The boat was drawn up; the sails were set; and they bore out to sea, receding slowly with many tacks, for the wind was contrary;—the vessel faded on the sight; and he turned about, and speeded to Lucca.

'The wind changed to a more northerly direction during the night; and the land-breeze of the morning filled their sails, so that, although slowly, they dropped down southward. About noon they met a Pisan vessel, who bade them beware of a Genoese squadron, which was cruising off Corsica: so they bore in nearer to the shore. At sunset that day a fierce scirocco rose, accompanied by thunder and lightning, such as is seldom seen during the winter season. Presently they saw huge dark columns descending from heaven, and meeting the sea, which boiled beneath; they were borne on by the storm, and scattered by the wind. The rain came down in sheets; and the hail clattered, as it fell to its grave in the ocean;—the ocean was lashed into such waves, that, many miles inland, during the pauses of the wind, the hoarse and constant murmurs of the far-off sea made the well-housed landsman mutter one more prayer for those exposed to its fury.

'Such was the storm, as it was seen from shore. Nothing more was ever known of the Sicilian vessel which bore Euthanasia. It never reached its destined port, nor were any of those on board ever after seen. The sentinels who watched near Vado, a tower on the sea beach of the Maremma, found, on the following day, that the waves had washed on shore some of the wrecks of a vessel; they picked up a few planks and a broken mast, round which, tangled with some of its cordage, was a white silk handkerchief, such a one as had bound the tresses of Euthanasia the night that she had embarked, and in its knot were a few golden hairs.

'She was never heard of more; even her name perished. She slept in the oozy cavern of the ocean; the sea-weed was tangled with her shining hair; and the spirits of the deep wondered that the earth had trusted so lovely a creature to the barren bosom of the sea, which, as an evil step-mother, deceives and betrays all committed to her care.

'Earth felt no change when she died; and men forgot her. Yet a



a lovelier spirit never ceased to breathe, nor was a lovelier form ever destroyed amidst the many it brings forth. Endless tears might well have been shed at her loss; yet for her none wept, save the piteous skies, which deplored the mischief they had themselves committed;—none moaned except the sea-birds that flapped their heavy wings above the ocean-cave wherein she lay; and the muttering thunder alone tolled her passing bell, as she quitted a life, which for her had been replete with change and sorrow.'

It will be seen there is little of a tale in these volumes; but for power, eloquence, and sentiment, the work is unrivalled among cotemporary publications. We think it is very different also from the generality of ladies' writing, although we know that if the author inherits as much of her mother's spirit as of her talent, she would box our ears for saying so. Thank heaven, *l'Alpe e il mare* are between us. We pronounce unhesitatingly that Valperga must rank with the best productions of its class.

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ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS, HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC,  
TRANSLATED BY J. G. LOCKHART, LL. B.

SINCE the publication of the Bishop of Dromore's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, no more agreeable present has been made to the lovers and students of early national song than the present translation of Spanish ballads. The poetry of this remarkable people has been hitherto little known to English readers. Mr. Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*, and some general allusions in the various works of that gentleman, did little more than point out their existence; and the two ballads in Dr. Percy's collection were the best, if not the only specimens, our language contained. The latter elegant writer pretended to no more than a superficial knowledge of the subject, and, it must be confessed, did little justice to the originals; although it is probable, if he had bestowed more pains upon the task, he would have performed it in a worthy manner.

On the Continent, however, and particularly in Germany, they have been better known, and their worth duly appreciated. In 1815, a *Sylva* of Spanish ballads was published by M. Grimm, at Vienna, in which considerable research is displayed. Mr. Depping published at Leipzig, in 1817, a collection of historical and romantic Spanish and Moorish ballads, in which he arranged them according to the chronology of the persons and events which they celebrate. To go further than this appears almost impossible; to refer them to the dates of their composition would be a task for a more profound antiquary than Spain has lately produced, and one which none but a Spaniard could hope to accomplish. The first collection ever published, of these popular poems, was the *Cancionero of Ferdinand de Castillo*, in 1510; the title of which purports to be a collection of the 'Works of all, or of the most eminent *Troubadours* of Spain, as well *ancient* as modern;' so that at this period the antiquity of some of them was acknowledged. Besides this, several of the pieces are attributed to Don Juan Manuel, who died in the year 1362; and these are not the most ancient, as appears obviously from the imperfect state of the rhymes of others in the collection.

The rise of the national poetry of Spain it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace; the destruction of the dominion of the Gothic kings seems to have swept away with it all traces of their language and laws. That

love of song which they possessed in common with all the nations of Gothic origin, seems alone to have survived ; but how this was improved by the diffusion of Moorish refinement when the Saracens became masters of the country, and in what degree their language mingled itself with that of the original inhabitants, are doubtful points, the solution of which can now hardly be hoped for. The effect of the Moorish government was most beneficial to Spain, as far as regarded the cultivation of the intellect of the people. In the words of the introduction to these poems :

‘ The cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderick, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Grenada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner—where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. . . Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova : Ben-Zaid and Abouï-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia ;—Abdel-Maluk set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves ; and even an Arabian Encyclopædia was compiled under the direction of Mohammed-Aba-Abdallah, at Grenada. Ibn-el-Beither went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for every thing that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all that are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates :—while chemistry, and other branches of medical science, almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developements from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied ;—and, in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted, than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tariffa.’

The Spanish Ballads are, without question, the best specimens of this species of composition which have ever been produced. They possess in an eminent degree all that simplicity, all that air of pastoral innocence, which is the distinguishing character of this sort of poetry ; and they have, besides, chivalrous, bold, and romantic features, which are reflected from the spirit of the inhabitants of the country. The people of Spain, whose pride has become proverbial, and whose valour was no less remarkable, bore in those days distinct marks of their origin, and evinced the union of the fiery spirit and the refined luxury of sentiment which characterised the Moors, whose blood flowed in their veins, mixed with the stern and indomitable simplicity of their Northern ancestors. Their love of liberty was ardent and unceasing. Their submission to the Moorish yoke was not repugnant to this spirit ; for the dominion was mild, and calculated to ensure the freedom and happiness of the people. The circumstance of their following for seven centuries different faiths, and opposite opinions on subjects which usually excite contest, and this without interruption to their harmony, is a sufficing proof of the liberty they enjoyed.

Their loves and their wars were intimately connected ; some of the greatest heroes of Spain had fought beneath the crescent, and the poetry of either people contains frequent encomiums on the valour of the other.

If it were only for the recollection of *Don Quixote*, who was deeply versed in all the points on which they treat; we are sure these ballads would have a claim to the attention of the reader ; but as they are also in themselves highly interesting and excellent, we have subjoined some copious extracts. The task of translation has fallen into worthy hauds ; Mr. Lockhart seems to possess that 'strain of ballad-thinking' which is not uncommon among our Northern neighbours, and without which an attempt to translate the Spanish ballads were in vain. The absolute necessity of using terms of the utmost simplicity we hold to be a sufficient excuse for the adoption of many phrases, otherwise not allowable, to which he has resorted. It would be unfair not to add, that while he has preserved all the energetic character of the originals, the translator has not failed in some instances to make his versions superior to them.

The ballads are divided into Historical, Moorish, and Romantic; the following is one of the first sort. The hero is he to whom the victory of Roncesvalles is said to be owing, and by whose hands the brave Roland fell. It describes his levy for the purpose of opposing Charlemagne's progress :

THE MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

' With three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,  
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes ;  
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,  
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,  
He quits his team for spear and shield, and garniture of might ;  
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,  
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

The youth who shews a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound  
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound ;  
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,  
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,  
They swell'd his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills ;  
They round his banner flock'd, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,  
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain.

" Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry, " though to our King we owe  
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go ;  
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er command,  
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslaved land.

" Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,  
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,  
To sell our freedom for the fear of Prince or Paladin,—  
At least we'll sell our birthright dear, no bloodless prize they'll win.

" At least King Charles, if God decrees he must be lord of Spain,  
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroped in vain ;  
He shall bear witness that we died, as lived our sires of old,  
Nor only of Numantium's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

" The LION\* that hath bathed his paws in seas of Lybian gore,  
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore ?  
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,  
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alphonso ne'er shall sell." —

\* The arms of Leon.

The ballads relating to the Cid are interesting on account of their hero, though they are not the best in the collection; the following, however, deserves insertion for the grace and spirit of its descriptions:—

#### THE CID'S WEDDING.

' Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast;  
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest,  
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,  
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,  
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;  
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go:—  
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,  
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march;  
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,  
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scatter'd olive branches and rushes on the street,  
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;  
With tapestry and broiery their balconies between,  
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all cover'd o'er with trappings;  
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;  
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,  
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,  
They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after;  
For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,  
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand;  
And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.  
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,  
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)  
" 'Tis a fine thing to be a King; but Heaven made me a Hand!"  
The King was very merry when he was told of this,  
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,  
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said;  
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,  
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.'

In the ' Lord of Butrago ' the translator has made a happy effort. The story is that of an aged knight giving his steed to effect the escape of the King:

#### THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

" Stand, noble steed, this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb:  
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am.  
Mount, Juan, mount, whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,  
And plunge the rowels in his side.—My horse shall save my King!

" Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,  
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:  
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,  
*How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my grey head?*

“ Castille’s proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,  
And say—there’s *one* that ran away when our good lords were slain,—  
I leave Diego in your care—you’ll fill his father’s place ;  
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare—God’s blessing on your grace !”—  
So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago’s Lord was he ;  
And turn’d him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee ;  
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill,  
He died, God wot ! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.’

The Moorish ballads have a distinct character from those of Spanish or of doubtful origin. They are not, however, in any respect inferior to them. The description of a Bull-fight is by far the most spirited of the numerous accounts that have been given of that barbarous but enterprising sport :

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GANZUL.

‘ King Almanzor of Grenada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,  
He hath summon’d all the Moorish Lords, from the hills and plains around ;  
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,  
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

’Tis the holy Baptist’s feast they hold in royalty and state,  
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhamra’s gate ;  
In gowns of black with silver laced withip the tented ring,  
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the King.

Eight Moorish lords of valour tried, with stalwart arm and true,  
The onset of the beasts abide come trooping furious through ;  
The deeds they’ve done, the spoils they’ve won, fill all with hope and trust,  
Yet ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,  
Make room, make room for Ganzul—throw wide, throw wide the door ;—  
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum,  
The Alcaydé of Agalva to fight the bull doth come.

And first before the King he pass’d, with reverence stooping low,  
And next he bow’d him to the Queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe ;  
Then to his lady’s grace he turn’d, and she to him did throw  
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

With the life-blood of the slaughter’d lords all slippery is the sand,  
Yet proudly in the centre hath Ganzul ta’en his stand ;  
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,  
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,  
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon ;  
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,  
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

“ Turn, Ganzul, turn,” the people cry—the third comes up behind,  
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind ;—  
The mountaineers that lead the steers, without stand whispering low,  
“ Now thinks this proud Alcaydé to stun Harpado so ?”—

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,  
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill ;  
But where from out the forest burst Xarama’s waters clear,  
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,  
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.  
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow ;  
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,  
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers they appear ;  
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,  
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curl'd, ye see.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,  
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might ;  
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,  
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcaydé's shock.

Now stoops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet, and thrice give  
back ;

The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—  
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun—  
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one !

Once more, once more ;—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel—  
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—  
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger,  
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcaydé's dagger.

They have slipp'd a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,  
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din—  
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow  
Upon Ganzul of Agalva, that hath laid Harpado low.<sup>2</sup>

In that class of the collection called the Romantic, the ballads are of  
a miscellaneous character. There are some beautiful little lyrics, pro-  
bably of more modern origin, of which the following is a specimen :—

MINGUILLO.

<p>‘ Since for kissing thee, Minguillo, My mother scolds me all the day, Let me have it quickly, darling ! Give me back my kiss, I pray.</p>	<p>Do—she keeps so great a pother, Chides so sharply, looks so grave ; Do, my love, to please my mother, Give me back the kiss I gave.</p>
--	--

<p>If we have done aught amiss, Let's undo it while we may, Quickly give me back the kiss, That she may have nought to say.</p>	<p>Out upon you, false Minguillo ! One you give, but two you take : Give me back the two, my darling, Give them for my mother's sake !’—</p>
---	--

This serenade whispers like a love dream :

SERENADE.

<p>‘ While my lady sleepeth, The dark blue heaven is bright, Soft the moonbeam creepeth Round her bower all night. Thou gentle, gentle breeze, While my lady slumbers, Waft lightly through the trees Echoes of my numbers, Her dreaming ear to please. Should ye, breathing numbers, That for her I weave, Should ye break her slumbers, All my soul would grieve.</p>	<p>Rise on the gentle breeze, . And gain her lattice' height, O'er yon poplar trees, But be your echoes light As hum of distant bees. All the stars are glowing, In the gorgeous sky, In the stream scarce flowing Mimic lustres lie ;— Blow, gentle, gentle breeze, But bring no cloud to hide Their dear resplendencies ; Nor chase from Zara's side Dreams bright and pure as these.’—</p>
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We have nothing to add, but that the elegance with which this book  
is got up is worthy of the subject. The engraved title-page, representing  
an armed knight pursuing some flying Moors, is spirited and true. We  
look upon the collection as a most valuable addition to the stores of  
ballad poetry of which our language has already to boast.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1823. •

MEMOIR OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

—‘Docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.’—HOR.

THE recent decease of the most eminent of those English actors who have for many years contributed to the public delight would of itself, perhaps, form a sufficient apology for introducing on the present occasion some notice of his life. Mr. Kemble's rank as a scholar and a literary man, however, fairly entitles him, without any such apology, to the place we have assigned him in the present Number. If our theatres hold, as they unquestionably do, a high and original character among those of Europe, it is mainly to the good taste and unremitting exertions of that gentleman that our present distinction may be attributed. Fallen as we are in every species of dramatic composition, almost below contempt; reduced to borrow, from the scanty materials which French melo-drames can furnish, all the novelties of our theatre; and base as the public appetite, which can batten on such garbage, has become; still there is a propriety in the costumes and a taste for splendour in the decorations which are absolutely necessary to a theatre, and to which, until modern times, the English stage was unaccustomed; and for these improvements we are indebted to Mr. Kemble.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, the eldest son of Mr. Roger Kemble, a manager of a provincial company of actors, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1757. His father was desirous that none of his numerous family should adopt his own profession; and if his intention in this respect was thwarted in almost every instance, it was not for want of his most strenuous exertions to accomplish his purpose.

The subject of the present memoir was intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, and was first placed in the seminary of that order at Sedgeley Park, in Staffordshire. Here he displayed considerable talents, and so much promise, that he was sent at an earlier age than usual to the Jesuit College at Douay, for the completion of his education. He completed his academical studies with considerable reputation, and particularly distinguished himself here by his powers of elocution. At this period of his life, when the human mind seems particularly open to such impressions, the love of the stage ‘haunted him like a passion;’ he renounced the prospects which an academical life presented to him, and returned to England, bent on adopting the profession of his choice. It was, perhaps, well for himself that he made this selection; for he established a well earned reputation, and gained an easy and sufficient fortune;—it was certainly in a happy hour for the English theatre that he resolved upon it; for he exalted its importance and respectability to a pitch which might have produced most fortunate results. It cannot be imputed to him as a fault that circumstances, which it is not our province here to discuss, have frustrated his labours, and disappointed those results.

Mr. Kemble's exertions were for a long time confined to the provincial theatres. While thus occupied he varied his histrionic labours with literary pursuits. At the theatre at Liverpool he produced a tragedy called *Belisarius*, and at that of York he brought out alterations of the *New Way to Pay Old Debts* and *The Comedy of Errors*. Here he also published a volume of *Poems*; but, with a feeling of severity which he not unfrequently carried to fastidiousness, he destroyed nearly the whole of the impressions. They are said, though not very remarkable for poetical talent, to have deserved less rigorous treatment. At Edinburgh he was held in considerable estimation, and gained some reputation among the literati of that city by a Lecture which he delivered on *Sacred and Profane Oratory*; it is said to have been at once eloquent and profound.

It was in 1783 that he first appeared in London, on the Drury-lane stage, in the character of *Hamlet*. The approbation which he won on that occasion continued increasing and deserving to increase, until his age and his desire for a tranquil retirement induced him to quit the theatre. Under his management the theatre assumed an appearance altogether different from that of preceding times; the important points of costume and scenery—for they are both of vital importance to the drama; and although only accessories, upon them depends its prosperity or its ruin—now for the first time received the benefit of the attention of a person of knowledge and refinement. The system of favoritism, and the prescriptive right of holding characters by players who had outlived their qualifications, was gradually abolished. Drury Lane became then the classical theatre, and the public patronage was deservedly showered upon that theatre which was adorned by the labours of Sheridan, Siddons, and Kemble. The period of his management was one of uninterrupted prosperity for the drama, and such as we do not expect shortly again to behold.

The affairs of the theatre unfortunately became the subject of litigation; the Court of Chancery has never exercised a favorable influence over dramatic establishments, and in the year 1801 Mr. Kemble found it expedient to resign his management.

He employed the leisure which this secession afforded him to make a continental tour, during which he visited Paris and Madrid. This excursion occupied twelve months; and, with that ardour for all subjects relating to his profession which ever distinguished Mr. Kemble, he did not fail to collect all that was worthy of note in the theatres of the countries which he visited. He returned to England in 1803, and shortly afterwards purchased a sixth share of Covent Garden, the management of which he assumed. The opening of this theatre, after the calamity of its destruction by fire, and the disturbances which the increased prices occasioned, placed Mr. Kemble in a very disagreeable position. It was impossible not to encounter a considerable portion of public disapprobation; but it must be remembered to Mr. Kemble's credit, that during the whole of this affair he did nothing to diminish his own reputation, nor to weaken the good opinion of his friends. We never could see either the justice of the mob who amused themselves by demolishing his theatre, nor the grounds upon which they accused Mr. Kemble of want of respect to their most venerable body. The excitation of the public mind at this period was unnecessarily increased by a profusion of false stories and squibs, which the newspapers, and other equally incautious publications,

circulated with great eagerness, and which happened then to suit the public appetite excellently well. These are, however, now forgotten, and even at the period to which we allude, were not believed.

Mr. Kemble continued in the discharge of his managerial functions until within a few years, when, finding the infirmities of age made some attack upon him, he chose to relinquish his profession. An asthmatic complaint had long affected him, and rendered it necessary for him to seek a milder atmosphere. He took up his abode at Lausanne, where, with the exception of one visit about two years ago to England, he resided until his death. He had an extensive acquaintance among the first people in Lausanne, and was held in no less estimation by his countrymen, of whom there is a considerable number resident in that town, than by the other inhabitants. He was charitable to the poor, obliging to his friends, and with a feeling which, notwithstanding the example of a noble poet to the contrary, we believe is peculiarly English, he was delighted to receive his countrymen, with no other introductions than their worth and respectability.

For some time before his death his health had been in a declining state; he was on the 23d ult., however, somewhat recovered, and had sent a message by his hair-dresser, to an intimate friend, that he was much better. On the following morning he breakfasted in good spirits, but shortly afterwards was observed by Mrs. Kemble to totter to a chair; he took up Galignani's English paper, which lay on the table, but soon became so much worse, that he was compelled to send for his physician. Dr. Schole, who was his intimate friend as well as his medical attendant, shortly afterwards arrived, and found that he had experienced a severe attack of paralysis: he directed him to be carried immediately to bed; but as this was doing, a repetition of the attack ensued, and he became speechless. From this time until the moment of his death, which took place on Wednesday, the 26th of February, about forty-eight hours after the first attack, he did not recover his speech sufficiently to articulate any other words than the name of his old servant, George, who had lived with him many years. It is the opinion of his physician, that during his last moments he had become insensible to pain. The house in which he resided was extremely neat and convenient, and his residence was remarkable for the beauty of his garden, to which he paid a constant personal attendance, and in which he found great delight and amusement for all those hours which were not employed with his books.

Mr. Kemble's style of acting is within the recollection of most of our readers. Without instituting a comparison with any living professor, it cannot be denied that he was, while he continued on the stage, a first-rate actor. He had many natural and more acquired qualifications for the profession he had chosen. His person was manly, his features striking and full of intelligence; his deportment dignified even to majesty, and his voice full and sonorous, though it sometimes failed him. He had much natural good taste, which had been refined by study and observation; more knowledge than falls to the lot of most persons of his profession, and a critical skill, the chief fault of which was its minuteness. His acting was always satisfactory—often astonishing; there was perhaps too much of effort in his best parts, but this was an error on the right side. His elaborate judgment led him to attach importance to parts overlooked by other tragedians, but which had been overlooked from a want



of the skill to comprehend them. In the more heroic parts he has never been approached by any competitor; and if he was less excellent in those of pure tenderness and sentiment, it was because his soul was of a more severe and stern temperament than the character to be represented. His bursts of lofty passion were sometimes appalling; nothing can exceed the effect which he occasionally produced upon an audience; but it must be added these were transient effects, and were rather exceptions to his general style of acting.

Mr. Kemble did much to make the profession of an actor respected, by setting the example in his own person of perfect respectability. He redeemed it from the too well merited imputations of profligacy, idleness, and ignorance, and added another proof to that illustrious one afforded by Garrick, that an accomplished and honorable man might devote himself to it without discredit. He showed that it was not necessary that a theatrical company should be composed of 'discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters;' but that it might be as much an object of esteem as of amusement.

Mr. Kemble drew upon himself considerable animadversion for an attempt which he made to rectify some, as he thought, mispronunciations. In several instances he was decidedly and absurdly wrong,--in others he had every authority on his side, except the practice of the most learned and refined men in the country, and that custom which has in all ages been the *jus et norma loquendi*, the rule for pronunciation, from which there is no appeal. It should be at the same time recollected that the public is indebted to him for the restoration of some of the valuable passages from our earlier dramatists, which caprice or neglect had omitted. Under his judicious selection, many of the plays of Shakspeare were restored to the stage in such a form as rendered them universally popular, and altogether unobjectionable; and many of the works of authors of less pretension were rescued from the unmerited neglect into which they had fallen.

It will be long, probably, before an actor of such various excellences shall again put forth his claim to public patronage. But whether we are to see a successor equal to the departed actor or not, the name of Kemble is inseparably connected with the English drama, and his reputation must last as long as that is remembered.

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#### THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

WE not unfrequently hear persons express considerable surprise at the rapidity with which authors now-a-days put out their claims to the public attention, but we never share in that surprise. We do wonder—but it is, first, that literary men can set themselves about such tasks as the present; and, secondly, that there can be found readers for their works. The compilation of such books as the author of *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay* has for some years been sending in rapid succession into the world, has hitherto been confined to those meritorious persons who write for the use of children, from Mrs. Goodchild to Priscilla Wakefield. Such labour is fitted to such hands: we neither doubt nor would disparage their usefulness; but it is no more fitting that a 'tall fellow' of the masculine gender should trench upon that field hitherto so peculiarly their own,

than that men-milliners should assume those functions in trade which would be so much more appropriately and gracefully discharged by the softer sex. The author of the volume before us has acquired a reputation, in the modern republic of letters, to which we cannot see that he possesses the slightest claim. He has written tales, of which the interest, such as it is, is for the most part local; the tales are like those which fill the memories and the mouths of old women, to whom the trifling current of domestic affairs is of importance, because their ideas have 'never learnt to stray' beyond the precincts of those affairs and their relations. We think we have heard many old women tell better stories; but, until the appearance of this author, we never heard of any one who thought them worth the chronicling. He has, besides, the coarsest ideas, and his style is encumbered with provincialisms, of which, on no occasion—not even when he makes the effort—can he divest himself. It may be very true that the pictures which he draws are faithful resemblances; but what of this, if the originals are too mean and too disgusting to answer those purposes of amusement and instruction, which we must presume to be his object in writing. Many of the pictures of the lower professors of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting are undoubtedly true, but who does not regret that the painter's talent and the innocent colour and canvass have been devoted to purposes so base and unprofitable. The author cannot either be altogether excused from these besetting sins of vulgarity and coarseness by the exact fidelity of his representations; because he makes as large draughts upon the credulity of his readers, in the events of the narrative with which he presents them, and the means by which he connects them together, and works out the *dénouement* of his tale, as the most romantic novelist of the day. His personages are truly described, but they act like perfect heroes and heroines; we can, therefore, neither understand nor excuse the want of graceful artifice in one part of his task, when he so plentifully resorts to it elsewhere. With these faults, it would be unjust not to add, that the author possesses a strong power of exciting the sensibility of his readers: he can excite tears 'better than a better man;' and if he fails in his jokes, his melancholy touches are of high and original power.

The work with which our attention is at present engaged possesses as much or more of this latter quality than any which have preceded it. It describes the life of a young Scotswoman, who, born in adversity, and struggling through it with unabating fortitude, presents an example, not rare in Scotland, of the tranquillity, if not the happiness, which results from an enduring fortitude opposed to the accidental evils of the world.

The following extract, nearly at the commencement of the volume, is a favorable example of the author's best style. It is simple and powerful:

'Walter Lyndsay was the son of a man of education and talent, who had followed the hard and ill-requited profession of a surgeon in a small country parish, and had died of a rapid malady in the prime of life. The boy had been apprenticed to a printer in Edinburgh, a friend of his father's, and, having excellent talents, he had been appointed foreman only a few weeks before the death of him whose last moments were made happy by thoughts of his only son's good conduct and prosperity. As his wife and that son were watching by the bed-side the approach of the fatal hour, the dying man asked Walter to read to him the nineteenth chapter of St.

John. As the youth's faltering voice had finished the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses, his father asked him to repeat them—and it was done.—

“When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!

“Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.”

‘At these words, his father folded his hands together across his breast, and that was the last perceptible motion.—His wife saw she was a widow.—and looked alternately towards the bed that now bore her husband's corpse, and her only son with the Bible yet unclosed upon his knees. There was no shriek in that silent room—only a few sobs and some natural tears. This widow did not belong to a faint-hearted and repining race. Her forefathers had been servants of God in tribulation and anguish,—and she had swerved not from their pure and high faith, in the midst of her own many afflictions. She went solemnly up to the clay, and kissed once and again the same dead smile,—and from that hour thought of her husband's soul in heaven, not of the mortal weeds which it had dropt to decay.’

The son of the dead man is the father of the heroine. He has four children, and enjoys much domestic happiness for several years after his marriage, notwithstanding the domestic afflictions caused by the blindness of one child, and the mental weakness of another. His son goes to sea, but still his family is happy until the spread of deistical and seditious principles reaches the father:

‘Walter Lyndsay was not only a reformer in religion, but also in politics, and he had for some time been one of the Friends of the People. It was now a dark day over all Europe. Anarchy had taken the place of despotism, and Atheism trampled down superstition. The same thick and sullen atmosphere which preceded that dire earthquake in France, was spreading over this country,—The poor caught the moral contagion, and there were thousands and tens of thousands that, in the sudden blindness of that frenzy, began to mock at Christianity and its blessed symbol—the Cross. Paine, a name doomed to everlasting infamy, undertook to extinguish religion in the hearts and on the hearths of the poor, and the writings of the ignorant blasphemer were now read at Scottish ingles instead of the “Big ha-Bible, ance their father's pride.” Walter Lyndsay brought to Braehead a copy of the Age of Reason.’

The misery of the family now commences; Walter Lyndsay is not merely speculatively wicked, but changes the society of his virtuous family for that of a prostitute. The parts of the narration which relate to this woman are at once childishly absurd and offensively coarse. The guilty parent is arrested in consequence of his participation in seditious practices; but, after much trial and misery to his family, he is released. His ruin is, however, accomplished; and, under the influence of his paramour, he takes leave of his family, and quits them for ever. We think this parting scene is one of the author's most powerful efforts:

‘It was late when he reached the door of his own house,—and had not his brain been inflamed with wine into a temporary madness, there was not wickedness enough in his breast to have suffered him to put his desperate purpose into execution. He violently threw open the door, and entered with a face on which the flush of debauchery looked fearful on

the wan and ghastly hue brought there by the blue damp of a stone-cell. Alice and Margaret were sitting together, beside a small turf fire; but neither of them could move on this great and sudden joy. They had known he was not to die; but they had expected everlasting expatriation. Now he stood before them in his own house—by the light of his own fire—and their hearts died within them. A sigh—a groan—a gasp, was his only welcome. He well knew the cause of such silence, but he determined to misunderstand it, that he might, by his own injustice and cruelty, fortify the savage resolution of his soul. “What kind of a reception is this for a husband or a father returning from long, cruel, and unjust imprisonment? But it matters not. I am come hither for a few minutes to say farewell to you all,—Edinburgh is no place for me. You both know that I will send you all the money I can. But I must leave this to-night. So, wife, give me your hand:—I hope you are glad I am set free.”

‘These words struck upon their hearts just as they were recovering from the shock of joy. They both hung down their heads, and covering their faces with their hands, both sorely wept. The infatuated man sat down between them, and spoke with a little more gentleness. But still his words were so hurried, and his looks so wild, that each thought within herself, that his confinement or his liberation had affected his reason; and both likewise hoped, that, for a little while only, it might be even so. But soon they were sure that he was lost to them, perhaps for ever; for there came a sterner expression over his countenance; and in speaking of his departure, he used fewer words, but these were calm, unequivocal, and resolved. “I have sworn, and I will keep to my oath, in face of persecution, and poverty, and death, to leave this accursed Edinburgh, and all that belong to it. I will send you money when I can. But you have been able to support yourselves for some time. Alice—don’t attempt to utter one word.—I will, and must go.—What, Margaret, will you dare to lift up a look or a word against your father?” Margaret had risen from her stool, on which she had for years sat at night by her father’s knees. But his stern voice stopt her, as she was about to take his hand, and beseech him not to leave them all in despair. She remained motionless, with her pale and weeping face leaning towards him, almost in fear, while her mother sat still, covering her face, and knowing, in the darkness of her sight and her soul, that all was lost.

‘At that moment, all eyes were turned from the fitful glimmering of the peat-fire, towards the door of the small room in which the old woman lay, and which seemed slowly opening of itself. “God have mercy upon us!” said Walter Lyndsay, as his mother, who had been so long bed-ridden and palsy-stricken, came trembling and tottering towards them, with her long grey locks hanging over her dim eyes and withered cheeks, and her hands held up in angry and melancholy upbraiding of her sinful son. “If thou leavest thy wife and children, Walter, take with thee the curse of thy mother, along with the curse of thy conscience, and the curse of thy God!” And with these words, she, who had, till this moment, been for years a palsied cripple, fell down upon the floor, and, without motion or groan, lay as if she were dead.

‘It all past in a moment of wonder and amazement; but the apparent corpse was soon lifted up and laid upon its bed. Alice and Margaret were busy in trying to restore her to life—hoping it might be but a

swoon, from the grievous fall. Her miserable son, seeing that she was dead, rushed out of the house, with her curse yet shrieking in his ears,—and knew that, in this world, his misery was perfect.’

The deserted widow removes to Edinburgh, where, by her own exertions, and those of her daughters, she is enabled to support herself in frugal but decent circumstances. Her son returns from sea, and her guilty husband pays one short visit to Edinburgh, where he sees his family without being seen by any but his eldest daughter, Margaret, the heroine of the tale. The character of the latter now begins to develop; she is extremely beautiful, of firm mind and of unchangeable virtue. Her young heart is captivated by a companion of her brother’s, Harry Needham; but all her affections are blighted by an afflicting calamity; they are upset from a boat on the sea, their bodies recovered with difficulty, but not until the youth is irrecoverably dead. A violent fever adds pain of body to Margaret’s mental agony, and she recovers slowly her health, but the sobriety of her character is changed to a deep melancholy. The successive deaths of her repentant and wretched father, which is powerfully described, of her two sisters, and of her mother, leave Margaret a desolate orphan; but Providence has provided a present support in a charitable young lady, a Miss Wedderburne, to whose sisters she is engaged as a governess.

Here the prospect of happiness which seemed to open upon her is overclouded by the addresses of the young lady’s brother. The mother and the sister, although they both feel for Margaret that esteem which her virtues have a right to command, would not willingly see one of her rank the wife of their son and brother; and Margaret, with that independence and rectitude which are striking parts of her character, quits the asylum of their roof, bearing with her their increased esteem for the conduct she has pursued.

She then goes to the house of her maternal grand-uncle, Daniel Craig, an old man who has the reputation of being an unfeeling miser, and whose severity and closeness of temper had prevented her mother from ever applying to him for assistance during her life time. The reception she meets with from the old man is of the kindest; his house becomes her home; his comforts and his respectability are both increased by her residence there, and at his death, which takes place shortly after, he leaves her the whole of his property. She was not a person to whom the possession of wealth had added largely in importance, and the amiability of her character and the superiority of her intellect gained her universal respect. As she was rich she had lovers in plenty, and the manner in which one of them urged his suit, with the termination of the wooing, is so amusing, that we have extracted it. After disposing of one lover, the narration proceeds thus:

‘The next on the list was one more likely, according to public opinion, to have been a thriving wooer—the Reverend Æneas M’Taggart of Drumhoke. He was considered by himself and some others to be the best preacher in the synod; and, since Daniel Craig’s death, had contrived to hold forth more than once in the kirk of Casterton. He was very oratorically disposed; and had got the gold medal at “Glasgow College” for the best specimen of elocution. This medal he generally carried in his pocket, and he had favoured Miss Lyndsay with a sight of it once in the Manse, and once when they were alone eating gooseberries



in the garden of Nether-place. The only thing very peculiar in his enunciation was a burr, which might, on first hearing, have subjected him to the imputation of being a Northumbrian; but then there was an indubitably ascending tone in his speech, running up eagerly to the top of a sentence, like a person in a hurry to the head of a stair-case, that clenched him at once as a native of Paisley, born of parents from about Tynedrum in Breadalbane. Mr. M'Taggart was a moral preacher; and he had one Sermon upon Sympathy, which he had delivered before the Commissioner, wherein were touches equal, or indeed superior, to anything in Logan—and no wonder, for they were in a great measure attributable to Adam Smith. This celebrated sermon did the pious Æneas pour forth, with mixed motives, to the congregation of Casterton; and ever and anon he laid his hand upon his heart, and looked towards a pew near the window beneath the loft, on the left-hand side of the pulpit.

A few days after this judicious and instructive exhibition, Mr. M'Taggart, with both medal and sermon in his pocket, rode up to the door of Nether-place, like a man bent on bold and high emprise. Mysie was half-afraid to lead his steed to the stable—for he was an exceedingly formidable looking animal, greatly above the usual stature of horses in that part of the country—as indeed well he might, for, during several years, he had carried an enormous Black hight Cupid Congo, kettle-drummer to that since highly-distinguished regiment the Scots Greys. However, he was not so fierce as he looked; but, prophetic of provender, allowed Mysie to lead him away like a lamb into a stable which he could not enter till he “had stooped his anointed head.” Meanwhile, the Reverend Æneas M'Taggart was proceeding to business.

“The young divine took his place, after a little elegant badinage, on the parlour hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his coat-flaps opening behind, and gathered up each below an elbow—the attitude which of all others makes a person appear most like a gentleman. “Pray, Ma'am, have you ever read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments?”—“No, Sir, I never have; indeed, from what I have seen said of it in other volumes, I fear it may be above the comprehension of a poor weak woman.”—“Not if properly explained by a superior mind—Miss Lyndsay. The great leading doctrine of this theory is, that our moral judgment follows, or is founded on, our sympathetic affections or emotions: But then it requires to be particularly attended to, that, according to Dr. Adam Smith, we do not sympathise directly with the emotions of the agent, but indirectly with what we suppose would be the feelings which we ourselves should entertain if placed in his situation. Do you comprehend, Ma'am?”—“It would be presumption in me, Mr. M'Taggart, to say that I do perfectly comprehend it; but I do a little, and it seems to be pretty much like what you illustrated in your discourse last sabbath.”—“Yes, Ma'am, it is the germ which I unfolded under the stronger light of more advanced philosophy. You will observe, Miss Lyndsay, that often a man is placed in a situation where he feels nothing for himself, but where the judicious observer, notwithstanding, feels for him—perhaps pity, or even disgust”—and with that he expanded himself before the chimney, not unlike a great turkey-cock with his van-tail displayed in a farm-yard. Margaret requested him to have the goodness to take the poker and stir up the fire. “Certainly, Ma'am, certainly—that is an office which they say a man should not take upon himself,



under seven years' acquaintance ; but I hope Miss Lyndsay does not look upon me as a stranger." Therewith he smashed exultingly the large lump of coal, and continued, " Then, Ma'am, as to the Sense of Propriety;"—but here Mysie opened the door, and came in with a fluster. " My conscience, Mr. M'Taggart, that beast o' yours is eating the crib—it'll take James Adams a forenoon-job with his plane to smooth aff the splinters—he's a deevil o' a horse yon, and likes shavings better than last year's hay." This was an awkward interruption to the " young man eloquent," who was within a few paragraphs of putting the question. But Mysie withdrew—and Mr. M'Taggart forthwith declared his heart. Before Margaret could reply, he strenuously urged his suit. " The heritors are bound to build me a new Manse—and the teinds are far from being exhausted. I have raised a process of augmentation, and expect seven additional chawder. Ilay Campbell is the friend of the clergy. The stipend is 137*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* in money—and likewise from the Widow's Fund you will be entitled, on my decease, to 30*l.* per annum, be it less or more—so that"—Margaret was overwhelmed with such brilliant prospects, and could not utter a word. " Give me, Ma'am, a categorical answer—be composed—be quiet—I respect the natural modesty of the sex—but as for Nether-place, it shall be settled as you and our common friend Mr Oswald shall fix, upon our children."

A categorical answer was one which Margaret did not very clearly understand; but she instantly felt that perhaps it might be the little expressive word—" No;" and accordingly she hazarded that monosyllable. Mr. M'Taggart, the Man of the Medal, was confounded and irritated—he could not believe his ears, long as they were; and insisted upon an immediate explanation. In a few minutes things were brought to a proper bearing; and it was felt that the Sermon on Sympathy had not produced the expected effect. It is grievous to think, that Æneas was barely civil on his departure; and flung his leg over old Cromwell with such vehemence as almost to derange the balance of power, and very nearly to bring the pride of the Presbytery to the gravel. However, he regained his equilibrium, and

" With his left heel insidiously aside,

Provoked the caper that he seemed to chide ;"

till he disappeared out of the avenue, from the wondering eyes of Mysie, who kept exclaiming, " Safe us—he's like a rough rider! Luke now the beast's funking like mad, and then up again wi' his forelegs like a perfect unicorn."

Margaret rejects again the offer made by Mr. Wedderburne; but, with an inconsistency by no means uncommon, even among sensible women, she falls in love with Ludovic Oswald, a young soldier, and son of the minister. Saving that the gentleman has a very bad character and very bad health, the joint consequence of his wounds and his imprudence, we are not acquainted with his attractions. We have no right to dispute a lady's choice, but we may be permitted to wonder at it. Notwithstanding the cautions of his father, Margaret Lyndsay persists in marrying him.

Their happiness is of short duration, for it is discovered that Mr. Ludovic Oswald had by accident previously been married to a woman who is still alive, and by whom he has a child. They come to claim him, and, upon the detection of his guilt, he rushes from his home, and it is not known whither he has gone. Much time elapses, during which

Margaret leads a widowed life; at length she learns that her husband has returned, and that he is lying sick of a fever in a hospital at Edinburgh. The first wife is now dead; and Margaret hastens to assure the penitent Ludovic of her forgiveness and of her affection. The following scene is in the hospital:

‘His father and Margaret were sitting one evening as usual in his room, and comforting him in his despondency. “I do not wish to live—for after guilt like mine, it is impossible that even my father can forgive me, or love his son as before. Neither, Margaret, can you—Oh! never, never—love one who so inhumanly destroyed your peace. You pity me—I see that—for I am one of the wretched—but how can you ever love me any more? and without you, what would be this life? I hope that I shall die.” Mr. Oswald knew not all that might have passed through Margaret’s thoughts in her widowhood. Such guilt as that of his son had struck at the holiest affections of her nature, and reduced her at once to an almost hopeless prostration. Had no anger—no indignation—no bitter and rankling sense of unspeakable injury penetrated her heart along with all its sufferings, and hardened it against her betrayer? Would she give her soul once more to that guilty and miserable man? Would she again leave the calm of resignation, and of a life divorced from agitating emotions, and become the wife of him in whose bosom she had found deceit even during that bridal happiness, which, with all human creatures, is held sacred and uncontaminated? But all such fears in a father’s spirit were now to be done away, for Margaret knelt down by the bedside and said, “My beloved Ludovic!—my life was suddenly and terribly darkened for your sake—but never did my love sink in all my struggles—in all my agonies. You think that you are on your death-bed, and perhaps it may be so, for we are all blind, and the decrees of God are unsearchable. But here am I—willing to be your wife once more, even if it be but for a few melancholy days—here am I, with a heart fuller of love than it was even on that day when your father pronounced his benediction over us! If you are to die, let your last breath be drawn on the bosom of me, your wife—and let my days afterwards, which then will not be long, be passed as your widow—so that our names may be on one tombstone, and our bodies be interred side by side, in hopes of a joyful resurrection!”

‘The pale and emaciated figure seemed animated with a stronger principle of hope; and tears, the first he had been able to weep, for anguish had dried them up, trickled down his cheeks. “O Margaret, Margaret, was there ever love like unto this!—Father, you have heard her words. Once did I, your miserable son, suffer you to bestow on us a fatal benediction. I am still a sinner—nor is true penitence in my soul,—remorse alone tears it in pieces.—But as I am now on the brink of the grave, will you, father, reunite us on earth, that we may, by the mercy of God and his Son, meet in Heaven?” Mr. Oswald was happy to hear such humble words, and he knew that truth was then speaking within the supposed shadow of death. “Yes, my son, I will make Margaret Lyndsay your wife on earth; and if you obey her pure and holy heart, you need not despair of seeing her in Heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—but to which mortal beings like us are led by the sanctity of earthly affections.”

There is little more to tell. Ludovic recovers his health, but not en-

tirely. He returns home, and lives happily with his amiable wife; two children bless their renewed union, which continues in uninterrupted felicity until the death of Ludovic. His death was placid and penitent; and Margaret, though a widow, was not totally unhappy. Her brother the sailor was married to the sister of her husband, and tranquillity promised to gild the days of her declining age.

With all the objections we have made to the work, we cannot conclude without saying that it contains much continuing interest, which, if it is not profound, never flags. Our objections are chiefly made to the manner in which the subject has been treated; not so much because it is a mean one, as because it is the business of an author who selects a mean subject to dignify and exalt it,—and this the writer of the *Trials of Margaret Lindsay* has not done. In other respects, and subject to this abatement from its merit, his task has been well performed.

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*Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren, with a brief View of the Progress of Architecture in England, from the beginning of the Reign of Charles the First to the end of the 17th Century.* By JAMES ELMES, M. R. I. A. Architect.

IN times like the present, when literature has become so universal a pursuit that there are few professions to the aid of which it is not called, it is not surprising that it should be devoted to purposes the utility or importance of which are not quite apparent. We do not wonder that men who have been long engaged in the contemplation of certain branches of science, acquire an enthusiasm and an affection for the object of their studies, which is not partaken by any other persons. To this feeling we are inclined to refer the production of the *Life of Sir Christopher Wren*. Without meaning to underrate the value of the labours of this illustrious architect, which we feel to be really of national importance, we cannot in any other manner account for the motives which should induce Mr. Elmes to present the reading public with a ponderous quarto on his biography. In his admiration of the achievements of the artist he has lost sight of his character, and has fancied that what an octavo of the most modest dimensions would conveniently hold is fit to occupy between six and seven hundred quarto pages. This is really becoming a vice of the times; when a gentleman afflicted with the vice of scribbling—that incurable malady, of which the indulgence, like drinking in a fever, is its nourishment—proposes to himself the task of composing the memoirs of any hero whom he may choose to hand down to posterity, his first labour is to collect all that may be made to bear (whether appositely or not matters little) on the subject. If this fashion holds, we may expect to see the memoirs of Buckhorse in a quarto volume, and, because he was born in Whetstone Park, we shall look for a hundred pages of the history of Inigo Jones, who designed some part of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is near to the place of the hero's nativity. We do not mean to say that Mr. Elmes' work contains any similar absurdity, but it contains much which has no business in the book. The author has so much skill in his profession—possesses so accurate and judicious a knowledge of its principles and its history, that if he were bent on filling a large quarto (which is in any man a great weakness) he might have accomplished his purpose without such means as he has resorted to. He

might have left the opinions of Lord Bacon, and the painful but unsatisfactory compilations of Sir Henry Wotton, to take their own chance of being recollected. Evelyn's description of the fire of London, should have stayed in Evelyn's own book; Dr. Sprat's letters should have been left to slumber in the scarce pages of *Parentalia*, undisturbed by ought but the book-worm, which like the other members of the Antiquarian Society, displays in his choice of food more of a resolute appetite than of good taste.

All that portion of the work which relates to the history of Sir Christopher Wren—and this is but a small part—is executed with care and fidelity; indeed, the research and labour which the author has bestowed upon his task makes us regret that it was not directed to a more worthy end. But really the world knew enough of the history of Sir Christopher Wren before Mr. Elmes took upon himself the trouble of chronicling his deeds; his works are his best monuments, and are at once the history of his life and its most honorable commentary. The author has thought fit to insert careful accounts of his various discoveries and experiments, in the Royal Society and previous to its formation; he has preserved minute particulars which occur in the lives of most men, and which no one yet ever thought worth noticing, since the days of P. P. Clerk of the Parish. With a partisan-spirit, which, though it proves his zeal, says little for his judgment in this respect, he has taken great pains to rescue the character of Sir Christopher Wren from attacks which were made upon it in a pamphlet called *Abuses at St. Paul's*, and the falsehood of which, he says, he is prepared to prove; as if the world cared a straw about such things, or as if Sir Christopher Wren's fame could now be affected either way by its truth or falsehood. No inconsiderable portion of the volume is occupied with extracts from Acts of Parliament, and from Reports of Committees; with estimates and specifications, all very edifying perhaps to antiquaries and architects, but of no more amusement to cultivators of general literature than so many chapters out of the year-books. Bating the desire to fill a quarto, we cannot imagine what can have induced a writer, like the author, having pretensions to the character of a man of taste, and the professor of an elegant art, to load his volume with such trifling and uninteresting details. A letter of Sir Christopher's, giving some account of his journey to Paris, is preserved, and this possesses that interest which is communicated to every thing tending to throw a light on the private and unfettered sentiments of so great a man. It shows the closeness, as well as the justness, of his observations; and the introductory passage, which we also extract, may furnish an example of the author's better style:

'The first object of his inquiry was Paris, where art and literature flourished in an unexampled degree, under the splendid munificence of Louis XIV., and the enlightened patronage of Mazarine and Colbert. Paris was then the resort of all the distinguished artists and learned men of the continent; who formed a sort of congress, in which a man of Wren's distinguished abilities and reputation could not be unacceptable. The architecture of the French metropolis became an object of his peculiar solicitude, and he made himself acquainted with all that was remarkable in mechanics and philosophy. The ablest professors sought his acquaintance, and exhibited the newest discoveries to their English visiter; but architecture and its relative arts was his principal object, as the letter to his friend Dr. Bateman, just quoted, abundantly proves.

‘He was introduced by letter from a friend in England to the Earl of St. Alban’s, then a distinguished virtuoso in Paris; which, it appears, gave him much satisfaction, as he represents the earl to have used him with distinguished kindness, and to be, what his friend had described him, one of the best men in the world. . He describes himself spending his time in surveying the most distinguished fabrics of Paris, and the country round. The Louvre was for a while his daily object, where no less than a thousand hands were constantly employed upon the works; “some in laying,” he says, “mighty foundations, some in raising the stories, columns, entablatures, &c. with vast stones, by great and useful engines; others in carving, inlaying of marbles, plastering, painting, gilding, &c. which altogether made, in his opinion, a school of architecture, the best probably at that day in Europe. The college of the four nations is usually admired; but the artist, he thought, had purposely set it ill-favoredly, that he might show his wit in struggling with an inconvenient situation.” In his journal he says, that “an academy of painters, sculptors, and architects, with the chief artificers of the Louvre, meet every first and last Saturday of the month. Mons. Colbert, superintendent, comes to the Louvre every Wednesday, and, if business prevents not, Thursday. The workmen are paid every Sunday duly.”

‘The Abbé Charles introduced him to the acquaintance of *Bernini*, who showed him his designs for the palace of the Louvre, and of the statue of Louis XIV., which he was then executing. Among other rarities, he was shown the curious collection of the Duke of Orleans, which was kept by the Abbé Bruno, and was well filled with excellent intaglios, medals, books of plants, and birds, in miniature. “The Abbé Burdelo,” he informed his friend, “keeps an academy at his house for philosophy every Monday afternoon. But I must not,” he says, “attempt to describe Paris, and the numerous observables there, in the compass of a short letter. The king’s houses I could not miss; Fontainebleau has a stately wildness and vastness suitable to the desert it stands in. The antique mass of the Castle of St. Germain’s, and the hanging gardens, are delightfully surprising (I mean to any man of judgment), for the pleasures below vanish away in the breath that is spent in ascending. The palace, or if you please the cabinet, of Versailles called me twice to see it; the mixtures of brick and stone, blue tile and gold, made it look like a rich livery; not an inch within but is crowded with little curiosities of ornament. The women, as they make here the language and the fashions, and meddle with politics and philosophy, so they sway also in architecture. Works of filgrand and little trinkets are in great vogue, but building ought certainly to have the attribute of eternal, and therefore the only thing incapable of new fashions.

“The masculine furniture of the Palais Mazarine pleased me much better; there is a great and noble collection of antique statues and busts, many of porphyry, good basso-relievos, excellent pictures of the great masters, fine arras, true mosaics, besides *pièces de rapport*\* in compartments and pavements, vases of porcelain painted by Raphael, and infinite other rarities; the best of which now furnish the glorious apartment of the queen mother at the Louvre, which I saw many times.

“After the incomparable villas of Vaux and Maisons, I shall name but

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\* Inlaid work.



Ruel, Courances, Chilly, St. Maur, St. Maude, Issy, Meudon, Rincy, Chautilly, Verneul, and Lincoar; all which, and I might add many others, I have surveyed: and, that I might not lose the impressions of them, I shall bring you almost all France in paper, which I have found by some or other ready designed to my hand, in which I have spent both labour and some money. Bernini's design of the Louvre I would have given my skin\* for; but the old reserved Italian gave me but a few minutes' view; it was five little designs on paper, for which he hath received as many thousand pistoles. I had only time to copy it in my fancy and memory, and shall be able, by discourse and a crayon, to give you a tolerable account of it. I have purchased a great deal of taille-douce, that I might give our countrymen examples of ornaments and grotesques, in which the Italians themselves confess the French to excel."

That part of the work which relates to the history of Architecture in England, from the reign of Charles the First to the end of the 17th century, is decidedly the most interesting and successful part of his labours. Rambling and desultory as it is, it suffices to show that if the author had bent up all his powers to this subject, he would have done something worthy of that talent which he unquestionably possesses. He promises to follow the volume which now engages our attention with a 'Graphic

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\* This exquisite design, for which Wren would have given his skin, was rejected by Louis XIV. for the novelty of Perrault's coupled columns. Bernini, whose reserve in the court of Louis, Wren calls surliness, was one of the greatest artists that ever did honour to the Italian name. His knowledge, taste, and practice, in three illustrious branches of the higher arts, procured him the title of the modern Michelangiolo. When a child, and studying under his father, a skilful artist at Naples, he executed a head in marble at the age of eight years, which was considered, even in those regions of art, a perfect prodigy. To improve this natural talent his father took him to Rome, where, after astonishing all the artists, the pope expressed a desire to see him, and at the first interview asked this extraordinary child if he knew how to sketch a head. "Whose head?" said Bernini. "You know then how to draw any; let it be that of St. Paul," replied the pope. The boy performed the task in about half an hour, so much to his holiness's satisfaction, that he recommended him strongly to the notice of Cardinal Barbarini, bidding him to "direct his studies, and he will become the Michelangiolo of his age."

Bernini's works in architecture, particularly his grand circular colonnade to St. Peter's at Rome, are well known. One of his first performances in sculpture was a bust in marble of the Bishop Montajo, which was so excellent a portrait, that it received the name of "Montajo petrified:" and among the principal of the others, are busts of the pope, some of the cardinals, and some large figures after nature; a St. Laurence, a group of Æneas and Anchises, and David about to sling the stone at Goliath, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds conceives that Bernini has given but a mean expression to David, in representing him as biting his under lip. An Apollo and Daphne, executed in his eighteenth year, "from which," says Reynolds, "the world justly expected he would rival the best productions of ancient Greece." It is said that when he surveyed this group near the close of his life, he admitted that he had made but little progress in his art since that time.

Bernini, like Wren, was celebrated for the precocity of his intellect, and, like Wren too, preserved his talents to the latest age. At the age of eighty, he executed a beautiful half-figure of Christ, for Christina, Queen of Sweden, and died in 1680, in the eighty-second year of his age.—*Moreri-Reynolds's works*, Vol. I. p. 87. Vol. II. p. 27. *Biog. Universelle*, Chalmers, &c. &c.



**Illustration of the principal Architectural Works of Sir Christopher (Wren), illustrative not only of his Designs, but of his unrivalled and unequalled principles of Construction.' We shall be glad to see this work, which is really a desideratum; but our hope is tempered with a feeling of terror, from the announcement that it is 'to correspond in size with the present work.' We wish the author could be prevailed on to make it somewhat less. At all events, large or small, we hope he will adopt in it a different style from that of the subjoined extract, which describes the interior of the church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. The beauty of the edifice is well known, and we have no objection to men writing fervidly upon subjects which are highly delightful and interesting to them; but we think the fancy of this description runs into the extravagant. If our readers laugh as heartily at it as we have done, we shall need no apology for its insertion:**

**'The beauty of the interior of this church arises from its lightness and elegance. On entering from the street, by about a dozen or more of steps, through a vestibule of dubious obscurity, on opening the handsome folding wainscot doors, a halo of dazzling light flashes at once upon the eye; and a lovely band of Corinthian columns, of beauteous proportions, appear in magic mazes before you. The expansive cupola, and supporting arches, expand their airy shapes like gossamer; and the sweetly proportioned embellished architrave-cornice, of original lightness and application, completes the charm. On a second look, the columns slide into complete order, like a band of young and elegant dancers, at the close of a quadrille. Then the pedestals, concealed by the elaborate pewings, which are sculptured into the form of a solid stylobate, opening up the nave, under the cupola, to the great recess which contains the altar, and West's fine historical picture of the stoning of St. Stephen, lift up the entire column to the level of the eye: their brown and brawny solids supporting the delicate white forms of the entire order. The composition of the order, the arrangement of the parts, the effect of the whole, exhibit the originality of Wren's mind in a captivating point of view; and its excellencies, like Aaron's rod, swallow up the trivial faults of the detail. He who doubts the excellencies of Wren, as an architect of the first order, should deeply study this jewel of the art,—find fault, if he can; but first qualify himself, by trying to surpass it.'**

**The voluptuous Anacreon Moore could not write in more glowing terms; the 'lovely band of Corinthian columns' is described like a knot of Eastern dancing maidens; and the author describes the quadrille they have danced with so much energy, that we cannot help regretting we are too late for the display of those ballet graces of which we never before thought that marble was susceptible. 'The brown and brawny solids' of 'the elaborate pewings' would make one believe that the whole passage was written under the inspiring influence of a city feast; and the simile of Aaron's rod, with the figure of 'swallowing up,' convinces us that this must have been the fact. It is too true that we live in an age of trifling and sophistication, but surely there never yet was such a mixture of both as in the above passage. We cannot censure it—Heaven knows we have laughed too long and too loudly to have a grave thought left. We can only hope that M. Aumer, the ballet-master, who has been so obliging as to come all the way from Paris to the Haymarket, for the purpose of enlightening our dull capacities in the way of**

dancing, may fall upon Mr. Elmes' dancing pillars, and then we shall lay the Frenchman under a reciprocal obligation. In common justice he can do no less than write a ballet, to be called *St. Etienne*, and *Aurelie*, *Renzi*, *Vestris*, *Mercandotti*, and *Des Varennes*, those pillars of the Opera House, will display their graces as the columns of the church of *St. Stephen's Walbrook*, while 'the brown and brawny solids' of *C. Vestris*, *Conlon*, *Armand des Forges*, and *Bolingerard*, shall support 'the delicate white forms' of their fair *compagnons de danse*.

And now, having had our laugh out, we take leave of Sir Christopher Wren and his biographer, hoping that the latter, who is really worthy of better things, will devote his future performances to more important purposes, and some of his leisure time to pruning those luxuriances of fancy which have led him into absurdities like those we have felt it our duty to point out, we hope in perfect good humour.

## THE PIONEERS, OR THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SPY.

THE novel of *The Spy, or a Tale of the Neutral Ground*, which, about a year ago, found its way from America, (where it was written and published,) to this country, has favorably introduced its author, Mr. Cooper, to the English public. The favorable reception which that novel met with, as well here as beyond the Atlantic, has encouraged another attempt; that enterprising spirit which has so long made all the productions of the western world our own has, in this instance, penetrated to the booksellers, and Mr. Murray has published, *The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Sasquehanna*, at nearly the same time in London as it issued from the press in New York. This dispatch could not have been effected but by the aid of magic,—nothing, however, is beyond the compass of a bookseller's power; the omnipotence of which is proved beyond cavil or question, and it hardly needed this instance to show that he can 'annihilate both time and space' in the accomplishment of his purposes.

Putting Geoffrey Crayon aside—who, by the way, is as little of an American in all his writings, save one, as we ourselves—the author of *The Pioneers* is the most original and the best author that the United States of America have produced. Besides possessing many requisites which fit him for the vocation of a novelist, he has had the discretion and the good taste to seek the materials of his tales in those scenes and characters of his native country which have been hitherto unexplored, and which add to their intrinsic attractions the rare charm of perfect novelty. The descriptions of travellers, whether natives or foreigners, are so tame and languid, that if one does not doubt their accuracy (which for ourselves we always do) one reads them without interest. They are necessarily cursory, and often fall into very inadequate hands; but in Mr. Cooper's descriptions we are at once presented with characters and habits so probable, and so like to the modes into which such society as that of America would most probably fall, that their authenticity is believed at once, and their singular originality is in the highest degree amusing. The scenery of the remote settlements is too extensive and too monotonous to give much room for pleasing description, but the inhabitants of those districts are full of variety; each man seems to be *sui-generis*, and the wildness of their lives, the scattered and unsettled state of society, combine to give a half-savage air

to the people. Their characters are composed of features sufficiently disagreeable upon the whole : their rudeness, their insensibility, their cruelty, and their arrogance, remove them little from the original inhabitants of the soil, while they are infinitely below them in the scale of moral virtue ; but their indomitable courage, their lofty devotion to liberty, and their attachment to their native country, raise their national character to an elevated distinction, and present an abrupt and irreconcilable contrast to its more disgusting points.

The scene of *The Pioneers* is laid near the centre of the State of New York, in the year 1793, on a settlement lately commenced under the direction of Marmaduke Temple, a Judge of the States, and a man of considerable wealth. At the opening of the novel we are introduced to this gentleman, who is then bringing his daughter, an only child, home to his residence at Templeton. They are travelling in a sleigh, the ordinary winter conveyance, and are within a short distance of home, when the noise of hounds arouses the attention of the Judge, and he directs the negro driver to stop while he gets his gun for the purpose of having a shot at the deer.

‘ After throwing aside the thick mittens which had encased his hands, that now appeared in a pair of leather gloves tipped with fur, he examined his priming, and was about to move forward, when the light bounding noise of an animal plunging through the woods was heard, and directly a fine buck darted into the path, a short distance ahead of him. The appearance of the animal was sudden, and his flight inconceivably rapid ; but the traveller appeared to be too keen a sportsman to be disconcerted by either. As it came first into view he raised the fowling-piece to his shoulder, and, with a practised eye and steady hand, drew a trigger ; but the deer dashed forward undaunted, and apparently unhurt. Without lowering his piece, the traveller turned its muzzle towards his intended victim, and fired again. Neither discharge, however, seemed to have taken effect.

‘ The whole scene had passed with a rapidity that confused the female, who was unconsciously rejoicing at the escape of the buck, as he rather darted like a meteor than ran across the road before her, when a flat dull sound struck her ear, quite different from the full round reports of her father’s gun, but still sufficiently distinct to be known as the concussion produced by fire-arms. At the same instant that she heard this unexpected report, the buck sprang from the snow, to a great height in the air, and directly a second discharge, similar in sound to the first, followed, when the animal came to the earth, falling headlong, and rolling over on the crust once or twice with its own velocity. A loud shout was given by the unseen marksman, as triumphing in his better aim ; and a couple of men instantly appeared from behind the trunks of two of the pines, where they had evidently placed themselves in expectation of the passage of the deer.’

An altercation, friendly on the part of the Judge, but surly on that of the elder hunter, ensues, as to whose shot killed the buck. Both these persons are important actors in the scenes which ensue, and we shall therefore introduce them in the author’s own words. The character of Bumpo, the old hunter, is one of those perfectly original ones to which we have alluded :

‘ He was tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings. On his head, which was thinly covered with lank sandy hair, he wore a cap made of fox-skin, resembling in shape the one we have already described, although much in-

ferior in finish and ornaments. His face was skinny, and thin almost to emaciation; but yet bore no signs of disease: on the contrary, it had every indication of the most robust and enduring health. The cold and the exposure had, together, given it a colour of uniform red; his grey eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of grey mingled with their natural hue; his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt to the same tint with his face; though a small part of a shirt collar, made of the country check, was to be seen above the over-dress he wore. A kind of coat, made of dressed deer-skin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body, by a girdle of coloured worsted. On his feet were deer-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupines' quills, after the manner of the Indians, and his limbs were guarded with long leggings of the same material as the moccasins, which, gartering over the knees of his tarnished buck-skin breeches, had obtained for him, among the settlers, the nick-name of *Leather-stocking*, notwithstanding his legs were protected beneath, in winter, by thick garments of woollen, duly made of good blue yarn. Over his left shoulder was slung a belt of deer-skin, from which depended an enormous ox-horn, so thinly scraped as to discover the dark powder that it contained. The larger end was fitted ingeniously and securely with a wooden bottom, and the other was stopped tight by a little plug. A leathern pouch hung before him, from which, as he concluded his last speech, he took a small measure, and, filling it accurately with powder, he commenced re-loading the rifle, which, as its butt rested on the snow before him, reached nearly to the top of his fox-skin cap.

'The traveller had been closely examining the wounds during these movements, and now, without heeding the ill-humour of the hunter's manner, exclaimed—

"I would fain establish a right, Natty, to the honour of this capture; and surely if the hit in the neck be mine, it is enough; for the shot in the heart was unnecessary—what we call an act of supererogation, *Leather-stocking*."

"You may call it by what larned name you please, Judge," said the hunter, throwing his rifle across his left arm, and knocking up a brass lid in the breech, from which he took a small piece of greased leather, and wrapping a ball in it, forced them down by main strength on the powder, where he continued to pound them while speaking. "It's far easier to call names than to shoot a buck on the spring; but the cretur come by his end from a younger hand than 'ither your'n or mine, as I said before."

"What say you, my friend," cried the traveller, turning pleasantly to Natty's companion; "shall we toss up this dollar for the honour, and you keep the silver if you lose—what say you, friend?"

"That I killed the deer," answered the young man, with a little haughtiness, as he leaned on another long rifle, similar to that of Natty's.

"Here are two to one, indeed," replied the Judge, with a smile; "I am out-voted—over-ruled, as we say on the bench. There is Aggy, he can't vote, being a slave; and Bess is a minor—so I must even make the best of it. But you'll sell me the venison; and the deuce is in it, but I make a good story about its death."

"The meat is none of mine to sell," said *Leather-stocking*, adopting a little of his companion's hauteur; "for my part, I have known animals travel days with shots in the neck, and I'm none of them who'll rob a man of his rightful dues."

"You are tenacious of your rights, this cold evening, Natty," returned the Judge, with unconquerable good nature; "but what say you, young man, will three dollars pay you for the buck?"

"First let us determine the question of right to the satisfaction of us both," said the youth, firmly, but respectfully, and with a pronunciation and language vastly superior to his appearance; "with how many shot did you load your gun?"

"With five, sir," said the Judge, gravely, a little struck with the other's manner; "are they not enough to slay a buck like this?"

"One would do it; but," moving to the tree from behind which he had appeared, "you know, sir, you fired in this direction—here are four of the bullets in the tree."

The Judge examined the fresh marks in the rough bark of the pine, and, shaking his head, said, with a laugh—

"You are making out the case against yourself, my young advocate—where is the fifth?"

"Here," said the youth, throwing aside the rough over-coat that he wore, and exhibiting a hole in his under garment, through which large drops of blood were oozing.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, with horror; "have I been trifling here about an empty distinction, and a fellow-creature suffering from my hands without a murmur? But hasten—quick—get into my sleigh—it is but a mile to the village, where surgical aid can be obtained;—all shall be done at my expense, and thou shalt live with me, until thy wound is healed—aye, and for ever afterwards, too."

"I thank you, sir, for your good intentions, but must decline your offer. I have a friend who would be uneasy were he to hear that I am hurt and away from him. The injury is but slight, and the bullet has missed the bones; but I believe, sir, you will now admit my title to the venison."

"Admit it!" repeated the agitated Judge; "I here give thee a right to shoot deer, or bears, or anything thou pleasest, in my woods, for ever. Leather-stocking is the only other man that I have granted the same privilege to; and the time is coming when it will be of value. But I buy your deer—here, this bill will pay thee, both for thy shot and my own."

The old hunter gathered his tall person up into an air of pride, during this dialogue, and now muttered in an under tone—

"There's them living who say, that Nathaniel Bamppe's right to shoot in these hills is of older date than Marmaduke Temple's right to forbid him. But if there's a law about it at all, though who ever heard tell of a law, that a man should'nt kill deer where he pleased!—but if there is a law at all, it should be to keep people from the use of them smooth-bores. A body never knows where his lead will fly, when he pulls the trigger of one of them faucied fire-arms."

Without attending to the soliloquy of Natty, the youth bowed his head silently to the offer of the bank-note, and replied—

"Excuse me, sir, I have need of the venison."

"But this will buy you many deer," said the Judge; "take it, I entreat you," and, lowering his voice to nearly a whisper, he added—"it is for an hundred dollars."

For an instant only, the youth seemed to hesitate, and then, blushing even through the high colour that the cold had given to his cheeks, as if

with inward shame at his own weakness, he again proudly declined the offer.

‘ During this scene the female arose, and, regardless of the cold air she threw back the hood which concealed her features, and now spoke with great earnestness—

“ Surely, surely—young man—sir—you would not pain my father so much, as to have him think that he leaves a fellow-creature in this wilderness, whom his own hand has injured. I entreat you will go with us, and receive medical aid for your hurts.”

‘ Whether his wound became more painful, or there was something irresistible in the voice and manner of the fair pleader for her father’s feelings, we know not, but the haughty distance of the young man’s manner was sensibly softened by this appeal, and he stood in apparent doubt, as if reluctant to comply with, and yet unwilling to refuse her request. The Judge, for such being his office, must, in future, be his title, watched, with no little interest, the display of this singular contention in the feelings of the youth, and advancing, kindly took his hand, as he pulled him gently towards the sleigh, and urged him to enter it.

“ There is no human aid nearer than Templeton,” he said, “ and the hut of Natty is full three miles from here;—come—come, my young friend, go with us, and let the new doctor look to this shoulder of thine. Here is Natty will take the tidings of thy welfare to thy friend; and should’st thou require it, thou shalt be returned to thy home in the morning.”

‘ The young man succeeded in extricating his hand from the warm grasp of the Judge, but continued to gaze on the face of the female, who, regardless of the cold, was still standing with her fine features exposed, expressing feelings that eloquently seconded the request of her father. Leather-stocking stood, in the mean time, leaning upon his long rifle, with his head turned a little to one side, as if engaged in deep and sagacious musing; when, having apparently satisfied his doubts, by revolving the subject in his mind, he broke silence—

“ It may be best to go, lad, after all; for if the shot hangs under the skin, my hand is getting too old to be cutting in to human flesh, as I once used to could. Though some thirty years ago, in the old war, when I was out under Sir William, I travelled seventy miles alone in the howling wilderness, with a rifle bullet in my thigh, and then cut it out with my own jack-knife. Old Indian John knows the time well. I met him with a party of the Mohawks, on the trail of the Iroquois, who had been down and taken five scalps on the Schoharie. But I made a mark on the red-skin that I’ll warrant be carried to his grave. I took him on his postern, saving the lady’s presence, as he got up from the amboosh, and rattled three buck-shot into his naked hide, so close, that you might have laid a broad joe upon them all”—here Natty stretched out his long neck, and straightened his body, as he opened his mouth, which exposed a single tusk of yellow bone, while his eyes, his face, even his whole frame, seemed to laugh, though no sound was emitted, except a kind of thick hissing, as he inhaled his breath in quavers. “ I had lost my bullet mould in crossing the Oneida outlet, and so had to make shift with the buck-shot; but the rifle was true, and did’nt scatter like your two-legged thing there, Judge, which do’nt do, I find, to hunt in company with.”



"Stop—stop," cried the youth, catching the arm of the black, as he prepared to urge his horses forward; "Natty—you need say nothing of the shot, nor of where I am going—remember, Natty, as you love me."

"Trust old Leather-stocking," returned the hunter, significantly; "he has'nt lived forty years in the wilderness, and not larnt from the savages how to hold his tongue—trust to me, lad; and remember old Indian John."

"And Natty," said the youth, eagerly, still holding the black by the arm, "I will just get the shot extracted, and bring you up, to-night, a quarter of the buck, for the Christmas dinner."

He was interrupted by the hunter, who held up his finger with an expressive gesture for silence, and moved softly along the margin of the road, keeping his eyes stedfastly fixed on the branches of a pine near him. When he had obtained such a position as he wished, he stopped, and cocking his rifle, threw one leg far behind him, and stretching his left arm to its utmost extent along the barrel of his piece, he began slowly to raise its muzzle in a line with the straight trunk of the tree. The eyes of the group in the sleigh naturally preceded the movement of the rifle, and they soon discovered the object of Natty's aim. On a small dead branch of the pine, which, at the distance of seventy feet from the ground, shot out horizontally, immediately beneath the living members of the tree, sat a bird, that in the vulgar language of the country, was indiscriminately called a pheasant or a partridge. In size, it was but little smaller than a common barn-yard fowl. The baying of the dogs, and the conversation that had passed near the root of the tree on which it was perched, had alarmed the bird, which was now drawn up near the body of the pine, with a head and neck erect, that formed nearly a straight line with its legs. So soon as the rifle bore on the victim, Natty drew his trigger, and the partridge fell from its height with a force that buried it in the snow.

"Lie down, you old villain," exclaimed Leather-stocking, shaking his ramrod at Hector as he bounded towards the foot of the tree, "lie down, I say." The dog obeyed, and Natty proceeded with great rapidity, though with the nicest accuracy, to reload his piece. When this was ended, he took up his game, and showing it to the party without a head, he cried—"Here is a nice tit bit for an old man's Christmas—never mind the venison, boy, and remember Indian John; his yarbs are better nor all the foreign 'intments. Here Judge," holding up the bird again, "do you think a smooth-bore would pick game off their roost, and not ruffle a feather?" The old man gave another of his remarkable laughs, which partook so largely of exultation, mirth, and irony, and shaking his head, he turned, with his rifle at a trail, and moved into the forest with short and quick steps, that were between a walk and a trot. At each movement that he made his body lowered several inches, his knees yielding with an inclination inward; but as the sleigh turned at a bend in the road, the youth cast his eyes in quest of his old companion, and he saw that he was already nearly hid amongst the trunks of the trees, while his dogs were following quietly in his footsteps, occasionally scenting the deer track, that they seemed to know instinctively was now of no farther use to them. Another jerk was given to the sleigh, and Leather stocking was hid from view.

Marmaduke Temple has grown rich by his speculations in commerce

and by the extensive purchase of forfeited lands which had belonged to the royalists of the district. Among the latter was his friend, Col. Effingham, whose father had given up the whole of his property to him. The war at first separated the friends, and subsequently compelled Col. Effingham to quit the country, but without his father; Mr. Templeton was unacquainted with the place of his retreat, but he had become the purchaser of his estates, and was, at the period of the relation, living upon them.

In their way to the Judge's house, the travellers are met by a sleigh, driven by the Judge's relation, Mr. Richard Jones, an officious useful person, who, next to Mr. Temple, is the first man in the settlement. The persons within this vehicle are the clergyman, Mr. Grant, an old German officer, Major Hartmann, and Monsieur Le Quoi, a French professor, who have come out to welcome the Judge's return. By Mr. Richard Jones's unskilful driving, the party are in imminent danger of being killed, but are saved by the young hunter. They then proceed without further accident to the house of Mr. Temple. Here the reader is introduced to a singular medical practitioner, Elnathan Todd, who cuts out the bullet from the youth's shoulder, but his further operations are suspended by the arrival of Indian John. We would willingly extract the description of the medical practitioner, but the Indian claims all our space:

'He had, for a long time, been an associate of the white men, particularly in their wars; and having been, at a season when his services were of importance, much noticed and flattered, he had turned Christian, and was baptized by the name of John. He had suffered severely, in his family, during the recent war, having had every soul to whom he was allied cut off by an inroad of the enemy; and when the last lingering remnant of his nation extinguished their fires amongst the hills of the Delaware, he alone had remained, with a determination of laying his bones in that country where his fathers had so long lived and governed.

'It was only, however, within a few months, that he had appeared among the mountains that surrounded Templeton. To the hut of the old hunter he seemed peculiarly welcome; and, as the habits of the "Leatherstocking" were so nearly assimilated to those of the savages, the conjunction of their interests excited no surprise. They resided in the same cabin, ate of the same food, and were chiefly occupied in the same pursuits.'

'From his long association with the white men, the habits of Mohegan were a mixture of the civilized and savage states, though there was certainly a strong preponderance in favour of the latter. In common with all his people, who dwelt within the influence of the Anglo-Americans, he had acquired new wants, so that his dress was a mixture of his native fashions and European manufactures. Notwithstanding the intense cold of the atmosphere without, his head was uncovered; but a profusion of long, black, coarse hair, covered his forehead, his crown, and even hung about his cheeks, so as to convey the idea, to one who knew his present and former conditions, that he encouraged its abundance, as a willing veil, to conceal the sorrow of a noble soul, mourning for the departed glory that it had once known. His forehead, when it could be seen, appeared lofty, broad, and noble. His nose was high, of the kind called Roman, and with nostrils that expanded, in his seventieth year, with the air of freedom that had distinguished them when a youth. His mouth was large, but compressed, and possessing a great share of expression and character, and, when opened, discovered a perfect set of short, strong,

and regular teeth. His chin was full, though not prominent; and his face bore the infallible mark of his people, in its square high cheek-bones. The eyes were not large, but their black orbs glittered in the rays of the candles, as he gazed intently down the hall, like two balls of fire.

'The instant that Mohegan observed himself to be noticed by the group around the young stranger, he dropped the blanket, which covered the upper part of his frame, from his shoulders, suffering it to fall over his leggings of untanned deer-skin, where it was retained by a belt of bark, that confined it to his waist, and moved forward.

'As he walked slowly down the long hall, the unusually dignified and deliberate tread of the Indian surprised the spectators. His shoulders and body, to his waist, were entirely bare, with the exception of a silver medallion of Washington, that was suspended from his neck by a thong of buck-skin, and rested on his high chest, amidst the scars of many wounds. His shoulders were rather broad and full; but the arms, though straight and graceful, wanted the muscular appearance that labour only can give to a race of men. The medallion was the only ornament he wore, although enormous slits in the rim of either ear, which suffered the cartilages to fall for two inches below the members, were evidently used for the purposes of decoration in other days. In his hand, he held a small basket of the ash-wood slips, coloured in divers fantastical conceits, with red and black paints mingled with the white of the wood.

'As this child of the forest approached them, the whole party stood aside, and allowed him to confront the evident object of his visit. He did not speak, however, but stood, fixing his glowing eyes on the shoulder of the young hunter, and then turning them intently on the countenance of the Judge. The latter was a good deal astonished at this unusual departure from the ordinarily subdued and quiet manner of the Indian; but soon recovering himself, he extended his hand, and said—

"Thou art welcome, John. This youth entertains a high opinion of thy skill, it seems, for he prefers thee, to dress his wound, even to our good friend, Dr. Todd."

'Mohegan now spoke, in tolerable English, but in a low, monotonous, guttural tone:—

"The children of Miquon do not love the sight of blood; and yet, the young eagle has been struck by the hand that should do no evil!"

"Mohegan! old John!" exclaimed the Judge, with a kind of horror, and turning his fine, manly, open countenance to the other; "thinkest thou, that my hand has ever drawn human blood willingly? For shame! for shame, old John! thy religion should have taught thee better."

"The evil spirit sometimes lives in the best heart," returned John, impressively, as he tried to study the countenance of the Judge; "but, my brother speaks the truth; his hand has never taken life, when awake; no! not even when the children of the great English Father were making the waters red with the blood of his people."

"Surely, John," said Mr. Grant, with much earnestness, "you remember the divine command of our Saviour, 'judge not, lest ye be judged.' What motive could Judge Temple have for injuring a youth like this; one to whom he is unknown, and from whom he can receive neither injury or favour?"

'John listened respectfully to the divine, and when he had concluded, the Indian stretched out his arm, and said with energy—

"He is innocent—my brother has not done this wrong."

'Marmaduke received the offered hand of the other with a benevolent smile, that showed, however he might be astonished at his suspicion, he had ceased to resent it; while the wounded youth stood, gazing from his red friend to his host, with an expression of scornful pity powerfully delineated in his countenance. No sooner was this act of pacification exchanged, than John proceeded to discharge the duty, to perform which he had come.'

The youth, who has conducted himself with a strange hauteur which is mistaken by those present for anger at the injury which has been done him by his wound, claims the deer; it is given to him, and he is prevailed upon with difficulty to accept the Judge's offer of a sleigh to convey him to Bumpo's cottage, having peremptorily refused to stay at Templeton. His manners become the subject of much speculation; his demeanour and speech are far above those of the natives, and the singular pride he has manifested is accounted for upon the supposition that he has Indian blood in his veins, the fervour of which has not been cooled by civilization.

An interesting account of the opening of a church, in the settlement at which Mr. Grant officiates, follows. The young hunter, with his friends, the old Indian and Natty, are present. In the evening, and after the service, almost all the *dramatis personæ* repair, for the purpose of encouraging the trade, to the sign of the Bold Dragoon, the public tavern of the settlement, which is kept by Capt. Hollister, and his wife, a fat Irish-woman. The effect of the liquor upon the Indian is soon apparent; he begins to sing, and a conversation ensues between him and Natty which will enable our sagacious readers to unravel some of the apparent mysteries of the tale:—

'Mohegan continued to sing, while his countenance was becoming vacant, though, coupled with his thick bushy hair, it was assuming an expression of something like brutal ferocity. His notes were gradually growing louder, and soon rose to a height that caused a general cessation in the discourse. The hunter now raised his head again, and addressed the old warrior, warmly, in the Delaware language, which, for the benefit of our readers, we shall render freely into English:

"Why do you sing of your battles, Chingachgook, and of the warriors you have slain, when the worst enemy of all is near you, and keeps the Young Eagle from his rights? I have fought in as many battles as any warrior in your tribe, but cannot boast of my deeds at such a time as this."

"Hawk-eye," said the Indian, tottering with a doubtful step from his place, "I am the Great Snake of the Delawares; I can track the Mingoes, like an adder that is stealing on the whippoor-will's eggs, and strike them, like the rattle-snake, dead at a blow. The white man made the tomahawk of Chingachgook bright as the waters of Otsego, when the last sun is shining; but it is red with the blood of the Maquas."

"And why have you slain the Mingo warriors? was it not to keep these hunting-grounds and lakes to your father's children? and were they not given in solemn council to the Fire-eater? and does not the blood of a warrior run in the veins of a young chief, who should speak aloud, where his voice is now too low to be heard?"

'The appeal of the hunter seemed, in some measure, to recall the con-

fused faculties of the Indian, who turned his face towards the listeners, and gazed intently on the Judge. He shook his head, throwing his hair back from his countenance, and exposed his eyes, that were glaring with a fierce expression of wild resentment. But the man was not himself. His hand seemed to make a fruitless effort to release his tomahawk, which was confined by its handle to his belt, while his eyes gradually became again vacant. Richard at that instant thrusting a mug before him, his features changed to the grin of idiotcy, and siezing the vessel with both hands, he sunk backward on the bench, and drunk until satiated, when he made an effort to lay aside the mug, with the helplessness of total inebriety.

"Shed not blood," exclaimed the hunter, as he watched the countenance of the Indian in its moment of ferocity—"but he is drunk, and can do no harm. This is the way with all the savages; give them liquor, and they make dogs of themselves. Well, well—the time will come when right will be done, and we must have patience."

The Indian is carried to bed. On the following morning Elizabeth Temple, who may be called the heroine of the tale, makes her cousin Mr. Jones a present of a patent by which he is created sheriff of the district, to his great delight, and to the very comfortable increase of his importance. In pursuing a walk with the new sheriff she accidentally overhears a conversation between the wounded youth, the Indian, and Bumpo, from which she learns that the last shilling belonging to the party is to be ventured in shooting for a turkey, which the youth expresses a very unaccountable desire to procure. Natty expresses some fear that he shall miss, and proposes that John shall fire; his reply and the subsequent conversation are highly characteristic:

"The Indian turned his head gloomily, and after looking keenly for a moment, in profound silence, at his companions, he replied—

"When John was young, eyesight was not straighter than his bullet. The Mingo squaws cried out at the sound of his rifle. The Mingo warriors were made squaws. When did he ever shoot twice! The eagle went above the clouds, when he passed the wigwam of Chingachgook; his feathers were plenty with the women.—But see," he said, raising his voice from the low mournful tones in which he had spoken, to a pitch of keen excitement, and stretching forth both hands—"they shake like a deer at the wolf's howl. Is John old? When was a Mohican a squaw, with seventy winters! No! the white man brings old age with him—rum is his tomahawk!"

"Why then do you use it, old man," exclaimed the young hunter; "why will one so noble by nature aid the devices of the devil, by making himself a beast?"

"Beast! is John a beast?" repeated the Indian slowly; "yes; you say so lie, child of the Fire-eater! John is a beast. The smokes were once few on these hills. The deer would lick the hand of a white man, and the birds rest on his head. They were strangers to him. My fathers came from the shores of the salt lake. They fled before rum. They came to their grandfather, and they lived in peace; or when they did raise the hatchet, it was to strike it into the brain of a Mingo. They gathered around the council-fire, and what they said was done. Then John was a man. But warriors and traders with light eyes followed them. One brought the long knife, and one brought rum. They were more than the



piners on the mountains; and they broke up the councils, and took the lands. The evil spirit was in their jugs, and they let him loose.—Yes, yes—you say no lie, Young Eagle, John is a beast.”

“Forgive me, old warrior,” cried the youth, grasping his hand; “I should be the last to reproach you. The curses of Heaven light on the cupidity that has destroyed such a race. Remember, John, that I am of your family, and it is now my greatest pride.”

‘The muscles of Mohegan relaxed a little, and he said more mildly—

“You are a Delaware, my son; your words are not heard.—John can, not shoot.”

Miss Temple puts an end to the altercation by prevailing upon Bumpo to shoot at the mark for her. The young hunter, who announces himself as Mr. Edwards, claims his prior right to shoot, and the party adjourn to the scene of the sport. This gives an opportunity of introducing Billy Kirby, who is also an original character:

‘The ancient amusement of shooting the Christmas turkey is one of the few sports that the settlers of a new country seldom or never neglect to observe. It was connected with the daily practices of a people, who often laid aside the axe or the scythe, to seize the rifle, as the deer glided through the forests they were felling, or the bear entered their rough meadows, to scent the air of a clearing, and to scan, with a look of sagacity, the progress of the invader.

‘The owner of the birds was a free black, who had been preparing for the occasion a collection of game, that was admirably qualified to inflame the appetite of an epicure, and was well adapted to the means and skill of the different competitors, who were of all ages. The order of the sports was extremely simple, and well understood. The bird was fastened by a string of tow to the base of the stump of a large pine, the side of which towards the point where the marksmen were placed, had been flattened with an axe, in order that it might serve the purpose of a target, by which the merit of each individual might be ascertained. The distance between the stump and this point was one hundred measured yards: a foot more or a foot less being thought an invasion of the right of one of the parties. The negro affixed his own price to every bird, and the terms of the chance; but when these were once established, he was obliged, by the strict principles of public justice that prevailed in the country, to admit any adventurer who might offer.

‘The chief speaker was the man who had been mentioned by Natty, as Billy Kirby. This fellow, whose occupation, when he did labour, was that of clearing lands, or chopping jobs, was of great stature, and carried, in his very air, the index of his character. He was a noisy, boisterous, reckless lad, whose good-natured eye contradicted the bluntness and bullying tenor of his speech. For weeks he would lounge around the taverns of the county, in a state of perfect idleness, or doing small jobs for his liquor and his meals, and cavilling with applicants about the prices of his labour; frequently preferring idleness to an abatement of a tittle of his independence, or a cent in his wages. But when these embarrassing points were once satisfactorily arranged, he would shoulder his axe and his rifle, slip his arms through the straps of his pack, and enter the woods with the tread of a Hercules. His first object was to learn his limits, round which he would pace, occasionally freshening, with a blow of his axe, the marks on the boundary trees; and then he



would proceed, with an air of great deliberation, to the centre of his premises, and throwing aside his superfluous garments, he would measure, with a knowing eye, one or two of the nearest trees, that were towering apparently into the very clouds, as he gazed upward. Commonly selecting one of the most noble, for the first trial of his power, he would approach it with a listless air, whistling a low tune; and wielding his axe, with a certain flourish not unlike the salutes of a fencing-master, he would strike a light blow into the bark, and measure his distance. A pause of a moment was ominous of the fall of the forest, that had flourished there for centuries. The heavy and brisk blows that followed were soon succeeded by the thundering report of the tree, as it came first cracking and threatening, with the separation of its own last ligaments, then thrashing and tearing with its branches the tops of its surrounding brethren, and finally meeting the ground, with a shock but little inferior to an earthquake. From that moment, the sounds of the axe would be ceaseless, while the falling of the trees was like a distant cannonading; and the daylight broke into the depths of the woods, with almost the suddenness of a winter morning.

‘For days, weeks—nay, months, Billy Kirby would toil with an ardour that evinced his native spirit, and with an effect that seemed magical; until, his chopping being ended, his stentorian lungs could be heard, emitting sounds, as he called to his patient oxen, the assistants in his labour, which rung through the hills like the cries of an alarm. He had been heard, on a mild summer’s evening, a long mile across the vale of Templeton; when the echoes from the mountains would take up his cries, until they died away in feeble sounds, from the distant rocks that overhung the lake. His piles, or, to use the language of the country, his logging, ended, with a despatch that could only accompany his dexterity and Herculean strength, the jobber would collect together his implements of labour, light the heaps of timber, and march away, under the blaze of the prostrate forest, like the conqueror of some city, who, having first prevailed over his adversary, places the final torch of destruction, as the finishing blow to his conquest. For a long time Billy Kirby would then be seen, sauntering around the taverns, the rider of scrub-races, the bully of cock-fights, and, not unfrequently, the hero of such sports as the one in hand.

‘Between him and the Leather-stocking there had long existed a jealous rivalry, on the point of their respective skill in shooting.’

Kirby and Mr. Edwards both miss the bird; Bumpo, as the deputy of Miss Temple, hits it. The bird is brought in and laid at her feet, when she presents it to the young hunter, who accepts it with considerable emotion, but with a display of no less pride than on their former interview.

Mr. Temple now arrives, and, finding Edwards, expresses again the sorrow which his accidentally wounding him has occasioned. He concludes by offering him an asylum in his own house upon such conditions as cannot affect his dignity; the youth is at length prevailed on to accept this offer, chiefly by the Indian:—

“Listen to your father,” he said, “for his words are old. Let the Young Eagle and the Great Land Chief eat together; let them sleep without fear, near to each other. The children of Miquon love not blood; they are just, and will do right. The sun must rise and set often,

before men can make one family : it is not the work of a sun, but of many winters. The Mingoes and the Delawares are born enemies ; their blood can never mix in the wigwam ; it never will run in the same stream in the battle. What makes the brother of Miquon and the Young Eagle foes ! they are of the same tribe ; their fathers and mothers are one. Learn to wait, my son : you have Delaware blood, and an Indian warrior knows how to be patient."

He lives with the Judge in a state of perfect freedom, little burthened by business, and is rapidly becoming a favorite. Miss Temple loves him better than she will seem to own, on account of the equivocal nature of his character. A description of a fishing party by night, and a pigeon shooting, which occur at this period of the work, are amusing.

By the manner in which Bumpo and Indian John live in the hut, and the care they take to prevent any persons seeing its interior, the suspicions of the ingenious Mr. Richard Jones, and one Hiram Doolittle, his friend, are raised. The latter watches him, and one day, when the hunters are fishing on the lake at some distance from the hut, he loosens their dogs. The animals pursue a deer, and coming in sight of the old man, whom Edwards has joined, the chase is continued with more warmth than discretion, and the deer is killed, although out of the season prescribed by law. This, it seems, is what Mr. Doolittle wished to accomplish ; because under the pretence of a lawful authority to search for the deer, he would then be enabled to penetrate the mysteries of the hunter's cabin.

On the same day Miss Temple, and the daughter of Mr. Grant, have been walking in the woods with no other protector than Brave, an old mastiff of the Judge, when they encounter a panther and its cub ; animals extremely rare in that part of the settlement, but very ferocious, and in every respect formidable. The account of their peril and rescue is given with great effect :—

' A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.—Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment ; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

' All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

' Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that

followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs, rushed to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cab. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice—"stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creator's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

The service which Natty had done cannot, however, shield him from the force of the law. The Judge is compelled to grant a warrant to search for the deer on Doolittle's representation, but proposes to pay the penalty himself. This is, however, frustrated by Natty forcibly resisting the warrant; he pitches Mr. Doolittle over a bank, and threatens to shoot Kirby, who had come to enforce the warrant. He at length gives up the buck's skin, and the panther's scalp, the bounty upon the latter being more than enough to pay the fine upon the former. The insulted dignity of Doolittle, however, cannot be compromised; he prosecutes Natty, who is found guilty of an assault, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and confinement in the stocks; the latter punishment an English seaman, Ben Pump, who is also an original, resolves to share with him. Mr. Doolittle happening to approach the seaman as he sits doing his voluntary penance, he pummels him so vigorously that he is imprisoned with his friend Bumpo.

Edwards, upon learning the fate of his friend, quits Mr. Temple's house in violent anger. He assists in the escape of Bumpo and Benjamin from prison, which is easily effected, and they retreat to the mountains, the whole of the town being soon roused in pursuit of them. Miss Temple, who had been to visit her friend Bumpo in prison, also aids his escape, and promises, at his request, to bring him a canister of powder to a hill called the Vision, in the neighbourhood, on the following day. She performs her promise, but finds only the Indian John: while she is seeking Natty, Edwards joins her; the woods surrounding the hill have been set on fire, and escape seems impossible. This part of the recital is wound up to a pitch of most painful interest, but the heroine is at length again rescued by Bumpo, who, having heard of her danger, hastens to her aid. She is preserved, but not until her peril is most imminent. The old Indian is rescued, but only to die; his dissolution is given with great force and effect.

The report that the wood has been fired by the fugitives, raises the whole of the settlement against them; the cavern to which they have retreated is beset; they prepare to give battle, and hostilities have actually been commenced, but are staid by the appearance of Major Hartmann and Edwards, the latter of whom promises that all shall be given up and discovered.

During the five or six minutes that elapsed before the youth and Major re-appeared, Judge Temple and the Sheriff, together with most of the volunteers, ascended to the terrace, where the latter began to express their conjectures of the result, and to recount their individual services in the conflict. But the sight of the peace-makers, ascending the ravine, shut every mouth.

On a rude chair, covered with undressed deer-skins, they supported a human being, whom they seated carefully and respectfully in the midst of

the assembly. His head was covered by long smooth locks, of the colour of snow. His dress, which was studiously neat and clean, was composed of such fabrics as none but the wealthiest classes wear, but was threadbare and patched; and on his feet were placed a pair of moccasins, ornamented in the best manner of Indian ingenuity. The outlines of his face were grave and dignified, though his vacant eye, which opened and turned slowly to the faces of those around him, in unmeaning looks, too surely announced that the period had arrived when age brings the mental imbecility of childhood.

Natty had followed the supporters of this unexpected object to the top of the cave, and took his station at a little distance behind him, leaning on his rifle, in the midst of his pursuers, with a fearlessness which showed that heavier interests than those which affected himself were to be decided. Major Hartmann placed himself beside the aged man, uncovered, with his whole soul beaming through those eyes which so commonly danced with frolic and humour. Edwards rested with one hand familiarly, but affectionately, on the chair, though his heart was swelling with emotions that denied him utterance.

All eyes were gazing intently; but each tongue continued mute. At length the decrepid stranger, turning his vacant looks from face to face, made a feeble attempt to rise, while a faint smile crossed his wasted face, like an habitual effort at courtesy, as he said, in a hollow, tremulous voice—

“Be pleased to be seated, gentlemen. The council will open immediately. Each one who loves a good and virtuous king will wish to see these colonies continue loyal. Be seated—I pray you, be seated, gentlemen. The troops shall halt for the night.”

“This is the wandering of insanity!” said Marmaduke; “who will explain this scene?”

“No, sir,” said Edwards firmly, “’tis only the decay of nature; who is answerable for its pitiful condition, remains to be shown.”

“Will the gentlemen dine with us, my son?” said the old stranger, turning to a voice that he both knew and loved. “Order a repast suitable for his Majesty’s officers. You know we have the best of game always at our command.”

“Who is this man?” asked Marmaduke, in a hurried voice, in which the dawns of conjecture united with interest to put the question.

“This man!” returned Edwards, calmly—his voice, however, gradually rising as he proceeded; “this man, sir, whom you behold hid in caverns, and deprived of every thing that can make life desirable, was once the companion and counsellor of those who ruled your country. This man, whom you see, helpless and feeble, was once a warrior, so brave and fearless, that even the intrepid natives gave him the name of the Fire-eater. This man, whom you now see destitute of even the ordinary comfort of a cabin in which to shelter his head, was once the owner of great riches; and, Judge Temple, he was the rightful proprietor of this very soil on which we stand. This man was the father of”—

“This, then,” cried Marmaduke, with powerful emotion, “this, then, is the lost Major Effingham!”

“Emphatically so,” said the youth, fixing a piercing eye on the other.

“And you! and you!” continued the Judge, articulating with difficulty.

“I am his grandson.”

There remains little to be done after this discovery. Mr. Temple gives up that portion of the property which had belonged to Major Effingham, and which he had bought only with the purpose of restoring it when the times should have become settled. He marries Elizabeth, and the usual happy termination concludes the novel. Natty Bumppo cannot, however, reconcile himself to the 'betterments' of Templeton; and, taking his dogs with him, he goes further into the woods in search of more quiet hunting, and is heard of no more.

We think *The Pioneers*, in point of construction and incident, is inferior to *The Spy*; but in the local descriptions, the painting of character, and in vigour of style, it is far superior to it. It is in every respect an imitation of the author of *Waverley*; and if Mr. Cooper is beneath the Great Unknown in information, in polish, and in skill, he approaches him nearer than any other of his imitators, in originality of subject, and in the spirit with which he has executed his task.

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POEMS, DRAMATIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY HENRY NEELE.

A VOLUME of poems, of singular merit and of as rare modesty, has been just published under this title. Mr. Neele is already known to the public as the author of a former collection of poems, the greater part of which were written at a very early age, and contained a promise of excellence which is fulfilled by the present volume. It consists principally of three short dramas; the subjects possess considerable interest, and the poetry is of that pure unaffected English style which has been too much disregarded. Mr. Neele, with a good taste which is in itself a proof of merit, has made the elder dramatists the objects of his study, and his own poetry flows in the same spirit as did theirs, without the appearance of imitation. He has not tricked modern verse 'in antique ruff and bonnet;' but catching with a kindred feeling the same inspiration which they possessed, and drawing from the same sources, he has done much, in a very small space, to show his cotemporaries that the genius of English dramatic poetry may be awakened from that slumber in which she has so long lain buried. We regret much that these dramas are not more extended; we have little doubt that the same effort which produced them could produce also something of more commanding importance, and we trust that the author's future labours may be directed to a more elevated walk in that branch of literature which he has chosen, and in which he seems destined to shine.

It is in the expression of tenderness, and in investing with a pathetic and eloquent power the beauties of nature, that Mr. Neele's happiest talent consists. The first drama in the volume, *The Secret Bridal*, is fraught with these excellencies. The tale is simple, but of profound interest. It presents the single incident of a young nobleman having married clandestinely with a lovely peasant girl, whose education has removed her from the rank in which she was born, while her charms and her amiability entitle her to mate with the proudest. His mother, upon whom he is dependant, suspects her son's attachment, and adopts a horrid contrivance for the purpose of diverting him from his mistress. The scene opens with Elvira, the bride, waiting her lord's return, and in conversation with her friend



**Aspatia.** The description of the still summer night of Italy, as seen from her cottage window, is highly poetical :

‘ How sweetly

Through the green vale the tranquil stream is gliding,  
 While the pale stars are studding it with gems  
 Immaculate, and silence reigns unbroken,  
 Save by the soft toned rippling of the waves,  
 And that low night-wind, which, scarce audible,  
 Rises and softly dies away, as ’twere  
 The gentle breathings of a slumbering world,  
 Rock’d by its God to rest ! Yon towering summit  
 Seems silver capt, while, down its glittering steep  
 The moonbeams fall in one unbroken line,  
 Until they reach the glassy stream that flows  
 Beneath, and seem to join another orb  
 As fair as that they dropt from. Sure some spirit,  
 Some glorious wanderer, is walking there,  
 His form invisible, though his shining footsteps  
 Betray the heavenly visit.’

Elvira expresses her fears of the Countess’s revenge, if she shall detect her son’s marriage with one so lowly born ; Aspatia endeavours to dissipate her alarm, and the conversation is broken off by the return of Julio. The whole of this scene is so beautiful that we are induced to extract it :

‘ *Jul.* My own, my loved Elvira !

But why these tears ?

*Elv.* Nay, wherefore should you wonder  
 If, in the bright sun’s absence, dew should trickle  
 Over the earth’s moist cheek ?—but his warm presence  
 Soon dries those mournful drops.

*Jul.* Still so impatient  
 Of my short absence, my Elvira ? Thus  
 I punish the sweet fault, then,—(*Kisses her*)—thus and thus  
 Feed, like the bee, on sweets, nor find the flower  
 Less fragrant for the dew. But what sad thoughts  
 Could blanch thy bright cheek thus, love ?

*Elv.* Oh ! methought  
 Time had exchanged his pinions for a crutch,  
 And let his glass stand still. Insatiate tyrant !  
 Where he should fly, he halts, and when his speed  
 Brings sorrow with it, hurries on, or only  
 Pauses to whet his scythe.

*Jul.* Nay, nay, I see  
 Your fears have been at work.—Dearest Elvira !  
 No real dangers threaten us, and these  
 Are but the illusive workings of your fancy ;  
 For as a troubled stream shows trees and hills  
 And turrets rocking with the faintest breeze  
 That stirs its surface, so your trembling heart  
 Gives to the stable structure of our fortunes  
 Its own wild notions.

*Elv.* How is this, my lord ?  
 You bid me fear not, but your face is pale ;  
 With faltering accents you attempt to cheer me ;  
 And while you kiss the tears from off my cheek  
 You stain it with your own. Say, dearest Julio,  
 Has the long lowering cloud at length broke o’er us,  
 And ’whelm’d our hopes ? Tell me the whole—the worst.

*Jul.* Alas ! It is in vain that we would hide  
The winter of the heart : its envious mists  
Will rise and dim the fading cheek and eye  
With their betraying moisture. My Elvira,  
We must away. This is no rest for us.  
Nay, wherefore look thus wildly ? We shall wander,  
As the dove left the ark, soon to return,  
Bearing the olive with us. Like yon stars,  
Which brightest shine when envious frosts chain up  
The earth below, so does all pitying Heaven  
Look kindly on the winter of our fates,  
And often send a brighter ray to guide us,  
When all the friendships of this world grow cold,  
And fail like ice from under us. The spies  
My mother has employ'd have traced us here,  
And she hopes to surprise us by her presence.  
But be of good cheer ; open violence  
We need not fear, and ere her subtle wiles  
Can weave their web around us, thou shalt be  
Safe in a distant shelter.

*Elv.* Then I'll trust  
In hope for once :—I know her light built nest  
Weathers a thousand storms, which fear or foresight  
Had vainly battled with. When the great ship  
Sinks in the ocean depths, the gentle halcyon  
In safety builds upon the reeling wave,  
And slumbers through the tempest.

*Jul.* Ha ! I hear  
My mother's voice.'

The Countess, who is resolved to wean his affections from Elvira, after some sharp reproaches on his degenerate intention to ally himself with one so much his inferior, adopts that plan which she has conceived, and tells him that Elvira is the natural child of his late father. This false intelligence overwhelms the youth with horror, and in the delirium of grief, remorse, and despair, he resolves to wash out the stain of Elvira's unwitting guilt with her blood. The scene which ensues between Julio and Elvira is of highly-wrought interest.

Elvira is grieving at his altered mien ; she fears at first he may have ceased to love her, but dismisses that apprehension :

Can he prove false ?  
Can all my dark forebodings come to pass ?  
Yet wherefore should I doubt him ? wherefore write  
Thus painfully on memory's tablet one  
Cold act of grief or haste, while all his love,  
All his kind words, and all his generous deeds,  
I bury in oblivion. But, alas !  
'Tis ever so—for on the sands of life  
Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves a print  
Time cannot wash away ; while Joy trips by,  
With step so light and soft, that the next wave  
Wears his faint footprints out. Be hush'd, be hush'd,  
My dark misgiving spirit. Well I know  
His constant, fervent, and unchanging love—  
Like the sweet water-lily, a rude breath  
May shake its leaves a moment, but its root  
Is far too deep for storms. But here he comes'—

Julio enters ; and in reply to her inquiry of what affects him, he replies—

‘ Sorrow, sorrow !

Untamed—untameable—undying sorrow !

*Elv.* Then thou shalt rest in my arms thus, my Julio ;  
And, as ’tis said reptiles obscene avoid  
The sweetness of the rose, or perish near it,  
So will I kill the monster sorrow with  
My innocent kisses. Wherefore start’st thou thus ?  
Why dost thou shrink from the embrace of her,  
Thy own—thy best beloved—thy wife ?

*Jul.*

My wife !

Away, away !—there’s guilt in this embrace,  
And every burning kiss adds one link more  
To the strong chain that fastens round my soul,  
And drags it to perdition.

*Elv.*

Ah ! so cold !

Gave I my virgin heart for this ?—a flower  
Mean and perchance unworthy, yet ’twas spotless,  
And did not merit to be trampled on  
Thus scornfully. Oh Julio, though you loved not,  
You might have spared.

*Jul.*

Not loved thee, my Elvira !

That I do love thee, witness these salt tears,—  
This worn and haggard brow,—this fever’d pulse,—  
Witness this heavy heart, that only tarries  
Till its own weight has sunk itself a grave  
Of depth enough to hide it. Hast thou pray’d ?

*Elv.* Pray’d, Julio ! when ?

*Jul.*

To-night, Elvira.

*Elv.*

Nay,

The hour of prayer has not arrived.

*Jul.*

’Tis folly,

’Tis madness, thus in men to regulate  
By times and tides the offices of prayer,  
When every spot we tread on is a grave,  
Each breath we draw tainted with charnel vapours,  
And every sun that shines serves but to ripen  
The seeds of death within us. Ah ! Elvira,  
While thou art twisting those bright auburn locks,  
See, they are turning grey, and this fair hand,  
So soft and delicate, while thus I press it,  
Is mouldering in corruption.

*Elv.*

His brain wanders !

True, it behoves us all to keep the soul  
Hallow’d by frequent prayer ; for true prayer opens  
The chambers of the heart, for heaven’s own breath  
To breathe upon and purify. It is  
A holy flame, which, kept well-fed, will burn  
So bright, that even death’s dark cave shall seem  
A path of shining glory.

*Jul.*

Then pray, Elvira.

Life is uncertain, and the wheels of time  
Crush more than those whose aged limbs refuse  
To hurry them before him. I knew one—  
Oh ! she was fair, fairer than tongue can tell  
Or fancy picture ! She had just arrived  
At life’s best season ; when the world seems all

One land of promise ; when Hope, like the lark,  
Sings to the unrisen sun, and Time's dread scythe  
Is polish'd to a bright and flattering mirror,  
Where youth and beauty view their growing image,  
And wanton with the edge. Then her heart whisper'd  
All youth's unutterable bliss, and counted  
Long years of happiness and health. 'Twas false—  
Care did not waste her, nor did sickness blanch  
Her cheek untimely ; yet the self-same sun  
Which rose on her, the happiest in his sphere,  
Ere he had finished his diurnal round,  
Saw her a bleeding corse. Pray, pray, Elvira,  
And ask those heavenly powers, who never turn  
A deaf ear to the prayer of faith, to fit thee  
For *sudden* death.

*Elv.* Why, what is this, my Julio?  
Why jest thus cruelly with one whose heart  
Loves thee so well?

*Jul.* Elvira, look on me—  
And say, if there's a feature here betokens  
A jesting spirit. Fitter for me to dance  
Upon my father's grave, or lift this finger  
In mad derision when the angry heavens  
Deal their red bolts around, than now to wear  
A mirthful brow. Then, for the love of heaven,  
Cast every lighter thought aside, and be  
As though this spot thou stand'st on were thy grave,  
These robes thy cere-clothes, yon wan waning stars  
Torches that light thy funeral, and I——  
Deem me some solemn messenger to men,  
To teach them, by a fearful providence,  
That youth is but the triumph of an hour,  
And beauty, dust and ashes.

*Elv.* Ah! methinks  
I read thy meaning now. Yet can it be?  
What is this awful message, Julio? what  
Imports it me?

*Jul.* Death! Is thy soul prepared?

*Elv.* For death it is, but not a death like that  
I read in thy wild eyes. Oh, pity! spare me!  
If thy heart is not turn'd all marble, spare me!  
Or say, what is my crime? why must I die?

*Jul.* I will not shock thy chaste ears with the cause  
Which dooms thee to the grave—yet thou must die—  
Not by the hand of hatred or revenge,  
But, like the tree round which the ivy clasps,  
Whose fond embrace is fatal.

*Elv.* Righteous Heaven!  
Receive my spirit, pity, pardon him!

[*Stabs her.*

[*Dies.*

When the Countess learns from her distracted son the rash deed to which her false invention has driven him, she confesses that it was forged by her to prevent his union. He reproaches her in the following speech :

‘ Inhuman parent !  
The wild bird of the desert wounds itself,  
To save its young ; the tigress' savage breasts,  
That pant for cruelty and blood, yield food  
As sweet as charity to the loved offspring

Of her own womb ; nay, senseless things, stocks, stones,  
 Even the warring elements, have a touch  
 Of tenderness beyond thee : the world shows  
 Nought thou resemblest, save that poisonous tree  
 Which rains a withering dew upon the fruit  
 Itself has borne.'

Then bidding them bury him by Elvira, he dies. His last request is full of beauty :

' Let no one  
 Tell our sad tale, no sweet flowers bloom about  
 Our resting-place ; but plant it round with ivy,  
 Which kills the thing it loves ; with baneful hemlock,  
 Whence the same sun, that from all other plants  
 Draws blessedness and fragrance, can exhale  
 Nothing but poison ; and sad rosemary,  
 Mocking the winter of the year with perfumes,  
 Which the first blast that blows will ravish from it,  
 And waste midst howling tempests.'

The length to which we have been induced to make extracts from the first drama prevents our doing more than touch upon the others. The story of David Rizzio has an air of originality added to its intrinsic interest. The description of the Queen is at once true and eloquent :

' Her brow—another Ida, on whose top  
 Beauty, and majesty, and wisdom sit,  
 Contending for the prize ; her radiant locks,  
 That o'er her forehead's white float gracefully,  
 Like waves of gold chafing an ivory shore ;  
 Her lovely lids, fair as those fleecy clouds  
 Whose dazzling whiteness gems the summer sky,  
 And, like them, only chided at, because  
 'Tis heaven's own blue they hide ; her eyes, whose lustre  
 A tender melancholy seems to shade ;  
 Save when deep thought or deeper feeling fills  
 Those spirit-searching orbs—and then they flash  
 The mind's magnificent lightnings, and her face  
 Grows spiritually fine, as though her soul,  
 (Like a bright flame enshrined in alabaster)  
 Shone through her delicate and transparent skin,  
 Revealing all its glory.'

The last drama is called ' Antiochus : ' it is founded on the fact of Seleucus being about to marry Stratonice, who loves and is beloved by his son. The prince's passion affects his health, and he is near death, when the king's physician discovers his secret, and reveals it to the father, who gives up his destined bride. It is a difficult and passionate theme, which Mr. Neele has treated with great power and judgment.

We have perused this volume with great delight, and we close it with a wish that it was much larger. We have no hesitation in saying that its poetry is highly beautiful and original, and that its claims to the public favour are such as will be acknowledged by all lovers of English poetry.

## ADA REIS, A TALE.

There are certain books, as well as certain men, who owe the importance and rank they hold entirely to the persons by whom they have been introduced into the world. We could mention them by name if we chose, or thought it was expedient to do so; but as in these pages our business is not with men, and only so much with books as applies to new ones exclusively, we confine our attention to Ada Reis. No man, however much of a philosopher he may be, and however little influenced by prejudices, could resist the impression made by a wave and hot-pressed title-page, with Ada Reis at the top, and John Murnay at the bottom. A confusion of ideas must immediately occupy his sensorium, among which Lord Byron, and Mr. Beckford, and Mr. Hope, each of them accompanied by his elegant eastern fictions, must hold the highest places. The man who has money enough buys the book; some more humble readers patiently wait for the precarious luck of a circulating library, and feed their daily hopes upon the expectant reversion of leisure spinsters and indefatigable old maids, who have always the *élite* of those useful establishments; but the wiser reader seasons his admiration for a while, and pauses until the first of the month, when the pages of the British Magazine present him with a succinct account of the book, and enlighten him upon the subject of its contents and merits, exercising at once an anxious solicitude for the preservation of his purse, and a no less careful wish to direct his opinion. Then all the glare and imposing circumstance of the introduction we have alluded to are softened down, and the book stands upon its own merits. From the above exordium we venture to presume no reasonable person can hesitate to agree with us that the British Magazine is a most valuable publication, and ought to be universally read. *Q. E. D.*—But, to return to Ada Reis..

We may as well state *in limine* what must be perceived and acknowledged after reading a small portion of this work, viz. that it is an imitation of Mr. Beckford's *Vathek*; and we need not scruple to add, that it is in every respect inferior to that surprising and interesting romance. It is written with the intention of exemplifying the Eastern superstition of Manes, that the world is subject to the influence of the conflicting principles of good and evil; that these principles approach the children of earth in human forms,—the one to tempt them to sin—the other to encourage them to virtue, and to protect them from the assaults of the more active and powerful enemy. The history purports to be a translation from the MS. of its hero. Ada Reis, the once famous Corsair, the merchant, the traveller, the Don Juan of his day, wrote his life, and left it as a legacy to his successors. His treasures he buried, his slaves he strangled, his wives he suffocated; but this MS. he left for the benefit of mankind. The MS. was found in a little chapel on the banks of the Oronooko, which had been inhabited by an aged female, who had passed her life in religious offices and acts of charity.

The story begins with relating that Ada Reis was sold by his parents, at a tender age, to a Genoese merchant, who had him carefully edu-



cated at Pisa. He afterwards became page at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but being dismissed for numerous faults, he sailed in a merchant ship for Spain. He then engaged with an Algerine Reis, or Captain, and became a Mahometan, and attained himself the rank of Reis. He settled at Tripoly; and here befell him the first remarkable adventure which belongs to the present history. A Jew, named Kabkarra, was said to have sold himself to Zubanyánn, the Evil Spirit, and to be in possession of certain pearls, of a particular size and colour, which were then in great request:

‘Two of the Moorish merchants being aware that Kabkarra alone possessed any quantity of these pearls, proposed to Ada Reis to assist them in obtaining them from him. Kabkarra had refused many, but it was thought he would not refuse the insinuating and all-powerful Ada Reis, who, upon being asked by Muley Hadgi and Yusuph Seid, the two merchants in question, if he would risk a part of his property in this enterprise,—“Not a part,” he replied,—“the whole; for in whatever Ada Reis takes an interest, he considers his life and fortune as of no account, and this ensures his success.” Kabkarra had, besides these pearls, in his possession a famous sabre, a Damascus blade, said to have belonged to Melchior, one of the three Magi kings: this also was to Ada Reis an object of the most intense desire; but upon inquiry it was discovered that Kabkarra had just departed with the caravan for Egypt. It was not, however, in Ada Reis’s character either to abandon or to postpone the execution of his intentions; and therefore, in the hope of either overtaking him or meeting him on his return, he made hasty preparations for his journey, and set forth with the two merchants upon this expedition.’

The merchants, terrified at the dangers which threaten them in their progress through the desert, wish to return; but Ada Reis refuses:

‘An evil spirit had taken possession of his heart, and he resolved to murder his two aged companions, and pursue his course alone. He seized the opportunity whilst they slept; and, having slain them, possessed himself of their camels, and the treasures which they had with them. The horrid deed was no sooner done than he looked fearfully round, and beheld, to his amazement, on the boundless desert before him, one human being who had witnessed his cruelty, and who now appeared watching him with immoveable calmness, enveloped in a dark heiram: he was armed with a long match-musket, the weapon of the wandering tribe to which he appeared to belong; he wore a belt inscribed with Arabic characters: his air was noble and haughty, his figure above the middle size, his features were perfectly regular and strongly marked, his complexion nearly black. “Who are you?” at length said Ada Reis.

“I am,” replied the stranger, “a sovereign of the desert, and I know you, and the deed you have done.”

“Whence come you?” rejoined Ada Reis, undauntedly.

“Like the bird of passage,” said the Arab, mournfully, “I have no settled habitation: sometimes, like the gazelle, I roam the plain of the desert; sometimes, like the eagle, I make my nest upon the summit of the mountain.”

“You are not an Arab sheik,” said Ada Reis, looking stedfastly

at him. "The arms you bear, your belted girdle, and that dark beiram, cannot disguise you from me ; you are a Jew, the Jew I am in search of. By the prophet, you are Kabkarra !"

"Sayest thou so," retorted the stranger, and laughed.

'Ada Reis prepared to strike his yattagan into the heart of the Jew, for he feared him. The stranger moved not ; but the blunted weapon struck as upon a breast-plate of iron, and Ada Reis, confounded, threw himself upon his face at his feet, saying, "I am lost !"

"Arise !" said the stranger, "fear me not. I am the Jew, who, by distant travelling, and a courage like your own, have possessed myself of hard-earned wealth.—I am rich and powerful ; but, alas ! Ada Reis, what are all the riches of the earth without a friend ? You are well known to me ; we are both in the prime of youth ; the world lies before us ; swear upon this sword the Arab's oath,—swear that treachery shall never enter your mind or heart ; let us henceforward be united." Saying which, the stranger opened a sack, and displayed the pearls of which Ada Reis had heard so much.

'But Ada Reis only begged to have the sabre, at which the Jew smiled, and drawing it from a plain scabbard, the air was scented by the perfume of the blade ; and the mystic device of the Magi king, beautifully and curiously engraved, excited his utmost admiration. Ada Reis eagerly accepted it ; the Jew gracefully presented it, bidding him not only retain the sword, but in future adopt the sigil of the king of the East as his own ; after which he conversed upon a variety of subjects with the grace and ease of one bred in the most polished courts, so as entirely to win the heart of his companion. They then returned to the camels, and proceeded on their lonely journey. In replacing the baggage upon the animals, Ada Reis shrunk back on touching the stiff cold hand of Muley Hadgi ; at this Kabkarra laughed.'

This Kabkarra, it need hardly be observed, is the devil himself. He promises Ada Reis, before he quits him, that he shall be a monarch. Ada Reis becomes more rich and more wicked. He falls in love with a Calabrian lady, by whom he has a child, and whom he afterwards murders. As he flies with his infant daughter from the scene of murder, the name of Kabkarra sounds in his ears, and a fiery eye glares on him. He returns to Tripoly, where he devotes himself to the education of his daughter, and the increase of his enormous wealth.

The young Fiormonda grows up in great beauty, and displays an amiable temper, which is, however, poisoned by the baleful influence of Kabkarra, who sends her his mother, Shaffou Paca, to be her governess. She is now surrounded by mischievous delusions ; but a guardian spirit of good is also near her. He comes to her in the shape of a beautiful youth, and presents her with a chain of beads, on which his thoughts will daily appear ; a musical diamond ball, which has the power of calming a disturbed mind ; a catalpa flower, which, worn in her bosom, will always bloom while she remains pure ; and a pen which will write spontaneously.

"Are you," said Fiormonda, "a guardian spirit, come from one of the bright stars my father says are worlds ? Will you teach me what is right ?"

"I have watched you from infancy ; as your page, I have followed you ; I have brought the freshest flowers to you, and sung the sweetest songs to you ; unknown and unseen, I have still been present with you ; it is only when your violence and vanity have grieved me, that I have reluctantly left you. Call me Zevahir ; call me by that name you have often called me. I am not of your country, but come from one happier, though not fairer, than yours. If you would retain me for a playmate, you must learn to moderate your temper. Yours is as the burning siroc, and I am gentle as the balmy breeze ; my fine ear cannot endure the jarring sound of discord."

"When he had concluded, he approached Fiormonda in a gentle caressing manner, impressed upon her cheek one kiss, nor asked forgiveness for the freedom ; yet he prepared to retire. "Stay," said the child ; "in the name of pity do not leave me, or tell me, at least, before you go, by what wonderful power you have gained in a moment such ascendancy over me ?"

"The power, of which you are sensible, is that of early love ; love, such as young hearts and noble natures sometimes feel ; what poets have imagined, what philosophers have doubted, and the worldly-minded have scoffed at and denied : nevertheless, when kindred spirits meet as we do, they feel, they must feel, what you now enjoy."

At length the pasha suspects Ada Reis, and his life is in danger ; Kabkarra appears and sets fire to the house, for the purpose of effecting the Reis' escape ; after which he and his men carry the Reis, Fiormonda, and Shaffou Paca to the sea-shore, and, putting them into a boat, row off. Fiormonda falls into a trance ; her father thinks she is dead, and he says so :

"Then let her die," replied Kabkarra, insultingly, "a melancholy monument of your tyranny, her own imprudence, and my ardent love."

"Do as you will," said Ada Reis, who found himself on the open sea, in the power of a young Arab chief. "Do as you will, since we are entirely at your mercy."

"I cannot," said Kabkarra, "powerful as you may think me, take possession of Fiormonda by the law of force ; I shall wait and watch for her own consent."

"You seem in no way restrained in the mean time," said Ada Reis, "and I therefore conceive you will do whatever you like to do."

"And so shall you," said Kabkarra ; "I desire you will, therefore, give me your commands. Some like to know their future fate ; yours runs thus : Your polacca is at hand ; your men, by my order, await you ; you will hasten hence, and sail for Spain ; you will proceed from thence to the New World, for thither lies your destined course ; and there the promised diadem awaits you."

"You are then a real friend, after all," said Ada Reis ; but, like one, you must acknowledge, you generally do just the thing which is most disagreeable ; yet we shall meet again, I hope."

"We shall meet again," said Kabkarra, "upon a dreadful night, just five years hence, when this lovely flower, the admiration of all men, has forgotten the lover of her childhood. Yes, we shall meet again ! Remember the hour, and the night, and the time of year in

which the blood of Bianca di Castamela flowed. Upon such a night, whilst gazing on the sultry skies at the fort of Callao, we shall meet. Farewell! And as to thee, mother," continued Kabkarra, laughing, and fiercely shaking Shaffou Paca, "watch thy charge better; let no Phaos come betwixt her and me."

They then sail for Lima, where they arrive with no other accident than the murder of a sailor by Ada Reis, and the picking up, from a wreck, of a drowning man, who is called Condulmar. This is an agent of Kabkarra's. They reach Lima, where Fiormonda becomes the adoration of the most considerable persons in the place, and, notwithstanding the uncertainty of her origin, and her father being a Mahometan, the young Duke of Montevalles would have married her. Condulmar has, however, now obtained her love, and treats her with coldness and cruelty in return; the Duke is rejected by her, and murdered by Condulmar.

The promise of Kabkarra is performed at precisely the period he had predicted. Ada Reis' establishment at Lima is broken up, even more suddenly than it had been at Tripoly, by the dreadful earthquake of 1746. The Reis knows nothing of what has befallen his daughter, but he is himself saved from drowning by holding to an Indian, whom the earthquake has released from the prisons of the Inquisition. This savage, who is called Papo Taguacan, takes the Reis with him into his own deserts, where he murders the king, and the Reis is proclaimed in his stead, while the Indian is put to death with torture. Thus another of Kabkarra's promises are performed. Ada is king, but a king of wretches more brutally stupid than the beasts of the desert. He makes his escape, and, in his journey, he sees before him the Indian whom he had previously seen cut up; as he approaches, the figure changes to Condulmar, and lastly to Kabkarra, who tells him that his daughter Fiormonda is a queen.

Kabkarra then relates to him his history: he is the son of the witch Niagara, and a fiend of hell, who visited her in the shape of the Condor of the Rock. Zamohr is his half brother, the son of Niagara, by an angel of light. When his narration is finished—and this we should not omit to state is the most powerfully written, and the best part of the book—a large bird descends, on which Ada Reis finds himself placed, while Kabkarra, like a wicked urchin, bestrode its neck, laughing and shouting as they journeyed swiftly through the air. They proceed to the infernal regions, which are described rather singularly, and with an attempt at humour, which is not quite successful. In the royal cabinet—

Under a canopy, Fiormonda and Condulmar were seated in awful majesty upon thrones, adorned with every badge of royalty. Despair was pictured upon Fiormonda's countenance; malice and cruelty distorted the beautiful expression of Condulmar's. Ada Reis paused to contemplate this unexpected scene. It is true, Fiormonda wore an imperial diadem, but it appeared to weigh upon and oppress her. She was pale, as is the first hue of death, but, like it, calm, and still lovely: passion no longer lighted her eye, nor moved her lip; a look of suffering only proved that she was alive; but though alive, the heart that had felt so warmly was as ice; the blood that, in its rapid current, had rioted so violently was chilled; the thoughts, which had burst the

bonds and fetters imposed by reason and duty were all now turned inwardly upon herself.

‘Ada Reis was for a moment deeply affected. He advanced, and would have clasped her to his bosom, but he could not approach her. She only looked upon him with mournful, reproachful silence; her eyes gazing as the eyes of one in stupor, but half-conscious of what they see: her countenance perfect in beauty, but darkened in its expression by all the hopelessness of despair.’

The damned, bewailing their fate, implore that another opportunity may be offered to them for expiating their crimes. It is granted—one day of probation is given to them. Condulmar essays all the blandishments of love again to make Fiormonda his; the temptation is strong; she is about to yield, when suddenly breaking from the delusion, she kneels and prays for support.

‘Scarce had she uttered the heartfelt prayer, when her spirit, like a cloud, dissolved and melted into air. She was borne through the shrieking winds; she was carried in the lightning amidst storms and whirlwinds. Through flame and through air she saw crowding before her astonished senses all that was, and is, and will be: delirium never conjured up such fantastic horrors as passed before her; but her determination continued unshaken, and by that determination she was preserved.’

Fiormonda is alone saved; all the rest, and Ada Reis among the number, yield again to their former temptations, and suffer their punishment.

This book is the production of a person obviously of some rank in society, and probably of opulence: in favour of the first presumption we may mention that the composition is careless and unskilful; that there is a haughty tone in the dedication and the introduction, which shows the author to have a considerable opinion of his own importance, and a noble disdain of the reader’s taste or opinions; the second, we conclude from the manner in which it is published, the fineness of the paper, the clearness of the type, and the care with which it has been printed—a needy man of merit could not command these auxiliaries, one of so little literary importance as the author of *Ada Reis* would in vain hope for such honours.

It is, we have said, an imitation of other tales which have been written in a similar style; it is a little philosophical, a little satirical, a little devilish; but the philosophy is common-place—the satire is plentifully diluted—and the *diablerie* is neither new nor amusing. It has been said, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step; the author of *Ada Reis* hangs suspended midway, swinging occasionally from the one to the other—but the ridiculous seems to possess the strongest attractions for him. What he wished to have achieved may be easily seen—but that he has not succeeded is no less apparent.

We had almost forgotten to say, that there is a caution at the end of the volumes, that no persons shall presume to set to music any of the poetry, so called, which is interspersed in these volumes. We think the implied threat might have been spared, for so pitiably dull and bad is the verse that there is no danger of its tempting any other composer than he who has been chosen by the author.

*Julian; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* BY MISS MITFORD.

It is so seldom that an opportunity has of late presented itself for noticing a successful tragedy, and one, too, which has deserved to be successful, that we feel sincere pleasure in mentioning Miss Mitford's *Julian*.

The scene lies in Sicily; the story is fictitious, but supposed to relate to the early history of the island. The tragedy opens with a scene in which Julian, son to the Regent, is lying on a couch, attended by his wife Annabel, and a page, Theodore. He is supposed to have returned home suddenly, about a week previous to the opening, accompanied by the young page, and has been lying in a state of delirium ever since. When he awakes, his speech is incoherent; but enough from it is gathered to understand that his father, the Regent Duke Melfi, had meditated the murder of the young prince, to gain the throne for himself; that Julian had rescued the youth, and in the attempt had wounded his father. The fear that he had killed him has driven him to distraction; but while he relates the horrid event to his wife, news is brought that his father has returned alive to the capital. The page, Theodore, is the Prince Alfonso in disguise.

Julian repairs to his father, who is about to be proclaimed king; he endeavours in vain to dissuade him from this design. The ceremony of coronation goes on, when Julian bursts into the church with Alfonso, whom he exhorts the surrounding nobles to recognise as king. This is done; and the Duke d'Alba accuses Melfi and Julian of an attempt to murder the prince; they are arrested and sentenced to banishment. Julian seeks his father, whom he finds expiring, and reaches him in time to receive his forgiveness. From the grief he feels at his father's death he is roused by learning that D'Alba has seized the occasion of his banishment to bear away Annabel, whom he had always loved, and had persecuted by his addresses. The unhappy lady is confined in an apartment belonging to the Duke, who endeavours to persuade her to marry him, on procuring a dispensation for her union with the outlawed Julian. She rejects him indignantly. Julian reaches her prison, and knowing that his life is forfeited, and that he is dogged by his enemies, he resolves to put his fair wife to death by his own hand, to save her from a more horrid fate. This is, however, prevented. The Duke d'Alba's emissaries have followed him, and now enter; he engages them; a blow is aimed at his bosom, which Annabel receives in her own, and falls dead. Julian kills two of the assassins; the third escapes, and alarms the duke. Julian covers his dead wife with a cloak, and wraps himself in that of one of the braves. When the duke enters he takes him for the assassin; he approaches Annabel, and Julian uncovering her body, and discovering himself, transfixes him with horror. The young king and the nobles enter; D'Alba is made prisoner, and led off; and Julian dies.

The poetry of this tragedy is pretty, but not far above the ordinary run of smooth poetry. The great dramatic merit of the play is that it is constructed with consummate skill, and that the situations are highly striking, at the same time that they are natural and classical. In these respects the tragedy is alone among its modern compeers.



Miss Mitford is evidently well acquainted with the ancient Greek models ; the opening speeches—nearly the whole of the two first pages—are translated from the *Orestes* of Euripides ; the incident of uncovering the body is that powerful one in the *Electra* of Sophocles. We have extracted the following as a favorable specimen of the poetry. It is the last scene between Julian and Annabel :

*Ann.* Canst thou save me, Julian ?  
Thou always dost speak truth. Canst save thyself ?  
Shall we go hence together ?

*Jul.* Aye, one fate—  
One home.

*Ann.* Why that is bliss. We shall be poor—  
Shall we not, Julian ? I shall have a joy  
I never looked for ; I shall work for thee,  
Shall tend thee, be thy Page, thy 'Squire, thy all,—  
Shall I not, Julian ?

*Jul.* Annabel, look forth  
Upon this glorious world ! Look once again  
On our fair Sicily, lit by that sun  
Whose level beams do cast a golden shine  
On sea, and shore, and city, on the pride  
Of bowery groves ; on Etna's smouldering top ;—  
Oh bright and glorious world ! and thou of all  
Created things most glorious, tricked in light,  
As the stars that live in Heaven !

*Ann.* Why dost thou gaze  
So sadly on me ?

*Jul.* The bright stars, how oft  
They fall, or seem to fall ! The Sun—look ! look !  
He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,  
Like thee—like thee—Dost thou remember once  
We sate by the sea shore when all the Heaven  
And all the ocean seemed one glow of fire—  
Red, purple, saffron, melted into one  
Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line  
Where sea and sky should meet was lost in that  
Continuous brightness ; there we sate and talked  
Of the mysterious union that blessed orb  
Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death—  
High mysteries !—and thou didst wish thyself  
A spirit sailing in that flood of light  
Straight to the Eternal gates, didst pray to pass  
Away in such a glory. Annabel !  
Look out upon the burning sky, the sea  
One lucid ruby—'tis the very hour !  
Thou'lt be a Seraph at the Fount of Light  
Before—

*Ann.* What, must I die ? And wilt thou kill me ?  
Canst thou ? Thou cam'st to save—

*Jul.* To save thy honour !  
I shall die with thee.

*Ann.* Oh no ! no ! live ! live !  
If I must die—Oh, it is sweet to live,  
To breathe, to move, to feel the throbbing blood  
Beat in the veins,—to look on such an earth  
And such a Heaven,—to look on thee ! Young life  
Is very dear.'

Miss Mitford has thought fit to pay some very extravagant compliments to Mr. Macready. She of course best knows the extent of her obligations to that gentleman, but we must think she has taken an objectionable mode of acknowledging them. We cannot approve the custom of elevating actors into theatrical Mæcenases, because it is highly injurious to the best interests of the drama. We cannot forget the indignant anger with which we once heard a player presume to insult an author, who, whatever may be his failings, is evidently a man of taste—a scholar—and therefore entitled to be treated as a gentleman. We remember, and the public will never forget, this player talked of that author's *having excited his personal compassion*. At that circumstance we were ashamed and enraged; at this we only laugh.

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# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

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MAY, 1823.

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## MEMOIR OF MISS A. M. PORTER.

Pros donna conoissens,  
En cui es pretz e sens  
E beaultatz fin e pura  
Que natura y mes.

ARNAUD DE MARUEIL.

THE lady whose portrait graces the present number is one of those elegant examples of the perfection of the female character, by which we may assert, without the imputation of national partiality, England is highly distinguished. With talents of a very respectable order, refined by an accomplished education, and by the purest and best society, this lady occupies that place in the literature of the present day which properly belongs to females. If we might venture to say so, we think that a higher flight than that which she has taken is hardly compatible with feminine delicacy, or is likely to answer any useful or honorable purposes. We would even say, at the risk of incurring the displeasure of all the *bus bleus* of our acquaintance, that there are limits, as well natural as conventional, beyond which literary ladies would do well not to trespass; that there is a sphere, and not a very limited one, in which alone they shine at once brilliantly and usefully. The literature of England has been much enriched by the productions of ladies whose good taste and correct judgment have confined them within this sphere; and we think no one ever ventured beyond it without losing more of that character of delicacy and grace which belongs to the sex than they have gained in literary fame. Among those whom we are proud to point out as specimens at once of our countrywomen and of our female writers, Miss Anna Maria Porter is of the most eminent. The amiability and the honorable usefulness of her private character at once add too, and receive from, her literary reputation a high and pure lustre; as a lady, and as an authoress, she commands the affection and the respect of all those whose affection and respect are worth obtaining—the wise and the virtuous.

Miss Anna Maria Porter is the youngest of the large family of a gallant officer, whose services had been long and successfully devoted to his country, and who lost his life in fighting its battles. At a very early age, her love for literature and the happy powers of her mind were displayed in some juvenile essays, which bore the promise of future excellence. The tone of the society in which she then happened to move, being somewhat literary, fostered this predilection, and she soon ventured into the republic of letters in the modest character of a contributor to periodical publications. A *Lady's Magazine*, published by Harrison, was at that time a popular work, and one of its best and most assiduous contributors was the subject of this sketch. Her talent soon assumed a decided form, and she resolved to make that the chief



business of her life which she had taken up merely as an elegant amusement. Her mother, to whom she was indebted, as are nine-tenths of the human race, for the development, perhaps for the existence, of such talent as they possess, encouraged her exertions, and she soon appeared in public as the authoress of a romance called the *Hungarian Brothers*. We think it would be useful to the world, we are sure it would be highly gratifying to most persons, to see an able inquiry into the influence which the mothers of the most eminent persons have had in the formation of their characters. It has been commonly remarked, that talent is not hereditary; somebody said, in allusion to the bad verses of Racine's son, 'a poet has no child;' but we would venture to say, that few instances could be found of a foolish mother who had a wise son. Mrs. Porter is so happy as to be the mother of many children, and there is none of them who does not afford her pride and delight of the most worthy description.

Since the publication of the *Hungarian Brothers*, Miss Porter has been the author of several other romantic novels, all of which are of the historical class. Their distinguishing characteristics are a pure and lofty morality, a truly feminine sensibility, great sweetness of description, an eloquent appreciation of natural beauties, and a graceful style of composition. If ever the mind of an author was expressed in her works, it is that of Miss Porter. Her pure and gentle temper beams through every page of her writings, and sheds a cheerful and beneficial light throughout the whole of them. Piety and good will breathe in every sentiment, without the slightest appearance of cant or affectation; and while every one must be amused by them, few can rise from the perusal of her volumes without an amelioration and refinement of feeling, the results of which will work out some portion of good in the world. It is for their happy effects in this respect that Miss Porter is entitled to her highest praise as an authoress. Such books as she writes are destined chiefly for the perusal of her own sex. To women, from the nature of their avocations, reading is more a necessary of life than it is to men; and they can read nothing, in spite of the cavils against novel-reading, more likely at once to refine and improve their minds, without the effort of study, than such novels as Miss Porter's. Those novels represent the most amiable parts of the female character in their most agreeable developments; and treating, as they do, of tales of pure affection and honorable deeds, they teach women, and young women particularly, how much influence they possess, and how usefully and virtuously and beautifully they may employ it.

*Don Sebastian*, another of her novels, is an affecting and skilful amplification of an historical event, which is full of romantic interest, and, from the ambiguity which attends it, leaves a wide field for the exercise of an author's ingenuity—this Miss Porter has very happily occupied.

The *Recluse of Norway* is written in a more melancholy tone than any other of her works. We have no objection to this for once, but she shines more happily in less gloomy compositions: there is a satisfied tranquillity in most of her productions, which is rare and charming; the course of her narration runs on in a continuous flow, like

some quiet river, which, pursuing its course in beauty and in majesty, finds repose, if not happiness, in the bosom of the wide ocean, as it concludes its career.

*The Knight of St. John* is a more spirited and much more amusing effort. The interesting events of the siege of Malta, the characters of its fall and knights, and the description of the people and manners of the neighbouring continent, are given with great taste and power.

*The Fast of St. Magdalen* is her last production, and in this she has successfully treated that portion of the history of Florence which is connected with the disgrace and restoration of the Medici family. The characters are well drawn, and the whole production breathes an Italian spirit; it has less of the tramontane stiffness than most of our English novels—a proof that the ingenious author has caught the tone of the times and the land she would describe.

Miss Jane Porter, the author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and several other excellent romances, is the sister of this lady, and possesses kindred talents. Dr. Porter, of Bristol, and Sir Robert Ker Porter, at present in Russia, where he married a noble lady, are her brothers.

With such a temper and such talents as we have mentioned, and with such charms as our portrait shows Miss Porter to possess, we may be permitted to wonder, if not to regret, that she is still Miss Porter. We do not know whether this is an imputation upon the want of merit in the men of our time, or a proof of difficulty on her own part; but we have little doubt that her choice has been wisely made, and that she is even 'earthly happier' in her 'single blessedness,' than if her condition were changed. We cannot picture to ourselves any state more felicitous than that of having gained a public and a private reputation, by the exercise of rare talents and exalted virtue, and of living in the bosom of an affectionate family, whose love she returns with the utmost fervour—and this is Miss Porter's condition.

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#### THE FLOOD OF THESSALY, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE are few modern poets whose first essays were crowned with more complete success than Mr. Cornwall's. He displayed in his first productions so much good taste and poetical feeling as encouraged a hope that he would occupy a very high place among his cotemporaries: if what he has since performed may not have fully realized that hope, it has at least not diminished his reputation; and, if his muse should never reach the eminence to which it was thought her flight would be directed, she will still have lifted his name to a considerable elevation. His fame is indeed now so well established, and his talents so universally recognised, that he might fearlessly lay aside the assumed appellation under which he has been hitherto known to the public, if its adoption was suggested by mere feelings of diffidence: he has, however, perhaps good reasons for continuing it; he is far too wise to rely solely, in this calculating age, on so ungrateful a profession as that of poetry; and it is perhaps as well to be enrolled in the Court of Par-

nassus by a different name from that which is inscribed on the records of the Court of King's Bench.

In the volume of poems which he has lately published we find more to praise, as well as more to blame, than in any of his preceding works. They are all more or less distinguished by that elegance and elaborate polish for which his writings are remarkable; but in some of them there is a lack of that beautiful simplicity, that seemingly unstudied grace, which he has either caught from, or possesses in common with, the earlier English poets. In his attempts at the *ottava rima*, he is decidedly unhappy; to succeed in it requires a talent which he does not command—it requires more fire, more elasticity of genius, than he possesses. However easy it may appear, and as, in the mere point of construction, it unquestionably is, it can only be well executed by a first-rate genius; by one who can turn from the most serious to the most whimsical subjects by a transition as natural and as graceful as it is rapid: it must be written *de source*,—the very appearance of effort ruins it. Since the days of Ariosto it has never been better written than by our countryman Lord Byron; and Mr. Cornwall can no more succeed in it than his talents resemble those of the three poets we have mentioned. He forgets that *la rime est une esclave, et ne doit qu'obéir*, and suffers the jingle often to lead him into puerilities. The dedicatory stanzas, and a piece called *The Genealogists*, in the volume now before us, are written in this style, and they are both inferior and unworthy of his powers. The first, addressed to the author's lady-love, is exceedingly fond, and has some pretty conceits:—as there is a lady in the case, we do not feel ourselves at liberty to say any thing severe of it: and the second is so impotent in its attempts at humour, that the least we say will be the most grateful to our own as well as to the author's feelings.

*The Flood of Thessaly*, the most important poem in the volume, has, however, beauties enough to atone for all the faults of the others. We congratulate the author upon the good taste which has prompted him to attempt the restoration of the elegant but neglected glories of the old mythology. Notwithstanding all the beauties of the modern and more romantic style, of which we trust we have a due appreciation, we are not blind to those sublime fictions of antiquity which come to us hallowed by the most venerable and delightful recollections. They have been the inspiration of our earliest dreams, the theme of our most refined imaginings, and are connected by an indissoluble bond to all our notions of a younger, purer, and more beautiful world than that in which we dwell. It was from the fountains of this lore that the genius of Milton was nourished, and the studies of it can never fail to refine talented minds, while it has even made duller men hold a respectable rank in letters. Of late it has been the fashion for some writers to neglect, and for others to decry it; but the speer which is assumed to conceal ignorance can never long impose upon the world. The praise due to the classic fathers of antiquity has been lost in admiration of the Italian poets;—this is to pay to the priest the homage which is due to God;—it is to give to imitations the honours due only to invention; for it was from the well-springs of old Greece and Rome that the Italians gratefully acknowledged they drew all

their brightest poetical fancies. We think Mr. Cornwall, in choosing such a subject as he has here selected, has done much good to modern literature, as well as to his own reputation.

The poem begins with a description of Pyrrha and Deucalion living in the favoured land of Thessaly. That keen sense of the beautiful, which is a characteristic of Mr. Cornwall's style, is here remarkably displayed :

‘Pyrrha and young Deucalion!—fair names  
As ever shone in fable or old song,  
Tradition, or recording history:  
In green youth were they lovers, tho’ scarce known  
The bud which after blossom’d into love;  
Still lovers, tho’ now wedded with consent  
Of their own gentle hearts, before the face  
Of all the stars that crowd the summer sky.  
How beautiful they were may not be told;  
Yet both were beautiful, and one so fair,  
That when her glossy ringlets downwards fell,  
Serpentining o’er her shoulders smooth and white  
As marble, (such the Parians wrought) she seemed  
A happy Dryad from the woods escaped,  
Or Naiad who had left her watery cave,  
Content to dwell with man:—Deucalion trod  
The green earth as the feathered herald trod,  
(Jove’s son and starry Maia’s,—always young)  
And round about his temples the black curls  
Hung thick, and clustering left his forehead bare.  
His eye was like the eagle’s, wild and keen,  
And his mouth parted but to speak of love:  
Not huge, yet giant-sprung, his towering youth  
Rose into manhood, like a Titan born.

‘Careless of all the world, save one sweet care,  
And in each other lost, they dreamt away  
The hours, well pleased on fragrant lawns to stray  
In balmy autumn, or thro’ summer groves,  
Or beside fountains where the noonday heat  
Came never; gentlest Pyrrha silent then,  
And listening to her lover’s voice so low,  
Which, while it languish’d or spoke soft reproach,  
Hung like sweet music in her charmed ear.’

The young lovers dwell in virtue and joy, pure amid the surrounding iniquity, until, the crimes of the world having exhausted the patience and justice of the gods, the Thunderer resolves to destroy the guilty race. There is considerable power, and even an approach to sublimity, in this part of the poem :

‘Jove saw the sin, and o’er his forehead large  
(Whereon, as on a map, the world is seen)  
There passed the shadow of a storm.—‘Behold!’  
He said; and as he spoke the vassal skies  
Trembled, and white Olympus to its heart  
Sickened and shook: then, stretching wide abroad  
His sceptre, which doth compass land and sea,  
He pointed towards the ocean caverns, where  
Upon his coral bed the sea-god lay  
Reposing:—thro’ the hollows of the deep

Where tempests come not, and thro' all the caves  
 Of that green world and watery palaces,  
 The word resounded :—from his bed uprose  
 The brother of Jove, and with a sign replied.  
 Then in a moment from their quartered homes  
 The winds came muttering,—West and blighting East,  
 And South ; while Boreas, prison-doomed and mad,  
 Flew to the North, and, shivering branch and trunk,  
 Lifted the billows till their curling heads  
 Struck the pale stars.—At last the wet South hung  
 Brooding alone, down-weighed by cloud and shower,  
 And bound in black, mourning the coming doom,  
 And with his raven wings and misty breath  
 Allured the storms. Wide-stretching clouds around  
 (A dark confederacy) in silence met,  
 Hiding all Heaven. Towards the glooming shore  
 The tempest sailed direct, and on the top  
 Of Pelion burst and swept away its pines  
 By thousands :—Where it burst a way was made  
 Like that torn by the avalanche, when it falls  
 Louder than crashing thunder, amidst smoke  
 And ruin, bounding from the topmost Alps  
 O'er chasm and hill, and strips the forest bare.'

The fears of Pyrrha, and Deucalion's manly and affectionate consolation, are beautifully expressed :

Upon a hilly slope lay Pyrrha's home,  
 Still safe from the rising waters ; yet she feared.  
 " Deucalion !"—(on their mossy bed they lay,  
 And heard without the hissing rain descend,)  
 " Deucalion ! Ah ! I fear, Deucalion,  
 The gods are angered ; not with thee, dear friend,  
 For, tho' the Titan's son, thy vows have been  
 Constant, thine actions holy. Unto Jove  
 And Themis have we bowed and prayed—in vain ;  
 For lo ! the storms are out, and Heaven is dark  
 Perpetually. Apollo now no more  
 Rises at morning, nor at evening fades ;  
 And Dian, who when the year was wasting looked  
 But pale amidst the fighting elements,  
 Hath vanish'd quite : the stars are gone ; the day  
 Hath died :—the earth itself passeth away."—  
 Thus spoke that gentle woman and lay still,  
 Weeping and full of fears : Deucalion took  
 Her nearer to his heart :—" Themis is just,"  
 Sighing he said, " and kind ; and tho' a frown  
 Hath hung upon the forehead of great Jove  
 Awhile, yet clearer light will come at last,  
 And he will smile and we rejoice again.  
 Believe it, love : and know, a dream—a thought  
 How thou may'st yet be saved, hath come to me,  
 And I will labour long and shape a raft,  
 Wherein upon the rough wave thou shalt pass  
 To happier shores, sweet Pyrrha."—Still she sighed,  
 While he, still soothing, from her forehead pale  
 Parted the dark brown hair, and pressed thereon  
 His lips in silence. Thus, heart-folded close,  
 She wept away her fears, and slumber fell

Like snow-down on her:—Quietly she slept  
Without a dream until the morning came.

The work of destruction goes on; the people of the earth fall,  
and Death leisurely, but surely, swallows up all:

—‘ Day after day the busy Death passed on  
Full, and by night returned hungering anew;  
And still the new morn filled his horrid maw,  
With flocks, and herds, a city, a tribe, a town,  
One after one borne out, and far from land  
Dying in whirlpools or the sullen deeps.  
All perished then:—The last who lived was one  
Who clung to life because a frail child lay  
Upon her heart: weary and gaunt, and worn,  
From point to point she sped, with mangled feet,  
Bearing for aye her little load of love:—  
Both died,—last martyrs of another’s sins,  
Last children they of Earth’s sad family.’

Then die the beasts and birds, and every created thing but the fated pair. At length, the raft being completed, it is launched, and Deucalion, placing his timid bride in it, commits it to the universal waters:

“ Whither, ah! whither—to what happier shore  
Steerest thou thy way, Deucalion?” Pyrrha spoke.  
He, glancing at the sky, just where the North  
Is cut by the eastern light at early dawn,  
(The mid point of the compass) bade her gaze:  
“ What see’st thou—nought?—Poor girl, thine eye  
is dim:  
For hope still lives.—Come! Bride of my despair,  
(Now of my hope,) we’ll live or die together.  
Along the desarts of the deep we’ll go,  
Along the wide and wave-blown wilderness,  
Undaunted and untiring. *Some* fair land  
There is, which Jove designs shall be our home:  
Believe it. O Thessalian Pyrrha!—*Thou*,  
Child of the ocean, canst thou fear its rage?”—  
So spoke he, smiling thro’ deep sorrow,—filled  
With fear which yet he kept hid in his heart;  
And with prevailing looks and voice all love  
Cheered the sad Pyrrha on her watery way.  
—Morn passed, and noon, and eve along; and night  
Over their heads hung like a pall, through which  
No minute star nor glimpse of faintest light  
Could pierce; but all was dark,—dark like the grave.  
—And so they floated on their fated track,  
Borne onwards till the o’erwhelming rains had ceased,  
And the wild winds were sleeping: and around  
No noise was heard, save from their beating hearts,  
And the lone dashings of the endless seas.’

In the second canto, the wrath of Jove being sated, he pronounces the pardon of the sinful world, and it is saved. The description of Olympus is highly poetical; it is an elegant version of those of the ancient poets, given with so original a power as establishes the author’s claim to an inspiration akin to that which breathed through their



glorious conceptions. Mercury and Iris are sent down to declare the will of Heaven by signs; they seek Deucalion and Pyrrha:

‘Not far from where Parnassus lies,  
They saw, contending with the awaken’d wind,  
And tossed, and worn, and struggling with the streams,  
A little raft, whereon two creatures lay,  
Wreck of the world. The man, with haggard eyes  
And sinews loosen’d by unnatural toil,  
Strove yet to cherish his companion pale,  
And with high tender courage, such as springs  
From fountains only where the heart is pure,  
Soothed her and spoke, and with his arm around  
Her fainting figure, seemed to ward away  
Evils, both watery perils and despair.  
“Art thou so weary, Pyrrha?” in soft voice  
Deucalion spake—“so weary, so forlorn?”  
“Pity me, my sweet husband; thou art brave,  
But I am weaker than an infant’s sigh.  
Oh! I have weighed thee down: Alone thou might’st  
Have held great war with Fate; but I have been  
Thy ruin.”—“Dear perdition!” he returned,  
“Not golden Fortune on her turning wheel  
Was so to be desired as thou by me:  
Oh! thou art fairer than all fortune.—Love!  
Pyrrha! Thou tenderest creature ever born,  
Cheer thee:—Behold, day breaks at last, and hark!  
How all the music of the morning comes.”  
He spoke and smiled,—when, like a curtain torn  
Suddenly from the East, the parted glooms  
Withdrew, South, West, and to the howling North:—  
Thus daemons driven from some holy shrine,  
By incantations, or a God’s bright frown,  
Forsake the temple, and with desperate shrieks  
Cast them upon the wild and boundless winds.  
The storm grew silent, and the thunder spake  
No more; but in their place visions arose,  
Meteors and floating lights and glancing stars,  
And splendours running to and fro, amidst  
Heaps of dissolving cloud, trembling, confus’d.  
But joy is slow-believed, where grief hath lived  
Long a familiar: so despair still sate  
And sorrow on the downcast Pyrrha’s eyes.’

It is in such passages as these that the poet is most happy; his muse is truly a feminine one, and, like the sex, is most powerful in her tenderness. The day breaks—the raft is irresistibly impelled onward, and dashed upon the shore:

‘There wreck’d they lay;  
The woman in her husband’s guardian arms,  
(Clasped like a jewel in its sterner case,)  
But lost to life, and dumb, and motionless:  
And then that husband, faithful to the grave,  
Strung once more his worn nerves, and with deep sobs,  
And staggering steps, and sighs, bore her beyond  
The tyranny of the seas. “Roar on,” he said—  
“The treasure of the world is saved at last.”  
So, pressing those cold lips, her head he raised  
Upon his knee:—“She will revive”—he sighed,

And fell, half-swooning ; and sleep, long delayed,  
Came like a cloud, and wrapped his limbs in rest.'

Refreshed with sleep they arise, and, finding a temple, they proceed to pay their pious thanks and vows to Themis. The statue of the goddess becomes animated, and, in the words of Ovid, bids them—

"Go from my temple, and with garments loosed,  
And faces hidden, your great parent's bones  
Gather, and cast them o'er your backs."—They stood  
Mute with amaze : each to the other looked  
For help, bewildered ; and when sense came back  
The altar and the goddess were no more.  
"Themis immortal ! O return, return !  
Hear us, O vanish'd Themis !" (so they moaned)  
"Hear us, and shed thy lustre on our minds,  
Now dark. We see not, and are very sad.  
We have endured much fortune, and, though spared,  
We are alone :—no kin, no friends are ours,  
None,—no companions, save the senseless stones."  
The stones !—"Twas then the riddle of the skies  
Dissolved. They left that temple, and obeyed  
Its queen and prophetess :—Deucalion first  
Plucking from out the earth (which sighed) a stone,  
Threw it against the wind : It fell,—and lo !  
Slowly as when the moon unclouds her face,  
Swelled and grew human ; yet not man at once,  
But leaving like the worm its outer scale,  
And shooting, as the flower puts forth its leaves,  
Flexible arms (yet firm,) limbs apt for strength,  
Muscles and sinuous shape, and streaming veins,  
And last—the crowning head ; which (cold at first,  
And stiff like some pale mask,) relaxed to life,  
Unclosing its bright eyes, and in warm cheeks  
Receiving the first blush of living youth.  
O wonder ! Happiest Pyrrha, with what speed  
She cast a stone, which like the first up-grew,  
Yet fairer,—female, with such waving form  
As Circe or Calypso, free from harm ;—  
Slowly the change went on, from limb to limb,  
From waist to bosom, swelling like a cloud,  
White turning neck, and then the awakening face,  
And last the eyes unclosed. "Immortal Heaven !"—  
The mother spoke, and for a moment stood  
Dumb, and with arms outspread then flew along  
And clasped the new-born vision in her arms.  
There hung she, and so gazed as mothers do  
Who clasp pale children gathered from the grave,  
And saved when hope had perished. "Oh !" she spoke,  
In low and hurrying tones, "Oh ! leave me not  
Again ; Ione !—my sole child !—and yet  
Art thou indeed, with all this skiey grace,  
Mine own, made perfect without aid of time ?  
Thou stranger on the earth ! Heaven's child (and mine)—  
Oh ! vision, die not until Pyrrha dies."

They continue to perform the behests of the goddess :

—At last,  
Wearied with toil and new emotion, both  
Retired, and in a cave o'er which the rose

Shook his immortal blooms, and lilies near,  
 Jasmine and musk, daisies and hyacinth,  
 And violets, a blue profusion, sprang  
 Haunting the air, they lay them down and slept.'

In a vision which comes over Deucalion he there sees in rapid succession the march of the world of which he is the author, and, waking, sees before him—

'Pyrrha, fairest of earth's visions still,  
 Who on his tranced slumber long had looked,  
 Whispering the Gods for comfort.'

The poet ends with the following passage :

'O world! now stained with crime,  
 Immaculate then, methinks thy perfect fame  
 Should live in song! Methinks some bard, whose heart  
 Traces its courage to Promethean veins,  
 Should build in lasting verse, firmer than mine,  
 Deucalion's story,—(upon Delphi's steep  
 Saved from the watery waste,) and Pyrrha's woe.'

The nature of the subject almost precludes any originality of thought, but even in this respect it is not deficient; it is full of poetry, the language is lofty and elegant, and, as a whole, the poem is highly delightful. We do not think it is too much to say, that taking, as he has obviously done, the immortal author of *Paradise Lost* for his model, Mr. Cornwall approaches nearer to that sublime poet in the sustained power of his diction, the purity of his thoughts, and the beauty of his images, than any other of his imitators. To point out the many instances in which he is below that majestic poet would be as invidious as it is unnecessary.

The other poems in the collection are by no means equal to that which we have just dismissed; and we are not sorry that our space compels us to despatch them shortly. *The Girl of Provence* is a story of a poor maiden, who, as the natives of the sister country might say, became *lunatic* by falling in love with Apollo. All that is good in it arises from the author's labours, but we cannot cease to wonder how he could bestow so much pains on so worthless a subject.

With *The Letter of Boccaccio* we have still more to quarrel. He has taken occasion in this letter, which is supposed to be addressed by the novelist to Maria of Arragon, the daughter of the King of Naples, of whom he was deeply enamoured, to give an account of Boccaccio's life. He has reduced the gay, fat, witty Messer Giovanni, who had a temper so jocund that the world and all its ills could not assail him, and who loved and was beloved by his own dark-haired Fiammetta as a sensible man should love and be beloved,—that is, with constancy and devotion,—to a whining inamorata nursing a hopeless passion. The following passage, which is one of the best, is, however, in a more resolute strain :

'Manhood like a radiant morning shone,  
 And beauty lit her lamps that I might see  
 Intenser day : Then life was Heaven to me :  
 My soul was perfected by passion,—pure  
 As marble ere the Parian pierced the mine  
 Wherein the carv'd Diana lay secure,  
 Yet lovely as that shape which is divine

Tho' mortal, being born and warmed to life  
By light, as is the rainbow, (when the roar  
Of rain hath passed) which was but cloud before.

I loved :—I tell thee thou art not the first  
(Tho' fairest) of the creatures of my love :  
For early did the floods of passion burst  
My veins and overwhelm me,—yet I strove  
Never to tamper with my nature then,  
Nor call back my desire into the den  
Wherein it had reposed for twenty years ;  
For I had hope ('twas mixed I own with fears)  
That the strong lustre of my love would lead  
My thoughts unto their fountain springs, and feed  
My soul with light:—'Twas then I penned some tales  
Where Beauty is the bride, and her son ever  
The God and master of my poor endeavour.  
O mistress ! thou shalt read the tales I have writ,  
For love is there, and reason, and a wit  
Which though it be abandoned at its birth,  
And vanish for a time, shall rise again,  
And in remoter places of this earth  
Shall be a treasure to great men, whose fame  
Shall be commingled with my lasting name,  
Co-heritors of bright futurity.  
O light of my Renown, I see thee on high !'

Of *The Fall of Saturn* we have no opinion, for, sooth to say, we cannot understand it : it is a vision, and we were never good at interpreting dreams.

*Tartarus* is an infernal dramatic sketch, but not so good as some preceding productions of a similar description.

*Babylon, with Belshazzar's Feast*, is clever, and the concluding lines particularly good. The poet addresses Babylon :

'Mighty in thy own undoing,  
Drawing a fresh life from ruin  
And eternal prophecy :—  
Thou art gone, but cannot die.  
Like a splendour from the sky  
Through the silent ether flung,  
Like a hoar tradition hung  
Glittering in the ear of Time,  
Thou art,—like a lamp sublime,  
Telling from thy wave-worn tower  
Where the raging floods have power,  
How ruin lives,—and how Time flies,—  
And all that on the dial lies.'

Some smaller poems finish the collection. There is great inequality between the first and all the other poems in the volume ; of the latter, Boccaccio's letter, with all its faults, is the best ; but, while the former would entitle the author to rank with modern poets, the others would place him in a station not above mediocrity.

*The Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlanders of Scotland.*

THIS is a very amusing volume, and, although there is, perhaps, little novelty in the subject, which so many writers have thought worth the trouble of treating, it brings the nature of Scottish superstitions into a substantive shape. We have been deluged for many years now past with works on the same subject; but, from the days of Ossian, (whom our neighbours on the Continent of Europe hold second to Homer; while we laugh at him as an impostor or a maniac,) down to the last rhyming novel of Sir Walter Scott, we have never yet been able to discover the reason of its popularity. The superstitions of Scotland do not differ in any important respects from those of all the other northern nations; but the remoteness of some parts of the country, which has deprived them of the advantages of civilization, has perpetuated them beyond the period they have existed elsewhere. Still, however, the intercourse, feeble as it was for a long time in the distant parts of Scotland, with those which had become more enlightened, has at least divested those superstitions of all character of sublimity, if they ever possessed any; and all that is now left of them rather assumes the appearance of a dry national humour than of that appalling nature which some writers would have us believe.

It is because the volume we have just laid down is written in this latter spirit that we prefer it to all that has been previously published on the subject. The author thinks, with great good sense, that whatever may have formerly been the opinions of people respecting supernatural beings, they are now become only ludicrous; and, although he shows up in turn all the numerous train of ghosts, fairies, brownies, water kelpies, spectres, and witches, he makes fun of them at every step, and seems to be of opinion that his fiends are now only devils *pour rire*. His style, too, is of that coarse vernacular kind, which, if it is adopted for this occasion only, is a very happy effort; the book will no doubt be much more popular in Scotland than here, although, for the reasons we have given, we think it is a very meritorious work.

We proceed to give some extracts, which will at once show the author's style and the nature of his book: they are taken from that part in which he treats of fairies:

'There was once upon a time a man who lived on the northern coasts, not far from *Taigh Jan Crot Callow*,\* and he gained his livelihood by catching and killing fish, of all sizes and denominations. He had a particular liking to the killing of those wonderful beasts, half dog half fish, called "Roane," or seals, no doubt because he got a long price for their skins, which are not less curious than they are valuable. The truth is, that the most of these animals are neither dogs nor cods, but downright fairies, as this narration will show; and, indeed, it is easy for any man to convince himself of the fact by a simple examination of his *tobacco-spluichdan*, for the dead skins of those beings are never the same for four and twenty hours together. Sometimes the *spluichdan* will erect its bristles almost perpendicularly, while, at

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\* John-o-Groat's House.

other times, it reclines them even down ; one time it resembles a bristly sow, at another time a *sleekit cat* ; and what dead skin, except itself, could perform such cantrips ? Now, it happened one day, as this notable fisher had returned from the prosecution of his calling, that he was called upon by a man who seemed a great stranger, and who said, he had been despatched for him by a person who wished to contract for a quantity of seal-skins, and that it was necessary for the fisher to accompany him (the stranger) immediately to see the person who wished to contract for the skins, as it was necessary that he should be served that evening. Happy in the prospect of making a good bargain, and never suspecting any duplicity in the stranger, he instantly complied. They both mounted a steed belonging to the stranger, and took the road with such velocity that, although the direction of the wind was towards their backs, yet the fleetness of their movement made it appear as if it had been in their faces. On reaching a stupendous precipice which overhung the sea, his guide told him, they had now reached the point of their destination. “ Where is the person you spoke of ? ” inquired the astonished seal-killer. “ You shall see that presently,” replied the guide. With that they immediately alighted, and, without allowing the seal-killer much time to indulge the frightful suspicions that began to pervade his mind, the stranger seized him with irresistible force, and plunged headlong with the seal-killer into the sea. After sinking down—down—nobody knows how far, they at length reached a door, which, being open, led them into a range of apartments, filled with inhabitants—not people, but seals, who could nevertheless speak and feel like human folk ; and how much was the seal-killer surprised to find that he himself had been unconsciously transformed into the like image. If it were not so, he would probably have died, from the want of breath. The nature of the poor fisher’s thoughts may be more easily conceived than described. Looking on the nature of the quarters into which he was landed, all hopes of escape from them appeared wholly chimerical, whilst the degree of comfort, and length of life which the barren scene promised him, were far from being flattering. The “ Roane,” who all seemed in very low spirits, appeared to feel for him, and endeavoured to soothe the distress which he evinced, by the amplest assurances of personal safety. Involved in sad meditation on his evil fate, he was quickly roused from his stupor, by his guide’s producing a huge gully or joctaleg, the object of which he supposed was to put an end to all his earthly cares. Forlorn as was his situation, however, he did not wish to be killed ; and, apprehending instant destruction, he fell down, and earnestly implored for mercy. The poor generous animals did not mean him any harm, however much his former conduct deserved it ; and he was accordingly desired to pacify himself, and cease his cries. “ Did you ever see that knife before ? ” says the stranger to the fisher. The latter instantly recognising his own knife, which he had that day stuck into a seal, and with which it made its escape, acknowledged it was formerly his own, for what would be the use of denying it ? “ Well ! ” rejoins the guide, the apparent seal, which made away with it, is my father, who lies dangerously ill ever since, and no means could stay his fleeting breath, without your aid. I have



been obliged to resort to the artifice I have practised to bring you hither, and I trust that my filial duty to my father will readily operate my excuse. Having said this, he led into another apartment the trembling seal-killer, who expected every minute a return of his own favour to the father; and here he found the identical seal, with which he had the encounter in the morning, suffering most grievously from a tremendous cut in its hind-quarter. The seal-killer was then desired, with his hand, to cicatrize the wound, upon doing which, it immediately healed, and the seal arose from its bed in perfect health. Upon this, the scene changed from mourning to rejoicing—all was mirth and glee. Very different, however, were the feelings of the unfortunate seal-catcher, expecting, no doubt, to be a seal for the remainder of his life, until his late guide accosted him as follows: “Now, Sir, you are at liberty to return to your wife and family, to whom I am about to conduct you; but it is on this express condition, to which you must bind yourself by a solemn oath, viz. that you shall never maim or kill a seal in all your lifetime hereafter.” To this condition, hard as it was, he joyfully acceded; and the oath being administered in all due form, he bade his new acquaintance most heartily and sincerely a long farewell. Taking hold of his guide, they issued from the place, and swam up—up—till they regained the surface of the sea; and, landing at the said stupendous pinnacle, they found their former riding steed ready for a second canter. The guide breathed upon the fisher, and they became like men. They mounted their horse; and fleet as was their course towards the precipice or pinnacle, their return from it was doubly swift; and the honest seal-killer was laid down at his own door-cheek, where his guide made him such a present, as would have almost reconciled him to another similar expedition, and such as rendered his loss of profession, in so far as regarded the seals, a far less intolerable hardship than he had at first contemplated it.’

The following story, which will remind our readers of the famous Rip Van Winkle, is superior to it in the whimsicality of its termination. It is like a trick in a pantomime: it makes one laugh when one ought not to laugh—a rare and valuable merit. Properly worked, it would make a better story than that to which we have alluded:

‘Nearly three hundred years ago, there lived in Strathspey two men, greatly celebrated for their performances on the fiddle. It happened upon a certain Christmas time, that they had formed the resolution of going to Inverness, to be employed in their musical capacities, during that festive season. Accordingly, having arrived in that great town, and secured lodgings, they sent round the newsman and his bell, to announce to the inhabitants their arrival in town, and the object of it, their great celebrity in their own country, the number of tunes they played, and their rate of charge per day, per night, or hour. Very soon after, they were called upon by a venerable looking old man, grey haired and somewhat wrinkled, of genteel deportment and liberal disposition; for, instead of grudging their charges, as they expected, he only said that he would double the demand. They cheerfully agreed to accompany him, and soon they found themselves at the door of a very curious dwelling, the appearance of which they did not at all

relish. It was night, but still they could easily distinguish the house to be neither like the great Castle Grant, Castle Lethindry, Castle Roy, or Castle-na-muchkeruch at home, nor like any other house they had seen on their travels. It resembled a huge fairy 'Tomhan,' such as are seen in Glenmore. But the mild persuasive eloquence of the guide, reinforced by the irresistible arguments of a purse of gold, soon removed any scruples they felt at the idea of entering so novel a mansion. They entered the place, and all sensations of fear were soon absorbed in those of admiration of the august assembly which surrounded them; strings tuned to sweet harmony soon gave birth to glee in the dwelling. The floor bounded beneath the agile '*fantastic toe*,' and gaiety in its height pervaded every soul present. The night passed on harmoniously, while the diversity of the reels, and the loveliness of the dancers, presented to the fiddlers the most gratifying scene they ever witnessed; and in the morning, when the ball was terminated, they took their leave, sorry that the time of their engagement was so short, and highly gratified at the liberal treatment which they experienced. But what was their astonishment, on issuing forth from this strange dwelling, when they beheld the novel scene which surrounded them! Instead of coming out of a castle, they found they had come out of a little hill, they knew not what way, and on entering the town they found those objects, which yesterday shone in all the splendour of novelty, to-day exhibit only the ruins and ravages of time, while the strange innovations of dress and manners displayed by their numerous spectators filled them with wonder and consternation. At last a mutual understanding took place between themselves and the crowd assembled to look upon them, and a short account of their adventures led the more sagacious part of the spectators to suspect at once that they had been paying a visit to the inhabitants of *Tomnafurich*, which, not long ago, was the grand rendezvous of many of the fairy bands inhabiting the surrounding districts; and the arrival of a very old man on the spot set the matter fairly at rest. On being attracted by the crowd, he walked up to the two poor old oddities, who were the subject of amazement, and having learned their history, thus addressed them: "You are the two men my great-grandfather lodged, and who, it was supposed, were decoyed by Thomas Rymer to *Tomnafurich*. Sore did your friends lament your loss—but the lapse of a hundred years has now rendered your name extinct."

'Finding every circumstance conspire to verify the old man's story, the poor fiddlers were naturally inspired with feelings of reverential awe at the secret wonders of the Deity—and it being the sabbath-day, they naturally wished to indulge those feelings in a place of worship. They, accordingly, proceeded to church, and took their places, to hear public worship, and sat for a while listening to the pealing bells, which, while they summoned the remainder of the congregation to church, summoned them to their long homes. When the ambassador of peace ascended the sacred place, to announce to his flock the glad tidings of the gospel—strange to tell, at the first word uttered by his lips, his ancient hearers, the poor deluded fiddlers, both crumbled into dust.'

The following story is a little more horrible, and, as it is a good story of its kind, we extract it. After describing the death of Macgillichallum of Razay, a great enemy to the witches, who had accomplished his destruction, the author goes on :

‘ The same day, another hero, celebrated for his hatred of witchcraft, was warming himself in his hunting hut, in the forest of Gaick in Badenoch. His faithful hounds, fatigued with the morning chase, lay stretched on the turf by his side,—his gun, that would not miss, reclined in the neuk of the boothy,—the *skian dhu* of the sharp edge hung by his side, and these alone constituted his company. As the hunter sat listening to the howling storm as it whistled by, there entered at the door an apparently poor weather-beaten cat, shivering with cold, and drenched to the skin. On observing her, the hairs of the dogs became erected bristles, and they immediately rose to attack the pitiable cat, which stood trembling at the door. “ Great hunter of the hills,” exclaims the poor-looking trembling cat, “ I claim your protection. I know your hatred to my craft, and perhaps it is just. Still spare, oh spare a poor jaded wretch, who thus flies to you for protection from the cruelty and oppression of her sisterhood.” Moved to compassion by her eloquent address, and disdaining to take advantage of his greatest enemy in such a seemingly forlorn situation, he pacified his infuriated dogs, and desired her to come forward to the fire and warm herself. “ Nay,” says she, “ in the first place, you will please bind with this long hair those two furious hounds of yours, for I am afraid they will tear my poor hams to pieces. I pray you, therefore, my dear sir, that you would have the goodness to bind them together by the necks with this long hair.” But the curious nature of the hair induced the hunter to dissemble a little. Instead of having bound his dogs with it, as he pretended, he threw it across a beam of wood which connected the couple of the boothy. The witch then supposing the dogs securely bound, approached the fire, and squatted herself down as if to dry herself. She had not sitten many minutes, when the hunter could easily discover a striking increase in her size, which he could not forbear remarking in a jocular manner to herself. “ A bad death to you, you nasty beast,” says the hunter; “ you are getting very large.”—“ Aye, aye,” replied the cat, equally jocosely, “ as my hairs imbibe the heat, they naturally expand.” These jokes, however, were but a prelude to a more serious conversation. The cat still continuing her growth, had at length attained a most extraordinary size,—when, in the twinkling of an eye, she transformed herself into her proper likeness of the Goodwife of Laggan, and thus addressed him: “ Hunter of the Hills, your hour of reckoning is arrived. Behold me before you, the avowed champion of my devoted sisterhood, of whom Macgillichallum of Razay and you were always the most relentless enemies. But Razay is no more. His last breath is fled. He lies a lifeless corpse on the bottom of the main; and now, Hunter of the Hills, it is your turn.” With these words, assuming a most hideous and terrific appearance, she made a spring at the hunter. The two dogs, which she supposed securely bound by the infernal hair, sprung at her in her turn, and a most furious conflict ensued. The witch, thus unexpectedly attacked

By the dogs, now began to repent of her temerity. "*Fasten, halt, fasten,*" she perpetually exclaimed, supposing the dogs to have been bound by the hair, and so effectually did the hair *fasten*, according to her order, that it at last snapt the beam in twain. At length, finding herself completely overpowered, she attempted a retreat, but so closely were the hounds fastened in her breasts, that it was with no small difficulty she could get herself disengaged from them. Screaming and shrieking, the Wife of Laggan dragged herself out of the house, trailing after her the dogs, which were fastened in her so closely, that they never loosed their hold, until she demolished every tooth in their heads. Then metamorphosing herself into the likeness of a raven, she fled over the mountains in the direction of her home. The two faithful dogs, bleeding and exhausted, returned to their master, and, in the act of caressing his hand, both fell down and expired at his feet.

On his return home he learns that the witch is expiring, and, repairing to her house, he tears off the bed-clothes, and exposes the marks made by his dogs' teeth in her bosom, the indisputable proofs of her guilt. The sequel of the story is related thus:

'Meanwhile a neighbour of the Wife of Laggan was returning home late at night from Strathdearn, where he had been upon some business, and had just entered the dreary forest of Monalea in Badenoch, when he met a woman dressed in black, who ran with great speed, and inquired at the traveller, with great agitation, how far she was distant from the church-yard of Dalarossie, and if she could be there by twelve o'clock. The traveller told her she might, if she continued to go at the same pace that she did then. She then fled along the road, uttering the most desponding lamentations, and the traveller continued his road to Badenoch. He had not, however, walked many miles when he met a large black dog, which travelled past him with much velocity, as if upon the scent of a track or footsteps, and soon after he met another large black dog sweeping along in the same manner. The last dog, however, was scarcely past, when he met a stout black man on a fine fleet black courser, prancing along in the same direction after the dogs. "Pray," says the rider to the traveller, "did you meet a woman as you came along the hill?" The traveller replied in the affirmative. "And did you meet a dog soon after?" rejoined the rider. The traveller replied he did. "And," added the rider, "do you think the dog will overtake her ere she can reach the church of Dalarossie?"—"He will, at any rate, be very close upon her heels," answered the traveller. Each then took his own way. But before the traveller had got the length of Glenbanchar, the rider overtook him on his return, with the foresaid woman before him across the bow of his saddle, and one of the dogs fixed in her breast, and another in her thigh. "Where did you overtake the woman?" inquired the traveller. "Just as she was entering the church-yard of Dalarossie," was his reply. On the traveller's return home, he heard of the fate of the unfortunate Wife of Laggan, which soon explained the nature of the company he had met on the road. It was, no doubt, the spirit of the Wife of Laggan flying for protection from the infernal spirits, (to whom she had sold herself,) to the

church-yard of Dalarossie, which is so sacred a place, that a witch is immediately dissolved from all her ties with Satan, on making a pilgrimage to it, either dead or alive. But, it seems the unhappy Wife of Laggan was a stage too late.'

An account of the festive amusements of the Highlanders closes the volume; but so much has the subject been worn of late, that little novelty could be expected. All that the author (Mr. Grant Stewart) could do he has done—he has invested with a humorous and sprightly character which belongs to them these tales of popular superstition, and in this respect, as well as in the adaptation of his style to his subject, he has displayed a singular good taste and originality which render his volume highly amusing.

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#### THE AGE OF BRONZE.

If a proof were wanting that the powers of men of the highest talent are subject to limitations as well as those of more ordinary pretensions, Lord Byron's late works would furnish it. We presume it will not be denied that his talents are of the highest order, any more than that he writes bad dramas. With the exception of *Manfred*, all his attempts in the latter style have been little more than failures as compared with his other writings. He cannot furnish dialogue, he cannot speak in the mouths of other people; it is when he utters in his own person, or in the person of a favorite hero whom he identifies with that character which he has established in poetry, (and which we believe is very different from his private character,) that his genius takes its unfettered flight. His spirit seems to be 'cabin'd and confin'd' within the rules of the drama; but in less formal poetry it soars in a realm of its own creation, and utters with delighted freedom the sometimes bitter and always deep feelings which animate it. It is for this reason that in satire his happiest efforts have been made; in his first essay, to which he was impelled by wounded pride and a certain aristocratical contempt, he gave a proof that his awakened rage was formidable, and that his poetical powers were of the highest order; those parts of *Childe Harold*, and still more those of *Don Juan*, in which he has indulged in bitter sarcasm, are the most eminent proofs he has yet given of the strength of his genius. The poem which has given rise to these remarks, although evidently produced in haste, and possessing many faults and inaccuracies, has also some beauties peculiarly his own. We have no respect for the temper in which it is written, nor for the petty feelings which weaken and disgrace some passages of it; but there are others which lay claim to high praise. It is an extensive and virulent satire on the present state of affairs abroad and at home, and it is as little ceremonious as a good satire always ought to be.

The following allusion to the rival orators of the House of Commons, when that house possessed orators, is as true as it is powerful:

Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,  
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,  
His very rival almost deemed him such.  
We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—

Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea  
Of eloquence between, which flowed all free,  
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar  
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.  
But where are they—the rivals?—a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.'

He describes the fallen Buonaparte dying in his island prison ; and presents happily, and in few words, a picture of that passage in the hero's life, which, whatever may be the conflicting opinions respecting him, united all men in one feeling of compassion.

' But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart  
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;  
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face  
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,  
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind  
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind ;—  
Smile—for the fettered Eagle breaks his chain,  
And higher worlds than this are his again.'

The noble poet's admiration of Buonaparte, exalted as it is, still rests on this side idolatry ; and while we cannot deny that he was one of the few really great men of whom our modern history can boast, we concur with the bard in assigning to his own crime or error the events which laid him low. If, however, it had less of truth than it has, the poetry of the following extract would universally recommend it ; the description of the French legions sinking under the blast of the icy north wind is uncommonly powerful :

' Oh heaven ! of which he was in power a feature ;  
Oh earth ! of which he was a noble creature ;  
Thou isle ! to be remembered long and well,  
That sawst the unfledged eaglet chip his shell !  
Ye Alps, which viewed him in his dawning flights  
Hover, the victor of an hundred fights !  
Thou Rome, who sawst thy Cæsar's deeds outdone ;  
Alas ! why passed he too the Rubicon ?  
The Rubicon of man's awakened rights,  
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites ?  
Egypt ! from whose all dateless tombs arose  
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,  
And shook within their pyramids to hear  
A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear ;  
While the dark shades of forty ages stood  
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood ;  
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle  
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,  
With clashing hosts, who strewed the barren sand  
To re-manure the uncultivated land !  
Spain ! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,  
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid !  
Austria ! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital  
Twice spared, to be the traitress of his fall !  
Ye race of Frederic !—Frederics but in name  
And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame ;  
Who, crushed at Jena, crouched at Berlin, fell  
First, and but rose to follow ; ye who dwell  
Where Kosciuszko dwelt, remembering yet  
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt !



Poland ! o'er which the avenging angel past,  
 But left thee as he found thee, still a waste ;  
 Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,  
 Thy lotted people and extinguished name ;  
 Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,  
 That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear ;  
 Kosciusko ! on—on—on—the thirst of war  
 Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their Czar ;  
 The half barbaric Moscow's minarets  
 Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets !  
 Moscow ! thou limit of his long career,  
 For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear  
 To see in vain—he saw thee—how ? with spire  
 And palace fuel to one common fire.

Thou other element ! as strong and stern  
 To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn,  
 Whose icy wing flapped o'er the faltering foe,  
 Till fell a hero with each flake of snow ;  
 How did thy numbing beak and silent fang  
 Pierce, till hosts perished with a single pang !

Of all the trophies gathered from the war,  
 What shall return ? The conqueror's broken ear !  
 The conqueror's yet unbroken heart ! Again  
 The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.  
 Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,  
 Beholds him conquer, but, alas ! not die :  
 Dresden surveys three despots fly once more  
 Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before ;  
 But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,  
 And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquished yield ;  
 The Saxon jackall leaves the lion's side  
 To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide,  
 And backward to the den of his despair  
 The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair !  
 Oh, ye ! and each, and all ! Oh, France ! who found  
 Thy long fair fields ploughed up as hostile ground,  
 Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still  
 His only victor, from Montmartre's hill  
 Looked down o'er trampled Paris ; and thou, iale,  
 Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,  
 Thou momentary shelter of his pride,  
 Till wooed by danger, his yet weeping bride ;  
 Oh, France ! retaken by a single march,  
 Whose path was through one long triumphal arch !  
 Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo,  
 Which proves how fools may have their fortune too  
 Won, half by blunder, half by treachery ;  
 Oh, dull Saint Helen ! with thy jailer nigh—  
 Hear ! hear ! Prometheus from his rock appeal  
 To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel  
 His power and glory, all who yet shall hear  
 A name eternal as the rolling year ;  
 He teaches them the lesson taught so long,  
 So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong !  
 A single step into the right had made  
 This man the Washington of worlds betrayed !  
 A single step into the wrong has given  
 His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven.

The progress of the struggle for liberty in the new world leads the poet onwards to the old one. To Spain, and to the perilous but interesting condition in which she is placed, he has dedicated some verses, remarkable for the ardent martial spirit which they breathe: they stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet; all the glories of old Spain rush in, a torrent upon our memories, and we feel impelled to raise voice and arm in her cause, to join her war-cry, and to assist in beating back the unjust invaders of her sacred soil.

The degradations to which Spain has of late been exposed, and to which may be ascribed the recent disorders, are admirably painted:

‘ The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both  
By turns; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth;  
The long degenerate noble; the debased  
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced  
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;  
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;  
The once impervious phalanx disarrayed;  
The idle forge that form’d Toledo’s blade;  
The foreign wealth that flow’d on ev’ry shore,  
Save her’s who earned it with the natives’ gore;  
The very language, which might vie with Rome’s,  
And once was known to nations like their home’s,  
Neglected or forgotten:—such was Spain;  
But such she is not, nor shall be again.  
These, worst, these home invaders, felt and feel  
The new Numantine soul of old Castile.  
Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!  
The bull of Phalaris renews his roar;  
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain  
Revive the cry—“Iago! and close Spain!”  
Yea, close her with your armed bosoms round,  
And form the barrier which Napoleon found,—  
The exterminating war; the desert plain;  
The streets without a tenant, save the slain;  
The wild Sierra, with its wilder troop  
Of vulture-plumed Guerillas, on the stoop  
For their incessant prey; the desperate wall  
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;  
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid  
Waving her more than Amazonian blade;  
The knife of Arragon,† Toledo’s steel;  
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;  
The unerring rifle of the Catalan;  
The Andalusian courser in the van;  
The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;  
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—  
Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance,  
And win—not Spain, but thine own freedom, France!’

The Holy Alliance receives its full meed of contempt from the indignant satirist; and of its members the Emperor of Russia is most severely handled:

\* “St. Iago! and close Spain!” the old Spanish war-cry.

† The Arragonians are peculiarly dextrous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

‘The cockcomb Czar,  
The autocrat of waltzes and of war!  
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,  
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;  
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit.

Proceed, thou namesake of Great Philip's son!  
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on!  
And that which Scythia was to him of yore,  
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.  
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,  
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;  
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,  
Many an old woman, but no Catherine.\*  
Spain too hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles—  
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.  
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;  
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?  
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords  
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,  
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knot,  
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,  
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure  
With thy foul legions.'

After touching somewhat gently poor *Louis le Desiré*, he turns to England, and sneers with very bad taste at the Duke of Wellington, and sheds some passing spite upon the silent grave of the late Lord Londonderry. This is pitiful, and his praise of Mr. Canning is forced and common-place—he gives him credit for talent, when to deny it would be to peril his own judgment.

The country gentlemen and the Jews, who, in their different ways, and with different success, have aided in burdening the country, fall next under the vapulation of the poet. The Congress of Verona is introduced, and the widow of Buonaparte is justly 'damned to everlasting fame,' for an indecency, which, when it was first reported, must have shocked every person of right feeling.

‘The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,  
The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;  
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,  
The young Astyanax of modern Troy;  
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen  
That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;  
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,  
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.  
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare  
A daughter? What did France's widow there?  
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,  
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.  
But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,  
Flanked by her formidable chamberlain.

\* \* \*

But she appears! Verona sees her shorn  
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and mourn—  
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time  
To chill in their inhospitable clime;

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\* The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy) when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—  
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the mould).  
 She comes!—the Andromache (but not Racine's,  
 Nor Homer's)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!  
 Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,  
 Which cut her lord's half shattered sceptre through,  
 Is offered and accepted! Could a slave  
 Do more? or less?—and he in his new grave!  
 Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,  
 And the *Ex-Empress* grows as *Ex* a wife!  
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!  
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?"

The poet makes not 'a swan-like end,' for he bursts into a horse laugh upon a subject which may reasonably excuse that violation of the Chesterfield rules.

'My Muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,  
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!  
 While thronged the Chiefs of every Highland clan  
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!  
 Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,  
 While all the Common Council cry, "Claymore!"  
 To see proud Albyn's Tartans as a belt  
 Gird the gross sirloin of a City Celt,  
 She burst into a laughter so extreme,  
 That I awoke—and lo! it was *no* dream!

A report has been spread about that this poem is not Lord Byron's, but Leigh Hunt's. This is 'a weak invention of the enemy,'—we dare say Mr. Hunt devoutly wishes it were true.

#### LETTERS ON ENGLAND.

BY VICTOIRE COUNT DE SOLIGNY.

It is not to be questioned that we live in times of unprecedented impudence. Next to the two medical practitioners who adroitly procured themselves to be knighted—those Poor Knights of Blackfriars, Sir Aldis and Sir Daniel—we think the author of these letters is entitled to the brazen crown. His effrontery and presumption can only be equalled by those his unworthy compeers, but we hardly think it is surpassed.

Impudence is sometimes amusing, when, either from its singularity or its dexterity, it defies detection, and almost disarms resentment by exciting laughter; but that paltry sort of impudence which has nothing to excuse it, and excites only unmingled disgust, is a commodity of the most worthless description. In this latter does the *pseudo* Count de Soligny deal by wholesale. He has assumed a title which no more belongs to him than does the country of which he pretends to be a native; and he speaks upon subjects which, from the obscurity of his own station in society, as well as from his limited capacity, he is utterly unable to comprehend. We do not know who the ingenious person may be; but we know, and we blush while we confess it, that he is an Englishman. No Frenchman, except the renowned General Pillet, would have ignorantly dared to libel and falsify the people, the modes, and the institutions of England; few,

very few Englishmen, besides the notable author of these letters, would have been base enough to slander their own country.

Under the false pretence, then, of a Frenchman visiting England, the author of these letters proposes to give a description of the manners which prevail here, and of the most eminent public persons connected with literature and the fine arts, at the same time presenting a sketch of the state of them. The plan is taken, as will be seen, from *Peter's Letters*, and, unless he could borrow an idea from some one, would be in a most pitiable plight; but it is infinitely below that amusing collection, in taste, spirit, and veracity. By way of keeping up the deception, which, however, does not extend beyond the title-page, the author gives himself out for the translator, and says he has performed his task by giving equivalent *phrases* instead of equivalent *words*, hoping, thus to account for the vulgarities and slip-slop of his style. We do not say that, if he were so minded, he has not a right to take any *travestimento* that he chooses, but this should be only for masquerading; when he adopts the mask for the purpose of wounding the reputations and characters of his countrymen, he comes within the provisions of the *Black Act*, and must be convicted of felony in every court of literature.

His amiability, and good taste, and kindly feeling, may be learnt from some short extracts which we shall proceed to make. He arrives at Brighton, and does not hesitate to pronounce upon the English people in the following strain:

"There is a hard coarseness of feature, and a repulsive coldness of manner, which, whatever of good or of beauty they may cover, are unequivocally bad in themselves; and these the English appear to me to possess in a remarkable degree. There is, besides, in all they say and do, an awkward and blundering abruptness, which is peculiarly offensive to a Frenchman. One is accustomed, too, in France, on all occasions, to give and receive a smile at meeting and at parting, even in one's intercourse with strangers. Perhaps these smiles do not mean much; but they are at least harmless. Here I never meet with any thing like a smile, except sometimes an awkward half-suppressed one at my foreign English. This is one of the worst of rudenesses; and one to which the people here are more addicted than to any other: or perhaps it may appear so to me, because it is one which a Frenchman never falls into; though our language possesses such an endless variety of delicacies, which foreigners, and, above all, the English, are perpetually violating. But, for the present, I willingly turn from the people to the country."

"We have said the author is no Frenchman, but, if we were to collect a thousand instances, none could show more plainly that he is a bad Englishman, than the profane way in which he has thought fit to talk about the South Downs, and the South Down mutton:

"The country, for leagues round, is one uninterrupted range of brown barren chalk-hills; on which a few lean dirty-looking sheep tantalize their appetites by nibbling at the dry turf."

"As regards the picturesque, perhaps, the downs near Brighton may not be very beautiful—but the mutton!—The author places his countship in a boarding-house at Brighton. Upon this we have only to

say that a *Count* might have found more suitable society than at such a place ; and that, if the author had ever soared beyond such a sphere, he would not have failed to inform us of it. It is, however, one of the many incidents throughout the book upon which we have formed a conclusion not very favorable to the magnificence of this person's station, nor very exalted as to the company he keeps.

Boarding-houses at Brighton may be very quizzical places—we cannot speak from any practical knowledge, because, when we are so unfortunate as not to be indebted to the hospitality of some of our friends, we prefer the indolent luxury and independence of such inns as Brighton affords to the dull constraint of those convenient establishments. But it is unmerciful and unfair to hold up their occasional inmates as examples of national manners. These are frequently, perhaps for the most part, persons who take the slender opportunities which in this commercial town of ours is afforded them, of enjoying the sea breezes, and the *dolce far niente*, of a watering-place during some of the summer months. They are not so sprightly (Heaven be thanked) as the French, nor are their lives passed, like the author's, in a series of unceasing efforts to appear what they are not ; they simply seek to enjoy rest, and, for aught we can see, they succeed eminently. The imputation upon the delicacy of English females is too manifestly false and slanderous to need a word of refutation ; the author has put in a sort of apologetic note, which only shows that his courage falls short of his malignity, while the meanness of such a contrivance is offensively apparent :

' The usual hour of rising is about nine. Perhaps an hour or two before this, two or three of the party,—young ladies more new to the place than the rest, and glad of an opportunity of looking about them unchecked by the Argus' eyes of their mammas or aunts,—will stroll to the sea-shore, and dip their fingers into the water to taste " how salt it is !" or try how near they can put their not very pretty feet to the little waves that come rippling over each other, without being *caught* by them ; or wonder at the ocean, and confess that " it is not near so large as they thought it was !" About nine they return ; seldom without trophies of their enterprise,—such as a " curious " stone with a hole in it, a dry star-fish, or a long wet sea-weed dangling to their fingers' ends. By this time the rest of the company begin to drop in, in parties of three or four, to the public eating-room, where a breakfast is prepared of tea, coffee, eggs, &c. This lasts about an hour ; during the course of which each seldom fails to inform all the rest who are within speaking distance, that " it's a fine " or " a dull morning ; " as if each fancied that all the others wanted the faculty to find it out. This generally forms the sum and substance of the *conversation* during breakfast ; after which the females retire. Some of them go to their chambers to read for an hour or two : not, however, the works of any of the authors we are acquainted with in France—such as Milton and Pope, or Steele and Addison, or Richardson and Fielding : these appear to have gone quite out of fashion. Nothing is to be seen but novels, written by no matter who—anybody or nobody—provided they have attractive titles, such as " the Victim of Sentiment," or " the Recluse of the Forest ; " or romances in



verse, and others in prose, written by a living author named Scott, who has lately become extravagantly popular among them. Others sit down to a piano there is in the public sitting-room, and amuse *themselves* by playing and singing; in both of which accomplishments I have as yet been able to discover nothing remarkable, except a total want of feeling either for their instrument, their music, or their hearers. Others are walking on the sea-shore to pick up shells, or, if the weather is favorable, taking a dip in the sea;—for some cannot get leave of their papas to come here, without promising to pay this tax at the shrine of health. For the convenience of bathing they are provided with wooden boxes, which go on wheels, and are drawn a short distance into the water by a horse. From this little moving house they descend down steps; and, if they are afraid to go by themselves, they are assisted by women, who attend for the purpose; and sometimes by men.\* By the bye, a tolerable specimen of the boasted delicacy of English females! Those who are not occupied in any of these ways will perhaps be found driving about the town or the neighbourhood, in little wooden machines a foot from the ground, drawn by one or two donkies;—or riding upon the backs of those animals, attended by a little boy behind to flog them on—I mean the donkies. I suppose you are putting on an incredulous smile at all this; but it is literally true, I assure you. During this time the men are employed in reading the newspapers, or playing at billiards, (which they have no notion of) or sailing out in a filthy fishing-boat, and coming back sick;—or such as keep horses ride up to the Downs, where they exhibit their boasted skill in horsemanship, by trying who can gallop fastest, or leap in the best style over a ditch a yard wide, or a hedge a foot high! All this fills up the time till about three; when they return and dress for dinner, which takes place about half past four. This is the only meal at which the English eat;—and the wonder is that, with their execrable cooking, they can eat at all. The whole is put on the table at once, except the pastry, which they never dine without. The cloth is then removed, and the wine and dessert put on the bare table. They take scarcely any wine with their dinner; and the females all leave the room a short time after it is over. The men remain about an hour; when most of the party assemble in the drawing-room, and the mistress of the house prepares tea. During this operation some of the men amuse themselves by talking what I suppose they call gallantry, to the ladies; to which the latter appear to listen with exemplary patience. But, generally speaking, the men—and particularly the young ones—crowd together in one corner of the room, and recount the adventures of the day; embellishing the relation every now and then by a loud general laugh, which, for any thing the rest of the company know to the contrary, may be directed at them.'

If this really be the state of society at Brighton boarding-houses, which, however, we disbelieve, we should regret it; we are quite cer-

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\* 'I believe the writer has been misinformed on this point, with respect to Brighton, at least. In several other parts of the country it is not uncommon.—Tr.'

tain that it is confined to Brighton, and we cannot help pitying the unfortunate author who has never been able to find better company.

This manifest fault and ignorance runs through the work; the author speaks every where of the limited circle of his own acquaintance, and of the irritability and folly of his own small mind, while he fancies he is giving a picture of those of his countrymen in general. The following is an instance of this:

‘The crying fault of the French character is egotism, arising from open self-satisfaction; that of the English is gloom, arising from secret self-discontent. A Frenchman cannot have too much of himself: an Englishman cannot have too little. A Frenchman constantly feels himself to be a part of his country, and his country to be a part of himself; so that he never cares to quit it: an Englishman feels that he *has* a country only from the particular ties that bind him to it, so that, when *they* are broken, the world becomes his country, and he wanders from one part of it to another, without end or aim.’

We had made two guesses with respect to this author; the first, that he is a renegado from some trade (we think the haberdashery line), who has thrust himself into the ranks of literature; and the second, that he is a disciple of the cockney school. On the first point, the following is, we think, conclusive; it breathes all the angry loathing which a small dealer, with ‘a soul above buttons,’ may feel when he looks back upon the ignominious pursuits he has relinquished for ever. It is speaking of London:

‘In one word, I hate London already! The filth of the streets; and the eternal din of the carts and coaches in them, are execrable;—the general aspect of the people you meet there—hard, heavy, coarse, vulgar, awkward—the antithesis of every thing *spirituel*—is execrable; their ungraceful and tasteless costume is execrable; the endless succession of plain brown dirty-looking bricks piled up for houses, with plain square holes for windows and doors, are execrable;—*to me—who loathe commerce in its beginning and its end, its object and its effects—the shops, superb as some of them are, are execrable*; and, above all, the atmosphere (for London has one of its own) is execrable.’

For the second point, if we met a man in the deserts of Arabia, or in the unexplored wilds of the new world, who should pronounce such words as these, we should know him at once by the *shipbooth* of Cockaigne:

‘One cannot stand for an hour before the Apollo, without becoming wiser, better, and happier, for the rest of his life.’

If any one should still doubt, we add, the author discovers that St. Paul’s, as seen from Blackfriars’ Bridge, looks grand and beautiful. Is this not enough?

We have not got half through our task, and we are abundantly fatigued—we never travelled with so unadulterated a coxcomb as this Count Soligny. His vanity and his ignorance are insufferable: he talks about subjects of art, which he takes the unnecessary pains of informing us he knows nothing of, with a dogmatical air that would surprise us if these things were any longer to be wondered at in persons of the *clique* to which he belongs. He pretends not to under-

stand the technicals, while his whole discourse contains nothing beyond them. But we feel that we have held him long enough, and shown enough of him, thoroughly to disgust our readers. We shall shortly proceed to dismiss him. He treats of "things in general;" Seneca is not too heavy, nor Plautus too light; but, with the same pert dulness, he scribbles on about the theatres and the actors, and retails in affected phrases all that sickening small talk which is heard in fourth-rate evening parties. He then handles the painters, and here he is marvellously communicative. He makes the stupendous discovery that Haydon has puffed himself; that Sir Thomas Lawrence prefers distinction and a splendid income, gained from portraits, to the obscurity and starvation which would attend any other more exalted efforts; and thus, with proportionate originality, he runs through the list of modern exhibitors. Sculpture and music by turns claim his attention, and it would be unjust not to say, that he shows about equal knowledge and tact on each of these subjects, and even talks about the state of science, from the Royal Society, down to (save the mark!) the Surrey Institution. He recurs, however, to that which seems to be his most congenial subject, the despicable and offensive parts of the English character. He says—

‘The most distinguishing feature of the English character, as it is observable in the general intercourse of society, (and it is this view of it alone that I am about to take) is a dead, dreary selfishness, which shows itself in a total seclusion within its own thoughts, feelings, and habits, and a total disregard to those of other people, added to an entire carelessness about letting that disregard be seen. Selfishness is the main spring and principle of an Englishman’s actions, from the most insignificant to the most important. If, in the street, he relieves a beggar, it is to get rid of him; if he gives way to a stranger or a female, it is because it vexes him to be run against; if he stops to speak to a friend, it is because he recollects that he has something to ask of him; if he pulls off his hat at the theatre, it is for fear of having it pushed off for him; if he invites you to his house, it is because he can afford it; and if he treats you handsomely when you go there, it is that you may remember it, as he does not fail to do;—in short, not to multiply examples, if ever he looks up, on passing, at his own city’s cathedral, which is the noblest work of art in the world, it is to see what o’clock it is, that he may not be too late for dinner: not that he cares about keeping his family waiting; but he likes his roast meat *underdone*.

‘Next in intensity to an Englishman’s selfishness is his personal vanity; of which he has an infinitely greater share than the native of any other nation of civilized Europe. I sincerely believe that the love of virtue, of country, and of human nature, have less share in his character than in that of almost any other people of modern or ancient times; and that the excellent political institutions of England, and the noble public charities, which are deservedly her boast and glory, owe their rise and stability infinitely less to a general diffusion of patriotism, public spirit, and benevolence, than to an universal prevalence of intense personal vanity, which is cherished and turned to account by the skill and sagacity of statesmen, and by that true Christian charity,

that really disinterested benevolence, which will always be found among individuals in every age and country. These institutions stand firm, and flourish, because the English *pride themselves* upon their existence, and on the comparative national superiority which results from them. If they refused to support them, they would not have them to *boast of.*"

A man who thinks, and dares write thus, saves a critic a world of trouble; he makes out his own iniquity; he pleads guilty, and the joint opinion of all honest men passes sentence upon him.

He proceeds to give an essay on the comparative state of poetry in England and France, and presents sketches of the principal modern poets. It is here, and in his notices of painters, that he is less offensive than in any other parts of his book; and for this reason—that his ignorance is less profound. Painters, and such literary men as those of whom he speaks, possess perhaps higher conversational powers than any other persons in the community; they speak frequently and willingly on the subject of their respective arts; and a man even duller than the *pseudo* Frenchman could not listen to them without picking up knowledge. He has been an indefatigable listener; scattered upon the dunghill of his own thoughts, are every where seen the jewels of some other man's brains; but then they are such as have now become almost common-places, and are as familiar as household words.

The noble Count regales his readers with an account of his walk from St. Paul's to Petty France, including both sides of London, and expatiates on the way, with prodigious eloquence, on the number of stage-coaches which stop at the Elephant and Castle! Then he gives an account of the manner in which Christmas is observed, still showing beyond question how little he knows of certain classes of society; he touches upon periodical literature, for the purpose, as far as we can see, of showing that the *New Monthly Magazine* is, or ought to be, the most eminent among its periodical peers. He talks about the state of education; and, although he seems deep in the mysteries of boarding-schools, he flounders in unintelligible stupidity when he comes to talk of the public schools and the universities. He shows the lions at Oxford, and 'makes a golden set' by describing the coronation, as if he was writing about the last scene in a pantomime. At length, having followed him through 'the palpable obscure' of his course, we arrive at the termination: we willingly leave him, with the assurance that we hope never again to be teased by his impertinence, nor disgusted with his unmanly and unpatriotic calumnies against English women and English men.

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INTEGRITY, A TALE, BY MRS. HOFLAND.

THE numerous works of which Mrs. Hofland has already been the author, and the amiable and useful spirit which has always characterized them, have placed her in the highest rank among the writers of her own class; and have, moreover, generated a feeling of affectionate respect in the minds of her readers.

Knowing no more personally of Mrs. Hofland than we do of writers who died before we were born, we feel as if she was an old and valued

friend. The unvaried tendency of her writings is to make the hearts and minds of her readers better and wiser by showing them that the world is chequered with good and ill : that the good is within every honest person's grasp, and the evil may be avoided by such prudence, or combated by such fortitude, as are within the command of ordinary individuals. Assuming no high flights, leaving romantic imaginations to persons of a different temperament, and who pursue other objects, she imparts the most salutary precepts in the most agreeable manner. There is a parental solicitude, a motherly care, if we may say so, in all her attempts, and an additional weight is joined to her councils from the kindness and warmth with which they are offered.

In the tale now before us, she has proposed to point out the advantages of relying upon a firm and unbending integrity when such distresses and difficulties as are every day occurring, but not therefore the less hard to bear, may assail persons in ordinary life. The value of the principle will of course be recognised, but the skill of the amiable authoress is most apparent in the simplicity with which it is enforced. All the characters being such as every one's personal acquaintance has made them familiar with, the sympathies which she excites are stronger ; every thing she says ' comes home to men's business and bosoms ;' those whom the rush of worldly avocations had caused to forget the value of integrity, or those, if there be any such, who had never before considered its importance, at once recognise the truth of her propositions, and rejoice in her benevolent endeavours.

Her story describes a young woman who, by a succession of distressing but familiar events, is removed from a state of affluence to one of bitter indigence. Clinging firmly to her principle of integrity, and saying, in those words of the inspired writer which Mrs. Hofland has taken as an epigraph, ' Till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me,' she weathers the storm, and a restoration to wealth and increased happiness are her reward.

It is somewhat difficult to select an extract from a tale which is so continuous as ' Integrity.' The following will, however, give an idea of the author's style, and is an interesting incident in that part of the narrative where the family of the heroine are exposed to the most bitter privations :

"The talents, and even the incessant toil of Emily, could ill supply the bare necessities demanded by the family, even when she was able to part with her productions ; but in her great anxiety to do much, she ceased to do justice to her own powers : and, to her bitter grief, the honest generous efforts of her love and industry failed in their object ; and, after many days of incessant toil, she was unable to sell a single drawing.

' Returning with lingering steps to her wretched abode, she sat down with an expression of hopeless dejection on her countenance, which indicated that stupor of sorrow which is the prelude either to sickness or insanity ; and she felt as if the powers of body and mind were alike failing her ; and in reply to the tender inquiries of her aunt, she could only look towards the folio, shake her head, and observe, " They are all there,—every one of them."

“But they will not be there always, my child; besides, though the almond-tree cease to flourish, and the olive-tree fall, we will still trust in Him, in whose hands are the issues of life.”

“Dear aunt, I have not your faith: I dare not hope for a miracle in my favour; but I will make one,—one effort more; I will write to some of your old neighbours. How many of them ‘have bread and to spare,’ who owe it all to you! Since working will not help me, begging perhaps may.”

“Rather, my dear, write to your father’s brother; for he is very rich, and owes it to that father’s forbearance. How singular it seems that we should never have thought of this before! I believe it is the immediate suggestion of the Divine Spirit in this our extreme distress. Write, my love, instantly.”

Emily rose, but her head swam. She had taken no food that morning, and it was now high noon,—the last cup of coffee in the house had been carried by her to her aunt, before she set out on her sad and fruitless expedition. She had no money, and was three weeks in arrear for her lodgings; and the mistress of the house, who kept a little chandler’s shop, had already told her, by looks but too intelligent, that she must not lengthen her account, and commented in no pleasant tones on the sick looks of the old lady, and the “wickedness of pretending to be better, and all the time looking like dead corpses; or, very like, really dying in honest people’s houses, and bringing trouble upon them;” so that she durst not encounter her even to ask for one of the stale loaves which decorated her dirty window.

The voice of this person on the stairs in no pleasant tone completed the overthrow of Emily, who sunk shivering into the nearest chair, as the landlady burst into the room with a weighty hamper in her arms; crying, “Here’s a pretty concern, truly! If he as brings it has’nt the impudence to ax three shillings and fourpence, ven all the time there’s ‘carriage paid’ written on the lid!”

“It have gone to Bedford-square, and then up to Hampstead-road,” bawled a rough voice behind her.

“It is all right; give the man his money, and I will pay you thankfully,” said Mrs. Hastings.

The woman was about to exclaim more vehemently against “some folks’ assurance,” but a glance at the hamper re-assured her; and she complied with the request, returning down stairs for that purpose.

The moment the door was closed, Mrs. Hastings fell upon her knees, and, in a strain of devout thanksgiving, praised God for a gift which she received as immediately sent by him,—as the manna that fell from heaven to nourish his famishing people.

Emily at this moment saw all around her as one but half awake, and incapable of assisting the feeble but active relative, who now exerted herself to unpack the contents, and sunk from the rapturous gratitude of adoration to a sense of the sweet and simple thankfulness of a tender heart, as she perused the following sheet, which lay open at the top:—

“ONNERRRED MADAM,

“We hops you will please to except a baskett of Crismas cheer, as all yere pore niburs as bin proud to put in: theer foulds is of the breed you givd Sally Johnson, and the pork is your own pig to John



Benson, and the butter is wife's churning from the brown cow: as you remember when she was a calf; also, because they say coles is dere in London, we sends some shooting stockings for Mr. Tummus, seeing as how the Lord has removed the rest of the famley to ferrin parts, as we hears; and also socks for you an Miss. We don't go for to deny we have hard bad news enuff, and many's the time we all wish you was down among us, while the squire is away; as a clean corner and a kind hart would be a comfort even to a grand lady so humbel as you; and we hops you will pardon us, seein we meen no offens, in that stockin foot as is at the bottom, also the written buks that you lent Mrs. Allen, who is departed in great peace, and loved you to the last as a dere sister. The likes of you we never must hop to see; no blame to those that follow. The times is not so dear, and trade is pretty good, so that please to send again for things, if so be this is agreeable.

"It was Nelly that did the cap same as Miss taught her, and she and all of us send our duty to you and Miss, and Mr. Tummus—God bless his hansom face, and turn him in the right road, in such a wicked place as Lonon is. Every on o the childer will needs put summut in, thof it be but holly berries; please to excuse them same as you used to do. Nancy Haskins as got a fine boy, and calls it James; but she had no codle this time. Old John is creaking yet, but he sticks to the stuff you givd him, and has sent you two cabbage nets; so no more my dere mistress that we all pray for constantly, I ham your most dutiful sarvant to command.

JONAS TIMS."

'When Emily had swallowed a little cowslip wine and a mouthful of seed-cake taken from the hamper, she too could read the letter and weep over it; again open her eyes to life, dreary as the prospect was, and say, "that while it produces one act of genuine love, one tie that links us to our kind, its evils may be endured."

We have read this interesting volume with deep interest, and we close it with a strengthened conviction of the advantages of integrity, and a high respect for this benevolent exercise of the author's talents.

*Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen.* By JOHN D. HUNTER.

THIS book, as its title imports, is the production of a white man, who was carried away by a party of Indians at a very early age. It relates his adventures with these people up to the age of nineteen years, and professes to give some particulars respecting their customs, and the manners of their lives; but it is the latter part of the volume which is most interesting. We really hesitate to pronounce upon the authenticity of the work; we are so accustomed to literary cheats of this sort, and the circumstances of the narration, though uncommon, have so much the air of truth, that, if it should turn out to be a mere romance, we shall be obliged to confess that it is a very ingenious one. The work is written in a bad style: it is pedantically affected, and purely American; but, for the scenes which it relates, and of which the author professes to have been a witness, it is highly interesting. We proceed to give an abridged extract of this part of the memoir:

'I was taken prisoner at a very early period of my life by a party

of Indians, who, from the train of events that followed, belonged to, or were in alliance with, the Kickapoo nation. At the same time, two other white children, a boy and a small girl, were also made prisoners.

‘ I have too imperfect a recollection of the circumstances connected with this capture, to attempt any account of them; although I have reflected on the subject so often, and with so great interest and intensity, under the knowledge I have since acquired of the Indian modes of warfare, as nearly to establish at times a conviction in my mind of a perfect remembrance. There are moments when I see the rush of the Indians, hear their war-whoops and terrific yells, and witness the massacre of my parents and connexions, the pillage of their property, and the incalculable destruction of their dwellings. But the first incident that made an actual and prominent impression on me happened while the party were somewhere encamped, no doubt shortly after my capture; it was as follows: The little girl whom I before mentioned, beginning to cry, was immediately despatched with the blow of a tomahawk from one of the warriors: the circumstance terrified me very much, more particularly as it was followed with very menacing motions of the same instrument, directed to me, and then pointed to the slaughtered infant, by the same warrior, which I then interpreted to signify, that if I cried he would serve me in the same manner. From this period till the apprehension of personal danger had subsided, I recollect many of the occurrences which took place.

‘ Soon after the above transaction we proceeded on our journey, till a party separated from the main body, and took the boy before noticed with them, which was the last I saw or heard of him.

‘ The Indians generally separate their white prisoners. The practice no doubt originated more with a view to hasten a reconciliation to their change, and a nationalization of feelings, than with any intention of wanton cruelty.

‘ The Indians who retained me continued their march, chiefly through woods, for several successive days; a circumstance well remembered by me, because the fear of being left behind called forth all my efforts to keep up with them, whenever from fatigue, or any other cause, they compelled me to walk, which was often the case.

‘ As I grew larger, so as to recollect the more recent incidents of my life, the Indian boys were accustomed tauntingly to upbraid me with being *white*, and with the whites all being *squaws*; a reproachful term used generally among the Indians, in contradistinction to that of *warrior*. This often involved me in boyish conflicts, from which I sometimes came off victorious. These contests were always conducted fairly, and the victor uniformly received the praises and encouragements of the men; while the vanquished, if he had conducted himself bravely, was no less an object of their notice; if otherwise, he was neglected, and much pains were taken to shame and mortify him; nor would this conduct be relaxed in the slightest degree, till he had retrieved his character. The Indians are not only spectators, but umpires, in these contests; they discover great interest in them, and always adjudge with the strictest impartiality. By such means the courage and character of the young Indians are tested; and,

when deficient, the remedy is at once applied, and so effectually, that instances of cowardice are seldom discovered among them after they have arrived at the age of puberty. From the above practice it should not be inferred that they encourage discord and quarreling among themselves; the fact is otherwise; and, in truth, they experience much less than is met with in the lower orders of civilized life.

‘ After I had become acquainted with their language, I was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, to listen with indescribable satisfaction to the sage counsels, inspiring narratives, and traditionary tales of Tshut-che-nau.\* This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. “ Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just that we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults—revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong water of the white people; it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death; none but cowards fear to die. Obey and venerate the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm;—love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, and keeps us alive.”

‘ He would then point to the scars that disfigured his body, and say, “ Often have I been engaged in deadly combat with the enemies of our nation, and almost as often come off victorious.—I have made long walks over snow and ice, and through swamps and prairies, without food, in search of my country’s foes: I have taken this and that prisoner, and the scalps of such and such warriors.”

‘ Now looking round on his auditors with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting grounds, he would continue, “ For the peaceful enjoyment of all these you are indebted to myself and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our Mother. My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel that it will soon be night with me.”

‘ Finally, his heart overflowing with gratitude, with uplifted hands, and eyes directed heavenwards, he would close the interesting scene, by thanking the great and good Spirit, for having been so long spared as an example to point out to the young men the true path to glory and fame.’

After various migrations from one tribe to another, and undergoing the various chances of such warfare as these Indians are constantly engaged in, an adventure happened which altered the course of the young adopted Indian’s life. A hunting party, of which he formed one, fell in with a Colonel Watkins, who, with a party of men, was

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\* Tshut-che-nau means, in the Indian dialect, Defender of the People.

engaged in collecting furs. He bartered some whiskey with them, which so much infuriated them that they murdered another fur-trader, named La Fouché, and plundered his encampment.

‘ With their hands thus stained in blood, and rendered furious by the excessive use of whiskey, they returned to our camps, distributed the poisonous and infuriating liquid among the rest of the hunters, and, raving in the most frantic manner against the whites, threw down their spoils, and trampled them under foot; at the same time exhibiting the scalp of the unfortunate La Fouché, and threatening a similar vengeance on all the whites.

‘ The skin, with its potent contents, went frequently round, and in a short time nothing was to be seen or heard but the war-dance, the war-song, and the most bitter imprecations against all those who had trespassed on their rights, and robbed them of their game.

‘ They next mentioned the great quantity of furs that Watkins had collected, which, if suffered to be taken away, would only serve as an inducement for other and more numerous parties to frequent their hunting grounds. “ In a short time,” said they, “ our lands, now our pride and glory, will become as desolate as the Rocky Mountains, whither perhaps we shall be obliged to fly, for support and protection.” These addresses produced the intended effect on the now pliant and over-heated minds of their audience; and it was immediately determined to cut off and spoil the whole of Watkins’s party. These proceedings produced, in my bosom, the most acute and indescribably painful sensations. I was obliged, nevertheless, to suppress them, in order to avoid suspicion; for, should they have entertained the least, either against me or any of the party, the consequence, at this time, would have been instant death to the person suspected, and that, too, without any ceremony. Therefore, with an apparent cordiality, I lent my consent, and joined among the most vociferous in approving the measure, and upbraiding the conduct of the traders. This deceptive conduct was also another source for painful reflection; because on no former occasion had I been so situated, but that the opinion I expressed, or the part I took, was in perfect concordance with my feelings; and the maxims I had been taught. From the first proposition that was made to cut off this party, I never hesitated, in my own mind, as to the course of conduct I ought to pursue. After I had matured my plan to my own satisfaction, I dissembled, very much to my surprise, with as plausible assurance as I have since sometimes seen practised in civilized life. In fact, I not only acted my part so well as to avoid suspicion, but maintained so high a place in their confidence, as to be intrusted, at my own solicitation, to guard our encampment. This office is of great importance among the Indians; but it seldom exists, except when a measure of consequence has been fixed on, for the successful termination of which, secrecy and despatch become necessary. The whiskey being exhausted, and the Indians retired to rest, under its stupefactive influence, I silently and cautiously removed all the flints from the guns, emptied the primings from the pans, took my own rifle, and other equipments, and, mounting the best horse that had been stolen on the preceding day, made my escape, and gave the alarm to Watkins and his party.’

Upon his arrival at Colonel Watkins's abode—

‘In very few words I informed them of the murder of La Fouché, and the danger they themselves were in. The hunters in general were alarmed, and proposed an immediate retreat; but Colonel Watkins, who was a brave and courageous man, would not listen to it. He instantly ordered the preparations to be made to repel any attack that might be made on them, and I was requested to join in the defence, should one become necessary: but I refused, stating that it was sufficient for me to have betrayed my countrymen, without augmenting the crime, by fighting against, and possibly killing some of them. Colonel Watkins replied that they were not my countrymen; that I was a white man; and what I had done, and what he requested me to do, were no more than my duty to the white people required me to perform.’

The author refused Colonel Watkins's offers of protection; and was so much vexed at the part which he had been obliged to take, at the impossibility of returning to the Indians, and at his own self-reproaches, that he retired into the woods, relying upon his own skill as a hunter for his subsistence. This is very interestingly described:

‘Rattlesnakes, both black and parti-coloured, were larger and more numerous than any I had ever before seen; and they would infest the country to a much greater extent, were it not for the hostility that exists between them and the deer.

‘This animal, on discovering a snake, as I have repeatedly witnessed, retreats some distance from it; then, running with great rapidity, alights with its collected feet upon it, and repeats this manœuvre till it has destroyed its enemy.

‘The hunting season for furs had now gone by, and the time and labour necessary to procure food for myself was very inconsiderable. I knew of no human being near me; my only companions were the grazing herbs, the rapacious animals that preyed on them, the beaver and other animals that afforded pelts, and birds, fish, and reptiles. Notwithstanding this solitude, many sources of amusement presented themselves to me, especially after I had become somewhat familiarized to it. The country around was delightful, and I roved over it almost incessantly, in ardent expectation of falling in with some party of Indians, with whom I might be permitted to associate myself. Apart from the hunting that was essential to my subsistence, I practised various arts to take fish, birds, and small game, frequently bathed in the river, and took great pleasure in regarding the dispositions and habits of such animals as were presented to my observation.

‘The conflicts of the male buffalos and deer, the attack of the latter on the rattlesnake, the industry and ingenuity of the beaver in constructing its dam, &c. and the attacks of the panther on its prey, afforded much interest, and engrossed much time. Indeed, I have lain for half a day at a time in the shade to witness the management and policy observed by the ants in storing up their food, the manœuvres of the spider in taking its prey, the artifice of the mason-fly (*Sphex*) in constructing and storing its clayey cells, and the voraciousness and industry of the dragon-fly (*Libellula*) to satisfy its appetite. In one instance I vexed a rattlesnake till it bit itself, and subsequently saw it

die from the poison of its own fangs. I also saw one strangled in the wreathed folds of its inveterate enemy, the black snake. But, in the midst of this extraordinary employment, my mind was far from being satisfied. I looked back with the most painful reflections on what I had been, and on the irreparable sacrifices I had made, merely to become an outcast, to be hated and despised by those I sincerely loved and esteemed. But, however much I was disposed to be dissatisfied and quarrel with myself, the consolation of the most entire conviction that I had acted rightly always followed, and silenced my self-upbraidings. The anxieties and regrets about my nation, country, and kindred, for a long time held dominion over all my feelings; but I looked unwaveringly to the Great Spirit, in whom experience had taught me to confide, and the tumultuous agitations of my mind gradually subsided into a calm: I became satisfied with the loneliness of my situation, could lie down to sleep among the rocks, ravines, and ferns, in careless quietude, and hear the wolf and panther prowling around me; and almost feel the venomous reptiles seeking shelter and repose under my robe with sensations bordering on indifference.

‘ In one of my excursions, while seated in the shade of a large tree, situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd, I believe, of a thousand buffalos running at full speed directly towards me; with a view, as I supposed, to beat off the flies, which at this season are inconceivably troublesome to those animals.

‘ I placed myself behind the tree, so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger; because they ran with too great rapidity, and too closely together, to afford any one of them an opportunity of injuring me, while protected in this manner.

‘ The buffalos passed so near me, on both sides, that I could have touched several of them merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd was one on which a huge panther had fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of its neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle-shot distance, when I discharged my piece, and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded with great rapidity towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can scarcely be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat and secrete myself behind the trunk of the tree, opposite to its approaching direction. Here, solicitous for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared both my knife and tomahawk, for what I supposed a deadly conflict with this terrible animal. In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had just been discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not reload it, without discovering and yet exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect, in case it should discover me. In this situation, with my eyes almost constantly directed upwards to observe its motion, I silently loaded my



rifle, and then, creeping softly round the trunk of the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his side fairly exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim, and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards. I reloaded my rifle before I ventured to approach it, and, even then, not without some apprehension. I took its skin, and was, with the assistance of fire and smoke, enabled to preserve and dress it. I name this circumstance, because it afterwards afforded a source of some amusement: for I used frequently to array myself in it, as near as possible to the costume and form of the original, and surprise the herds of buffalos, elk, and deer, which, on my approach, uniformly fled with great precipitation and dread.

‘ On several occasions, when I awaked in the morning, I found a rattlesnake coiled up close alongside of me: some precaution was necessarily used to avoid them. In one instance I lay quiet till the snake saw fit to retire; in another, I rolled gradually and imperceptibly two or three times over, till out of its reach; and in another, where the snake was still more remote, but in which we simultaneously discovered each other, I was obliged, while it was generously warning me of the danger I had to fear from the venomous potency of its fangs, to kill it with my tomahawk. These reptiles, as before observed, especially in stony grounds, are very numerous: the black ones are short and thick, but the parti-coloured ones are very large and long. I saw many that would, I am certain, have measured seven or eight feet in length. They are not, however, considered by the Indians so poisonous as the former; but, from the distance they are able to strike, and the great depth of the wounds they inflict, they are much the most to be dreaded. They never attack till after they have alarmed the object of their fears; and on account of this conceived magnanimity of character the Indians very seldom destroy them. Indeed, so much do they esteem them for this trait, that I have known several instances in which the occupants of a wigwam have temporarily resigned its use, without fear of molestation, to one of these visitants, who had given due notice of his arrival. The regard the Indians have for this snake has been illiberally construed into an idolatrous veneration, which is far from being the case. Bravery, generosity, and magnanimity, form most important traits in the character of the warrior; and the practice of these qualities is much more strictly inculcated in early life, and observed in maturer years by them, than are the commands of the Decalogue by the respective sects which profess to believe in and obey them. It is from impressions arising from these sources that the Indian, surrounded by his most bitter enemies, and the implements of cruel and vindictive torture, derives his consolation, and is enabled, when put to the most severe trials and excruciating pains, to bear them without complaint; nay, more, to scorn the feeble efforts of his enemies to make him swerve from this character, and to despise death unequivocally, approaching in its most terrific form. The same impressions teach him to respect those who also possess them, even though such should be his most implacable and deadly foes. Hence is derived the respect they show the rattle-

snake, whose character, as before observed, they have construed into a resemblance to these qualities; and I can assure my readers, as far as my knowledge extends, whatever other people and nations may do, that the Indians adore and worship only the Great Spirit.'

The author afterwards joins an Armenian settlement, where the produce of his hunting enables him to procure some education. We do not clearly understand any of his subsequent adventures, nor does he condescend to inform us what has now become of him. The chief interest being not in his own person, but in the things he describes, we can pardon this, although it generates some of the doubts we have before alluded to. There are some other particulars in the volume relative to the manners of the Indians, among which their *Materia Medica* is the most useful. The volume is highly amusing; and if, in fact, it be authentic, much of its information is highly valuable.

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*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea.* By  
CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

THE curiosity which has been so strongly excited, with respect to the northern discoveries made by Captain Franklin, is at length satisfied, by the publication of his book. It will be recollected that the government having resolved upon sending a land expedition to explore the northern coast of America, from the mouth of the Copper-Mine River to the Eastward, Capt. Franklin was appointed by Lord Bathurst to this enterprise, on the recommendation of the Admiralty. Dr. Richardson, a navy surgeon, and Lieutenants Back and Flood, were joined with him. His instructions informed him that the object of his voyage was to determine the latitudes and longitudes of the northern coast of North America, and the trending of that coast from the Mouth of the Copper-Mine River to the eastern extremity of that continent. The arduous nature of the enterprise, as well as the credit which is due to Captain Franklin, will be best learned from his own narration. To the extracts from this we call the present attention of our readers, deferring until a more convenient opportunity our own observations upon the subject.

Captain Franklin quitted England on the 23d of May, 1819, and on the 12th of August following reached the coast of Labrador:

'August 12.—Having had a fresh gale through the night, we reached Saddleback Island by noon—the place of rendezvous; and looked anxiously, but in vain, for the *Wear*. Several guns were fired, supposing she might be hid from our view by the land; but, as she did not appear, Captain Davidson, having remained two hours, deemed further delay inexpedient, and bore up to keep the advantage of the fair wind. The outline of this island is rugged: the hummock on its northern extremity appeared to me to resemble a decayed martello tower more than a saddle.

'Azimuths were obtained this evening, that gave the variation  $58^{\circ} 45'$  W., which is greater than is laid down in the charts, or than the officers of the Hudson's Bay ships have been accustomed to allow. We arrived abreast of the Upper Savage Island early in the morning,

and, as the breeze was moderate, the ship was steered as near to the shore as the wind would permit, to give the Esquimaux inhabitants an opportunity of coming off to barter, which they soon embraced.

‘ Their shouts at a distance intimated their approach some time before we descried the canoes paddling towards us: the headmost of them reached us at eleven; these were quickly followed by others, and before noon about forty canoes, each holding one man, were assembled around the two ships. In the afternoon, when we approached nearer to the shore, five or six larger ones, containing the women and children, came up.

‘ The Esquimaux immediately evinced their desire to barter, and displayed no small cunning in making their bargains, taking care not to exhibit too many articles at first. Their principal commodities were oil, sea-horse teeth, whalebone, seal-skin dresses, caps and boots, deer-skins and horns, and models of their canoes; and they received in exchange small saws, knives, nails, tin kettles, and needles. It was pleasing to behold the exultation, and to hear the shouts of the whole party, when an acquisition was made by any one; and not a little ludicrous to behold the eagerness with which the fortunate person licked each article with his tongue, on receiving it, as a finish to the bargain, and an act of appropriation. They in no instance omitted this strange practice, however small the article; the needles even passed individually through the ceremony. The women brought imitations of men, women, animals, and birds, carved with labour and ingenuity out of sea-horse teeth. The dresses and the figures of the animals were not badly executed, but there was no attempt at the delineation of the countenances; and most of the figures were without eyes, ears, and fingers, the execution of which would, perhaps, have required more delicate instruments than they possess. The men set most value on saws; *kuttee-swa-bak*, the name by which they distinguish them, was a constant cry. Knives were held next in estimation. An old sword was bartered from the Eddystone, and I shall long remember the universal burst of joy on the happy man’s receiving it. It was delightful to witness the general interest excited by individual acquisitions. There was no desire shown by any one to overreach his neighbour, or to press towards any part of the ship where a bargain was making, until the person in possession of the place had completed his exchange, and removed; and, if any article happened to be demanded from the outer canoes, the men nearest assisted willingly in passing the thing across. Supposing the party to belong to one tribe, the total number of the tribe must exceed two hundred persons, as there were, probably, one hundred and fifty around the ships, and few of these were elderly persons, or male children.

‘ Their faces were broad and flat, the eyes were small. The men were in general stout. Some of the younger women and the children had rather pleasing countenances, but the difference between these and the more aged of that sex bore strong testimony to the effects which a few years produce in this ungenial climate. Most of the party had sore eyes; all of them appeared of a plethoric habit of body; several were observed bleeding at the nose during their stay near the

ship. The men's dresses consisted of a jacket of seal-skin, the trousers of bear-skin, and several had caps of the white fox-skin. The female dresses were made of the same materials, but differently shaped, having a hood in which the infants were carried. We thought their manner very lively and agreeable. They were fond of mimicking our speech and gestures; but nothing afforded them greater amusement than when we attempted to retaliate by pronouncing any of their words.

'The canoes were of seal-skin, and similar in every respect to those used by the Esquimaux in Greenland; they were generally new, and very complete in their appointments. Those appropriated to the women are of ruder construction, and only calculated for fine weather; they are, however, useful vessels, being capable of containing twenty persons with their luggage. An elderly man officiates as steersman, and the women paddle, but they have also a mast which carries a sail, made of dressed whale-gut.

'When the women had disposed of all their articles of trade they resorted to entreaty; and the putting in practice of many enticing gestures was managed with so much address, as to procure them presents of a variety of beads, needles, and other articles in great demand among females.'

Dr. Richardson, to whose activity and intelligence the success of the expedition may be in no small degree attributed, has given some very interesting accounts of the Cree Indians, a people of whom so little was previously known, that this gentleman's information may be said to be entirely new:

'The original character of the Crees must have been much modified by their long intercourse with Europeans; hence it is to be understood, that we confine ourselves in the following sketch to their present condition, and more particularly to the Crees of Cumberland House. The moral character of a hunter is acted upon by the nature of the land he inhabits, the abundance or scarcity of food, and we may add, in the present case, his means of access to spirituous liquors. In a country so various in these respects as that inhabited by the Crees, the causes alluded to must operate strongly in producing a considerable difference of character amongst the various hordes.

'Every Cree fears the medical or conjuring powers of his neighbour; but at the same time exalts his own attainments to the skies. "I am God-like" is a common expression amongst them, and they prove their divinityship by eating live coals, and by various tricks of a similar nature. A medicine-bag is an indispensable part of a hunter's equipment. It is generally furnished with a little bit of indigo, blue vitriol, vermilion, or some other showy article; and is, when in the hands of a noted conjuror, such an object of terror to the rest of the tribe, that its possessor is enabled to fatten at his ease upon the labours of his deluded countrymen.

A fellow of this description came to Cumberland House in the winter of 1819. Notwithstanding the then miserable state of the Indians, the rapacity of this wretch had been preying upon their necessities, and a poor hunter was actually at the moment pining away under the influence of his threats. The mighty conjuror, im-

mediately on his arrival at the house, began to trumpet forth his powers, boasting, among other things, that although his hands and feet were tied as securely as possible, yet, when placed in a conjuring-house, he would speedily disengage himself by the aid of two or three familiar spirits, who were attendant on his call. He was instantly taken at his word, and, that his exertions might not be without an aim, a capot or great coat was promised as the reward of his success. A conjuring-house having been erected in the usual form, that is, by sticking four willows in the ground, and tying their tops to a hoop at the height of six or eight feet, he was fettered completely by winding several fathoms of rope round his body and extremities, and placed in its narrow apartment, not exceeding two feet in diameter. A moose-skin being then thrown over the frame, secluded him from our view. He forthwith began to chant a kind of hymn in a very monotonous tone. The rest of the Indians, who seemed in some doubt respecting the powers of a devil when put in competition with those of a white man, ranged themselves around, and watched the result with anxiety. Nothing remarkable occurred for a long time. The conjuror continued his song at intervals, and it was occasionally taken up by those without. In this manner an hour and a half elapsed; but at length our attention, which had begun to flag, was roused by the violent shaking of the conjuring-house. It was instantly whispered round the circle, that at least one devil had crept under the moose-skin. But it proved to be only the "God-like man" trembling with cold. He had entered the lists, stript to the skin, and the thermometer stood very low that evening. His attempts were continued, however, with considerable resolution for half an hour longer, when he reluctantly gave in. He had found no difficulty in slipping through the noose when it was formed by his countrymen; but, in the present instance, the knot was tied by Governor Williams, who is an expert sailor. After this unsuccessful exhibition his credit sunk amazingly, and he took the earliest opportunity of sneaking away from the fort.

About two years ago a conjuror paid more dearly for his temerity. In a quarrel with an Indian he threw out some obscure threats of vengeance, which passed unnoticed at the time, but were afterwards remembered. They met in the spring at Canton House, after passing the winter in different parts of the country, during which the Indian's child died. The conjuror had the folly to boast that he had caused its death, and the enraged father shot him dead on the spot. It may be remarked, however, that both these Indians were inhabitants of the plains, and had been taught, by their intercourse with the turbulent Stone Indians, to set but comparatively little value on the life of a man. It might be thought that the Crees have benefited by their long intercourse with civilized nations. That this is not so much the case as it ought to be is not entirely their own fault. They are capable of being, and I believe willing to be, taught; but no pains have hitherto been taken to inform their minds, and their white acquaintances seem in general to find it easier to descend to the Indian customs, and modes of thinking, particularly with respect to women, than to attempt to raise the Indians to theirs. Indeed, such a



lamentable want of morality has been displayed by the white traders in their contests for the interests of their respective companies, that it would require a long series of good conduct to efface from the minds of the native population the ideas they have formed of the white character. Notwithstanding the frequent violations of the rights of property they have witnessed, and but too often experienced, in their own persons, these savages, as they are termed, remain strictly honest. During their visits to a post, they are suffered to enter every apartment in the house, without the least restraint; and, although articles of value to them are scattered about, nothing is ever missed. They even scrupulously avoid moving any thing from its place, although they are often prompted by curiosity to examine it. In some cases, indeed, they carry this principle to a degree of self-denial which would hardly be expected. It often happens that meat, which has been paid for, (if the poisonous draught it procures them can be considered as payment,) is left at their lodges until a convenient opportunity occurs of carrying it away. They will rather pass several days without eating than touch the meat thus intrusted to their charge, even when there exists a prospect of replacing it.

'The hospitality of the Cree is unbounded. They afford a certain asylum to the half-breed children when deserted by their unnatural white fathers; and the infirm, and indeed every individual in an encampment, share the provisions of a successful hunter as long as they last. Fond too as a Cree is of spirituous liquors, he is not happy unless all his neighbours partake with him. It is not easy, however, to say what share ostentation may have in the apparent munificence in the latter article; for when an Indian, by a good hunt, is enabled to treat the others with a keg of rum, he becomes the chief of a night, assumes no little stateliness of manner, and is treated with deference by those who regale at his expense. Prompted also by the desire of gaining a *name*, they lavish away the articles they purchase at the trading posts, and are well satisfied if repaid in praise.'

'When a hunter marries his first wife, he usually takes up his abode in the tent of his father-in-law, and of course hunts for the family; but when he becomes a father, the families are at liberty to separate, or remain together, as their inclinations prompt them. His second wife is for the most part the sister of the first, but not necessarily so, for an Indian of another family often presses his daughter upon a hunter whom he knows to be capable of maintaining her well. The first wife always remains the mistress of the tent, and assumes an authority over the others, which is not in every case quietly submitted to. It may be remarked, that whilst an Indian resides with his wife's family, it is extremely improper for his mother-in-law to speak, or even look at him; and when she has a communication to make, it is the etiquette that she should turn her back upon him, and address him only through the medium of a third person. This singular custom is not very creditable to the Indians, if it really had its origin in the cause which they at present assign for it, namely, that a woman's speaking to her son-in-law is a sure indication of her having conceived a criminal affection for him.'



‘Of the religious opinions of the Crees it is difficult to give a correct account, not only because they show a disinclination to enter upon the subject, but because their ancient traditions are mingled with the information they have more recently obtained by their intercourse with Europeans.

‘None of them ventured to describe the original formation of the world, but they all spoke of an universal deluge, caused by an attempt of the fish to drown Wæsack-ootchacht, a kind of demi-god, with whom they had quarreled. Having constructed a raft, he embarked with his family, and all kinds of birds and beasts. After the flood had continued for some time, he ordered several water-fowl to dive to the bottom; they were all drowned: but a musk-rat, having been despatched on the same errand, was more successful, and returned with a mouthful of mud, out of which Wæsack-ootchacht, imitating the mode in which the rats construct their houses, formed a new earth. First, a small conical hill of mud appeared above the water; by-and-by, its base gradually spreading out, it became an extensive bank, which the rays of the sun at length hardened into firm land. Notwithstanding the power that Wæsack-ootchacht here displayed, his person is held in very little reverence by the Indians; and, in return, he seizes every opportunity of tormenting them. His conduct is far from being moral, and his amours, and the disguises he assumes in the prosecution of them, are more various and extraordinary than those of the Grecian Jupiter himself: but as his adventures are more remarkable for their eccentricity than their delicacy, it is better to pass them over in silence. Before we quit him, however, we may remark, that he converses with all kinds of birds and beasts in their own languages, constantly addressing them by the title of brother, but, through an inherent suspicion of his intentions, they are seldom willing to admit of his claims of relationship. The Indians make no sacrifices to him, not even to avert his wrath. They pay a kind of worship, however, and make offerings to a being, whom they term *Kepoochikawn*.

‘This deity is represented sometimes by rude images of the human figure, but more commonly merely by tying the tops of a few willow bushes together; and the offerings to him consist of every thing that is valuable to an Indian; yet they treat him with considerable familiarity, interlarding their most solemn speeches with expostulations and threats of neglect, if he fails in complying with their requests. As most of their petitions are for plenty of food, they do not trust entirely to the favour of Kepoochikawn, but endeavour, at the same time, to propitiate the *animal*, an imaginary representative of the whole race of larger quadrupeds that are objects of the chase.’

‘The habitual intoxication of the Cumberland House Crees has induced such a disregard of personal appearance, that they are squalid and dirty in the extreme; hence a minute description of their clothing would be by no means interesting. We shall, therefore, only remark in a general manner, that the dress of the males consists of a blanket thrown over the shoulders, a leathern shirt or jacket, and a piece of cloth tied round the middle. The women have in addition a long petticoat; and both sexes wear a kind of wide hose, which, reaching from the ankle to the middle of the thigh, are suspended by strings to the

girdle. These hose, or, as they are termed, *Indian stockings*, are commonly ornamented with beads or ribands, and, from their convenience, have been universally adopted by the white residents, as an essential part of their winter clothing. Their shoes, or rather short boots, for they tie round the ankle, are made of soft dressed moose-skins, and during the winter they wrap several pieces of blanket round their feet.

‘ They are fond of European articles of dress, considering it as mean to be dressed entirely in leather, and the hunters are generally furnished annually with a *capot* or great coat, and the women with shawls, printed calicoes, and other things very unsuitable to their mode of life, but which they wear in imitation of the wives of the traders : all these articles, however showy they may be at first, are soon reduced to a very filthy condition by the Indian custom of greasing the face and hair with soft fat or marrow, instead of washing them with water. The practice, they say, preserves the skin soft, and protects it from cold in the winter, and the moschetoës in summer, but it renders their presence disagreeable to the olfactory organs of an European, particularly when they are seated in a close tent and near a hot fire.’

‘ The standard of exchange in all mercantile transactions with the natives is a beaver skin, the relative value of which, as originally established by the traders, differs considerably from the present worth of the articles it represents ; but the Indians are averse to change. Three martin, eight musk-rat, or a single lynx, or wolverine skin, are equivalent to one beaver ; a silver fox, white fox, or otter, are reckoned two beavers ; and a black fox, or large black bear, are equal to four ; a mode of reckoning which has very little connexion with the real value of these different furs in the European market. Neither has any attention been paid to the original cost of European articles, in fixing the tarif by which they are sold to the Indians. A coarse butcher’s knife is one skin, a woollen blanket, or a fathom of coarse cloth, eight, and a fowling-piece fifteen. The Indians receive their principal outfit of clothing and ammunition on credit in the autumn, to be repaid by their winter hunts ; the amount intrusted to each of the hunters, varying with their reputations for industry and skill, from twenty to one hundred and fifty skins. The Indians are generally anxious to pay off the debt thus incurred ; but their good intentions are often frustrated by the arts of the rival traders. Each of the companies keeps men constantly employed in travelling over the country during the winter, to collect the furs from the different bands of hunters as fast as they are procured. The poor Indian endeavours to behave honestly, and, when he has gathered a few skins, sends notice to the post from whence he procured his supplies ; but, if discovered in the mean time by the opposite party, he is seldom proof against the temptation to which he is exposed. However firm he may be in his denials at first, his resolutions are enfeebled by the sight of a little rum ; and, when he has tasted the intoxicating beverage, they vanish like smoke, and he brings forth his store of furs, which he has carefully concealed from the scrutinizing eyes of his visitors. This mode of carrying on the trade not only causes the amount of furs, collected by either of the two companies, to depend more upon the activity

of their agents, the knowledge they possess of the motions of the Indians, and the quantity of rum they carry, than upon the liberality of the credits they give; but is also productive of an increasing deterioration of the character of the Indians, and will, probably, ultimately prove destructive to the fur trade itself. Indeed the evil has already, in part, recoiled upon the traders; for the Indians, long deceived, have become deceivers in their turn, and not unfrequently, after having incurred a heavy debt at one post, move off to another, to play the same game. In some cases the rival posts have entered into a mutual agreement to trade only with the Indians they have respectively fitted out; but such treaties, being seldom rigidly adhered to, prove a fertile subject for disputes, and the differences have been more than once decided by force of arms. To carry on the contest, the two companies are obliged to employ a great many servants, whom they maintain often with much difficulty, and always at a considerable expense.

Many of the labourers, and a great majority of the agents and clerks employed by the two companies, have Indian or half-breed wives; and the mixed offspring thus produced has become extremely numerous.

These *métifs*, or, as the Canadians term them, *bois-brûlés*, are, upon the whole, a good-looking people, and, where the experiment has been made, have shown much aptness in learning, and willingness to be taught; they have, however, been sadly neglected. The example of their fathers has released them from the restraint imposed by the Indian opinions of good and bad behaviour; and, generally speaking, no pains have been taken to fill the void with better principles. Hence it is not surprising that the males, trained up in a high opinion of the authority and rights of the company to which their fathers belonged, and unacquainted with the laws of the civilized world, should be ready to engage in any measure whatever that they are prompted to believe will forward the interests of the cause they espouse; nor that the girls, taught a certain degree of refinement by the acquisition of an European language, should be inflamed by the unrestrained discourse of their Indian relations, and very early give up all pretensions to chastity. It is, however, but justice to remark, that there is a very decided difference in the conduct of the children of the Orkney men employed by the Hudson's Bay company and those of the Canadian voyagers. Some trouble is occasionally bestowed in teaching the former, and it is not thrown away; but all the good that can be said of the latter is, that they are not quite so licentious as their fathers are.

The girls at the forts, particularly the daughters of Canadians, are given in marriage very young; they are very frequently wives at twelve years of age, and mothers at fourteen. Nay, more than one instance came under our observation, of the master of a post having permitted a voyager to take to wife a poor child that had scarcely attained the age of ten years. The masters and wintering partners of the companies deemed this criminal indulgence to the vices of their servants necessary to stimulate them to exertion for the interest of their respective concerns. Another practice may also be noticed, as showing the state of moral feeling on these subjects amongst the white residents

of the fur countries. It was not very uncommon, amongst the Canadian voyagers, for one woman to be common to, and maintained at the joint expense of, two men; nor for a voyager to sell his wife, either for a season, or altogether, for a sum of money, proportioned to her beauty and good qualities, but always inferior to the price of a team of dogs.'

The importance and interest of this volume are so great as to induce, and we hope to excuse, our departure from that plan which we had laid down to ourselves, of concluding each article in the number in which it is commenced. The period at which Captain Franklin's narrative was published renders it impossible for us to do justice to the subject within our present limits, and we shall, therefore, resume in the next number a further account of this singularly perilous journey.

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SIR SAM<sup>l</sup> EGERTON BRYDGES.

*Portrait by P. B. del. et lith. Engraved by J. C. Jones*

# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1823.

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MEMOIR OF SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

“A wight of ——— mickle fame,  
Book-learn'd, and quaint—an antiquary wight;  
Uncommon things and rare were his delight.”

AKENSIDE.

SIR Samuel Egerton Brydges is one of those persons who, with only a moderate share of talent, have an irresistible desire to become authors. This itch, which in many persons produces very mischievous results, such as the loss of that slender reputation they were born to achieve, and the impoverishment of their worldly estates, assumes quite a different appearance when it breaks out in one of more elevated rank. We know no reason why men of fortune should not indulge themselves in scribbling: they cannot hurt their fame, for the old maxim of the schools, that ‘what is not cannot be damnified,’ protects them; they injure their fortunes but little, and the good they do to our worthy friends, the booksellers, more than makes amends for this: but, in the mean time, it must be remembered that they gratify their vanity, they gain an ephemeral reputation, and a title to be talked of in their own circle, which, but for their writings, (God save the mark!) they would never attain to.

Among the mob of gentlemen who write with ease Sir E. Brydges is perhaps the most eminent. He, for many years, was a small literary man among persons who could write, and a great literary man among people of fashion who could not read. He is descended, on his mother's side, from the Bridgewater family, and was born at Wotton, in Kent, on the 30th of November, 1762. His education was finished at Cambridge, where he gained the reputation of being a young man of parts. Flushed with college praise, he came to London, and was entered of the Middle Temple. After the usual period he was called to the bar, which event we think took place in 1787. He had, however, previously done something towards gaining a name, by publishing a volume of poems two years before. In the year 1792 he was so fortunate as to inherit a considerable property in Kent, where he went to reside. Being a married man, he continued to live upon his property here, and some time afterwards was returned a member for Maidstone.

He had before been received into that mockery of all literary and scientific societies, that superannuation hospital for imbeciles and old women, the Antiquaries' Society, of which it would be no compliment to say he was the brightest ornament. Among illiterate attorneys, and worm-eaten retired tradesmen, it is no honour to play the first fiddle;

while the facility with which persons of the least pretension gain admission causes it to make one acquainted with strange companions.

In the House of Commons Sir Egerton Brydges cut a very respectable figure, and gave reason to believe that, if the love of scribbling had not turned his brain, he would have made a reasonably good man of business. His zeal was always before his ability, but he had no contemptible portion of both.

During the time, however, that he was devoting some portion of his energies to the service of his country, he did not neglect the more elegant and congenial pursuits of literature. He not only wrote books with considerable rapidity, but, setting up a printing-press at Lee Priory, he sent into the world some beautiful reprints of valuable and rare books. It was in this pursuit that Sir Egerton Brydges' most valuable talent was displayed. He had acquired a profound knowledge of old books; and, possessing besides a much larger portion of good taste and critical skill than the greater part of the biped book-worms who busy themselves in similar undertakings, he pointed out many estimable things in writers, which had been forgotten by all but those *illuminati* whose knowledge is confined to title-pages. His edition of the *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* is really a valuable work, and is far superior in every respect to that of Philips, the nephew of Milton, by whom it was first compiled. His *Censura Literaria*, and his *Restituta, or the Titles of Old English Books and their Authors revived*, are works which have established for him the reputation of being the ablest and most diligent critic upon old English poetry which our times have produced. Much as we are inclined to sneer at the labours of antiquaries, those ungrateful drones, who, living upon the spoils of other men's genius, yet look with contempt upon the labours of living authors; and contemptible as these antiquaries are, as well in their spirit as in their individual characters; we do not pretend to be blind to the merit of many an author who is suffered to slumber in undeserved oblivion. To Sir Egerton Brydges we are under many obligations on this score; and we cannot testify our gratitude more remarkably than by heartily exempting him from the unsparing censures which we pass upon his dust-be sprinkled confederates.

After this we are sorry that our duty compels us to refer to this author's original works: they are entirely beneath criticising. He has written some romances and some poems; but it would be well for his fame if they had never been published.

Sir Egerton Brydges has been abroad for some years past, and is now residing at Geneva, where his deficiency not being so easily perceived, and his amiable manners and his acquirements showing off to the best advantage, he now enjoys a very deserved and general esteem. We cannot help wishing that all our countrymen resident abroad were in all ways as respectable as this gentleman.

## CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S NARRATIVE.

(Continued.)

We never remember to have read a narrative more full of suffering and privation than that of Captain Franklin ; and, at the same time, one which places the character of the persons exposed to them in so respectable a light. Although under the pressure of the most dreadful hunger, surrounded by danger of all sorts ; with little prospect of attaining the end of their journey, and still less of getting back to the settlement ; a pious and rational courage seems to have sustained them. The influence of religion in the human mind is here displayed in a most striking manner, and without any of that cant which sometimes makes it disgusting, and oftener doubtful.

The following observations on the probable success of Captain Parry's expedition we insert with great pleasure, because they tend to calm some of the anxiety which is necessarily felt on his account :

' Our researches, as far as they have gone, seem to favour the opinion of those who contend for the practicability of a north-west passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, the sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay ; and very little doubt can, in my opinion, be entertained of the existence of a continued sea, in or about that line of direction. The existence of whales too, on this part of the coast, evidenced by the whalebone we found in Esquimaux Cove, may be considered as an argument for an open sea ; and a connexion with Hudson's Bay is rendered more probable from the same kind of fish abounding on the coasts we visited, and on those to the north of Churchill River. I allude more particularly to the Capelin or Salmo Arcticus, which we found in large shoals in Bathurst's Inlet, and which not only abounds, as Augustus told us, in the bays in his country, but swarms in the Greenland firths. The portion of the sea over which we passed is navigable for vessels of any size ; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbour, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands affords shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbours at convenient distances. I entertain, indeed, sanguine hopes that the skill and exertions of my friend Captain Parry will soon render this question no longer problematical. His task is doubtless an arduous one, and, if ultimately successful, may occupy two and perhaps three seasons ; but, confiding as I do, from personal knowledge, in his perseverance and talent for surmounting difficulties, the strength of his ships, and the abundance of provisions with which they are stored, I have very little apprehension of his safety. As I understand his object was to keep the coast of America close on board, he will find in the spring of the year, before the breaking up of the ice can permit him to pursue his voyage, herds of deer flocking in abundance to all parts of the coast, which may be procured without difficulty ; and, even later in the season, additions to his stock of provision may be obtained on many parts of the coast, should circumstances give him leisure to send out hunting parties. With the trawl or seine nets, also, he may almost every where get abundance of fish, even without retarding his progress. Under these circumstances

I do not conceive that he runs any hazard of wanting provisions, should his voyage be prolonged even beyond the latest period of time which is calculated upon. Drift timber may be gathered at many places in considerable quantities; and there is a fair prospect of his opening a communication with the Esquimaux, who come down to the coast to kill seals in the spring, previous to the ice breaking up; and from whom, if he succeeds in conciliating their good-will, he may obtain provision, and much useful assistance.

‘If he makes for Copper-Mine River, as he probably will do, he will not find it in the longitude as laid down on the charts; but he will probably find, what would be more interesting to him, a post, which we erected on the 26th August, at the mouth of Hood’s River, which is nearly, as will appear hereafter, in that longitude, with a flag upon it, and a letter at the foot of it, which may convey to him some useful information. It is possible, however, that he might keep outside of the range of islands which skirt this part of the coast.’

We do not know whether our readers will excuse us for presenting to them some of the horrors which Captain Franklin and his party encountered, but we think in common justice they ought to be known: those ‘who live at home at ease’ ought to be acquainted with the perils which, at a distance, seem too great for any effort of human courage, and which still were mastered by perseverance and a strong sense of duty.

‘The morning of the 7th cleared up a little, but the wind was still strong, and the weather extremely cold. From the unusual continuance of the storm, we feared the winter had set in with all its rigour, and that by longer delay we should only be exposed to an accumulation of difficulties; we therefore prepared for our journey, although we were in a very unfit condition for starting, being weak from fasting, and our garments stiffened by the frost. We had no means of making a fire to thaw them, the moss, at all times difficult to kindle, being now covered with ice and snow. A considerable time was consumed in packing up the frozen tents and bed-clothes, the wind blowing so strong that no one could keep his hands long out of his mittens.

‘Just as we were about to commence our march I was seized with a fainting fit, in consequence of exhaustion and sudden exposure to the wind; but, after eating a morsel of portable soup, I recovered so far as to be able to move on. I was unwilling at first to take this morsel of soup, which was diminishing the small and only remaining meal for the party; but several of the men urged me to it with much kindness. The ground was covered a foot deep with snow, the margin of the lakes was incrustated with ice, and the swamps over which we had to pass were entirely frozen; but the ice not being sufficiently strong to bear us, we frequently plunged knee-deep in water. Those who carried the canoes were repeatedly blown down by the violence of the wind; and they often fell, from making an insecure step on a slippery stone: on one of these occasions, the largest canoe was so much broken as to be rendered utterly unserviceable. This was felt as a serious disaster, as the remaining canoe having through mistake been made too small, it was doubtful whether it would be sufficient to carry us across a river. Indeed we had found it necessary, in crossing Hood’s

River, to lash the two canoes together. As there was some suspicion that Benoit, who carried the canoe, had broken it intentionally, he having on a former occasion been overheard by some of the men to say that he would do so when he got it in charge, we closely examined him on the point: he roundly denied having used the expressions attributed to him, and insisted that it was broken by his falling accidentally; and as he brought men to attest the latter fact, who saw him tumble, we did not press the matter further.'

This is altogether trifling compared with what they were compelled to endure; but we learn from this to give one instance among many of the devotedness of the officers, and their readiness not to share, but to take upon themselves, the greatest dangers. The canoe having been broken, a raft was made, but the paddle was not strong enough to move it.

'All the men suffered extremely from the coldness of the water, in which they were necessarily immersed up to the waists, in their endeavours to aid Belanger and Benoit; and, having witnessed repeated failures, they began to consider the scheme as hopeless. At this time Dr. Richardson, prompted by a desire of relieving his suffering companions, proposed to swim across the stream with a line, and to haul the raft over. He launched into the stream with the line round his middle; but, when he had got a short distance from the bank, his arms became benumbed with cold, and he lost the power of moving them: still he persevered, and, turning on his back, had nearly gained the opposite bank, when his legs also became powerless, and to our infinite alarm we beheld him sink. We instantly hauled upon the line, and he came again on the surface, and was gradually drawn ashore in an almost lifeless state. Being rolled up in blankets, he was placed before a good fire of willows, and fortunately was just able to speak sufficiently to give some slight directions respecting the manner of treating him. He recovered strength gradually, and, by the blessing of God, was enabled in the course of a few hours to converse, and by the evening was sufficiently recovered to remove into the tent. We then regretted to learn that the skin of his whole left side was deprived of feeling in consequence of exposure to too great heat. He did not perfectly recover the sensation of that side until the following summer. I cannot describe what every one felt at beholding the skeleton which the doctor's debilitated frame exhibited. When he stripped, the Canadians simultaneously exclaimed, "*Ah, que nous sommes maigres!*" I shall best explain his state, and that of the party, by the following extract from his journal: "It may be worthy of remark that I would have had little hesitation in any former period of my life of plunging into water even below 38° Fahrenheit; but at this time I was reduced almost to skin and bone, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold that would have been disregarded whilst in health and vigour. During the whole of our march we experienced that no quantity of clothing could keep us warm whilst we fasted; but, on those occasions on which we were enabled to go to bed with full stomachs, we passed the night in a warm and comfortable manner."

'In following the detail of our friend's narrow escape, I have omitted to mention, that, when he was about to step into the water, he



put his foot on a dagger, which cut him to the bone ; but this misfortune could not stop him from attempting the execution of his generous undertaking.'

We now come to the most distressing part of the narrative—the death of Mr. Hood, an active and highly accomplished officer, who had proposed to stay behind, in order to lighten the difficulty to the others, with Dr. Richardson, Hepburn, one of the expedition, and Michel, an Iroquois, while Captain Parry should proceed ; and, having arrived at the port from which he set out, should send them relief. This proposal was acceded to, and the fatal result is given in Dr. Richardson's narrative :

' On the 19th Michel refused to hunt, or even to assist in carrying a log of wood to the fire, which was too heavy for Hepburn's strength and mine. Mr. Hood endeavoured to point out to him the necessity and duty of exertion, and the cruelty of his quitting us without leaving something for our support ; but the discourse, far from producing any beneficial effect, seemed only to excite his anger, and, amongst other expressions, he made use of the following remarkable one : " It is no use hunting, there are no animals, you had better kill and eat me." At length, however, he went out, but returned very soon, with a report that he had seen three deer, which he was unable to follow from having wet his foot in a small stream of water thinly covered with ice, and being consequently obliged to come to the fire. The day was rather mild, and Hepburn and I gathered a large kettleful of *tripe de roche* : Michel slept in the tent this night.

' *Sunday, October 20.*—In the morning we again urged Michel to go a hunting, that he might if possible leave us some provision, tomorrow being the day appointed for his quitting us ; but he showed great unwillingness to go out, and lingered about the fire, under the pretence of cleaning his gun. After we had read the morning service, I went about noon to gather some *tripe de roche*, leaving Mr. Hood sitting before the tent at the fire-side, arguing with Michel ; Hepburn was employed cutting down a tree, at a short distance from the tent, being desirous of accumulating a quantity of fire-wood before he left us. A short time after I went out I heard the report of a gun, and about ten minutes afterwards Hepburn called to me, in a voice of great alarm, to come directly. When I arrived, I found poor Hood lying lifeless at the fire-side, a ball having apparently entered his forehead. I was at first horror-struck with the idea that in a fit of despondency he had hurried himself into the presence of his Almighty Judge by an act of his own hand ; but the conduct of Michel soon gave rise to other thoughts, and excited suspicions which were confirmed, when, upon examining the body, I discovered that the shot had entered the back part of the head, and passed out at the forehead, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the night-cap behind. The gun, which was of the longest kind supplied to the Indians, could not have been placed in a position to inflict such a wound, except by a second person. Upon inquiring of Michel how it happened, he replied, that Mr. Hood had sent him into the tent for the short gun, and that during his absence the long gun had gone off, he did not know whether by accident or not. He held the short gun

in his hand at the time he was speaking to me. Hepburn afterwards informed me that previous to the report of the gun Mr. Hood and Michel were speaking to each other in an elevated angry tone; that Mr. Hood, being seated at the fire-side, was hid from him by intervening willows, but that on hearing the report he looked up, and saw Michel rising up from before the tent-door, or just behind where Mr. Hood was seated, and then going into the tent. Thinking that the gun had been discharged for the purpose of cleaning it, he did not go to the fire at first; and when Michel called to him that Mr. Hood was dead, a considerable time had elapsed. Although I dared not openly to evince any suspicion that I thought Michel guilty of the deed, yet he repeatedly protested that he was incapable of committing such an act, kept constantly on his guard, and carefully avoided leaving Hepburn and me together. He was evidently afraid of permitting us to converse in private, and, whenever Hepburn spoke, he inquired if he accused him of the murder. It is to be remarked, that he understood English very imperfectly, yet sufficiently to render it unsafe for us to speak on the subject in his presence. We removed the body into a clump of willows behind the tent, and, returning to the fire, read the funeral service in addition to the evening prayers. The loss of a young officer, of such distinguished and varied talents and application, may be felt and duly appreciated by the eminent characters under whose command he had served; but the calmness with which he contemplated the probable termination of a life of uncommon promise, and the patience and fortitude with which he sustained, I may venture to say, unparalleled bodily sufferings, can only be known to the companions of his distresses. Owing to the effect that the *tripe de roche* invariably had, when he ventured to taste it, he undoubtedly suffered more than any of the survivors of the party. *Bickersteth's Scripture Help* was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand, and it is probable that he was reading it at the instant of his death. We passed the night in the tent together without rest, every one being on his guard. Next day, having determined on going to the Fort, we began to patch and prepare our clothes for the journey. We singed the hair off a part of the buffalo robe that belonged to Mr. Hood, and boiled and ate it.

Thick snowy weather and a head wind prevented us from starting the following day, but on the morning of the 23d we set out, carrying with us the remainder of the singed robe. Hepburn and Michel had each a gun, and I carried a small pistol, which Hepburn had loaded for me. In the course of the march Michel alarmed us much by his gestures and conduct, was constantly muttering to himself, expressed an unwillingness to go to the Fort, and tried to persuade me to go to the southward to the woods, where he said he could maintain himself all the winter by killing deer. In consequence of this behaviour, and the expression of his countenance, I requested him to leave us and to go to the southward by himself. This proposal increased his ill-nature; he threw out some obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint on the morrow; and I overheard him muttering threats against Hepburn, whom he openly accused of having told stories against him. He also, for the first time, assumed such a tone of su-

periority in addressing me, as evinced that he considered us to be completely in his power ; and he gave vent to several expressions of hatred towards the white people, or, as he termed us, in the idiom of the voyagers, the French, some of whom, he said, had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relations. In short, taking every circumstance of his conduct into consideration, I came to the conclusion that he would attempt to destroy us on the first opportunity that offered, and that he had hitherto abstained from doing so from his ignorance of the way to the Fort, but that he would never suffer us to go thither in company with him. In the course of the day he had several times remarked that we were pursuing the same course that Mr. Franklin was doing when he left him, and that by keeping towards the setting sun he could find his way himself. Hepburn and I were not in a condition to resist even an open attack, nor could we by any device escape from him. Our united strength was far inferior to his, and, beside his gun, he was armed with two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. In the afternoon, coming to a rock on which there was some *tripe de roche*, he halted, and said he would gather it whilst we went on, and that he would soon overtake us. Hepburn and I were now left together for the first time since Mr. Hood's death, and he acquainted me with several material circumstances which he had observed of Michel's behaviour, and which confirmed me in the opinion that there was no safety for us except in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. I determined, however, as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself ; and, immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol. Had my own life alone been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure ; but I considered myself as intrusted also with the protection of Hepburn's, a man who, by his humane attentions and devotedness, had so endeared himself to me, that I felt more anxiety for his safety than for my own. Michel had gathered no *tripe de roche*, and it was evident to us that he had halted for the purpose of putting his gun in order, with the intention of attacking us, perhaps, whilst we were in the act of encamping.'

The last sentence is the only part of the narrative which is in the slightest degree satisfactory. Dr. Richardson seems to entertain some doubt upon the right of killing this monster ; for ourselves, we can see no more reason for hesitating than if it were a wolf instead of an Iroquois cannibal.

Nothing further occurred during the journey homeward, and in this long, fatiguing, and disastrous travel in North America, was comprised a distance by sea and land of 5,550 miles.

The volume is accompanied by highly interesting geognostical observations, by Dr. Richardson, a notice of the fishes, and a list of plants, with a zoological appendix, by Mr. Sabine. The plates are beautifully executed. We trust that the public sense of the meritorious exertions of these officers will be liberally manifested, for we know no undertaking in our times which has deserved so ample a reward as the journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.

*Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c. &c.*

By THOMAS BROWN, the Younger.

THE ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown, the Younger, has published a volume of miscellaneous poems, which, although inferior to some of his preceding works, are yet highly amusing. The first part consists of *Fables for The Holy Alliance*, and here it must be confessed that his playful muse takes great liberties with the united sovereigns. So far from thinking them holy, he has the profane impudence to laugh at them, and to pronounce them and their pretensions to be equally contemptible.

It is a wholesome thing, that, in our country at least, a loud voice should be exerted against the encroachments upon liberty which the confederated kings would willingly make, and we are not sorry that it is by an Englishman they are told in what light their policy is regarded. Perhaps the whimsical style which Mr. Brown has adopted is better fitted for his purpose than a more serious one; at this time of day it would be waste of time indeed to argue against the right of kings to fetter public opinion, or to restrain individual liberty: their high mightinesses must submit to be laughed at. We do not think there is so much wit in the fables as might have been expected from the author, nor is he happiest when he most tries to be witty. He has acquired a bad habit of raising old jokes from the great Millar, the cotemporary of his ancestor, the great Brown. The following more serious effort is one of the best of the fables:

## ‘ THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

‘ I saw it all in Fancy’s glass—  
 Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
 That bid this splendid day-dream pass,  
 And nam’d each gliding apparition.  
 ’Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
 Of Greece perform’d, in ages gone,  
 When the fleet youths, in long array,  
 Pass’d the bright torch triumphant on.  
 I saw th’ expectant nations stand,  
 To catch the coming flame in turn—  
 I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
 The clear, but struggling glory burn.  
 And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
 ’Twas, in itself, a joy to see—  
 While Fancy whisper’d in my ear,  
 “ That torch they pass is Liberty!”  
 And, each, as she receiv’d the flame,  
 Lighted her altar with its ray,  
 Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
 Speeded it on its sparkling way.  
 From Albion first, whose ancient shrine  
 Was furnished with the fire already,  
 Columbia caught the spark divine,  
 And lit a flame, like Albion’s, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,  
 And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
 The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
 As she would set the world a-blazing !  
 And, when she fir'd her altar, high  
 It flash'd into the redd'ning air  
 So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,  
 Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare !  
 Next, Spain, so new was light to her,  
 Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark  
 She flung upon her shrine could stir,  
 'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.  
 Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth  
 So much to mortals, rarely dies—  
 Again her living light look'd forth,  
 And shone, a beacon, in all eyes !  
 Who next receiv'd the flame ? alas,  
 Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,  
 That ever through such hands should pass  
 That brightest of all earthly flames !  
 Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,  
 When, frightened by the sparks it shed,  
 Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,  
 She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.  
 And fall'n it might have long remain'd,  
 But Greece, who saw her moment now,  
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,  
 And wav'd it round her beauteous brow  
 And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er  
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,  
 Fair laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,  
 Who thus in song their voices blended :—  
 “ Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,  
 Divinest gift of Gods to men !  
 From Greece thy earliest splendour came,  
 To Greece thy ray returns again.  
 “ Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,  
 When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,  
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,  
 On which thy glories shall not burn !”

The above fable glows with some of that true poetic fire which warms the verse of Mr. Moore, between whose lighter productions and those of Mr. Brown, junior, some persons have fancied they discovered a resemblance.

In the fable of the *Church and State* the author takes an opportunity to attack the abuses to which religion is exposed by the wickedness of men who turn it to their own interests. He takes for an epigraph a piece of absurd sophistry from Soame Jenyns, who, in the plenitude of his sagacity, discovered that religion *must* be perverted by a connexion with men's interests. It is not necessary, nor is this the place, to refute so absurd a proposition ; and, indeed, our wag of an author chuckles over its absurdity while he makes use of it. The fable is nevertheless a clever one, and, as applied only to the abuses of religion, is true :

‘CHURCH AND STATE.

‘When Royalty was young and bold,  
Ere, touch’d by Time, he had become—  
If ’tis not civil to say *old*—  
At least, a *çi-devant jeune homme*.

One evening, on some wild pursuits,  
Driving along, he chanc’d to see  
Religion, passing by on foot,  
And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,  
The humblest and the best of men,  
Who ne’er had notion or desire  
Of riding in a coach till then.

“I say”—quoth Royalty, who rather  
Enjoy’d a masquerading joke—  
“I say, suppose, my good old father,  
“You’d lend me, for a while, your cloak.”

The friar consented—little knew  
What tricks the youth had in his head;  
Besides, was rather tempted too  
By a lac’d coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,  
Scampering like mad about the town;  
Broke windows—shiver’d lamps to smash,  
And knock’d whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,  
Learn of the “why” or the “wherefore,”  
Except that ’twas Religion’s cloak  
The gentleman, who crack’d them, wore.

Meanwhile, the friar, whose head was turn’d  
By the lac’d coat, grew frisky too—  
Look’d big—his former habits spurn’d—  
And storm’d about as great men do—

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—  
Said “damn you” often, or as bad—  
Laid claim to other people’s purses—  
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,  
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,  
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,  
Summon’d the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent,  
(As courts must wrangle to decide well)  
Religion to St. Luke’s was sent,  
And Royalty pack’d off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be  
Restor’d, in due time, to their senses,  
They both must give security,  
In future, against such offences—

Religion ne’er to *lend his cloak*,  
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;  
And Royalty to crack his joke,  
But *not* to crack poor people’s heads too.’



The second part of the volume consists of *Rhymes on the Road*, by a Member of the Poco-Curante Society. They are not distinguished for any very extraordinary power, but are very pleasing. They treat of the objects met with by the author in his tour through France into Italy. The description of the first sight of Mont Blanc, contained in the following extract, only approaches an expression of the feelings which are excited by that spectacle :

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone  
His last and best, when I ran on,  
Anxious to reach that splendid view  
Before the day-beams quite withdrew ;  
And feeling as all feel on first  
Approaching scenes, where, they are told,  
Such glories on their eyes shall burst,  
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

\* \* \* \*

—At this instant—while there glow'd  
This last, intensest gleam of light—  
Suddenly, through the opening road,  
The valley burst upon my sight !  
That glorious valley, with its lake,  
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,  
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make  
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced and mute—as they  
Of Israel think th' assembled world  
Will stand, upon that awful day,  
When the Ark's Light aloft unfurl'd  
Among the opening clouds shall shine,  
Divinity's own radiant sign !  
Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,  
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,  
As sure a sign of Deity  
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.  
Nor ever, were I destin'd yet  
To live my life twice o'er again,  
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,  
The ecstasy that thrill'd me then !

'Twas all that consciousness of power  
And life, beyond this mortal hour ;—  
Those mountings of the soul within  
At thoughts of Heaven—as birds begin  
By instinct in the cage to rise,  
When near their time for change of skies—  
That proud assurance of our claim  
To rank among the sons of light,  
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame !—  
At having risk'd that splendid right,  
For aught that earth, through all its range  
Of glories, offers in exchange !  
'Twas all this, at the instant brought,  
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—  
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow  
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine

Thus purely ever—man might grow,  
 Ev'n upon earth, a thing divine,  
 And be, once more, the creature made  
 To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade !

No, never shall I lose the trace  
 Of what I've felt in this bright place.  
 And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,  
 Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power,  
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
 At the same calm and glowing hour,  
 And here, at the sublimest shrine  
 That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,  
 Rekindle all that hope divine,  
 And *feel* my immortality !'

From one of the chapters it should seem that Lord Byron has written his own memoirs, and that our author has perused them. A report prevailed some time ago that the noble author had made a present of them to Mr. Moore: this may account for Mr. Brown being acquainted with them. The following extract closes the chapter to which we allude :

' Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change  
 Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—  
 The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—  
 The loves—the feuds—thy pages may unfold,  
 If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks  
 His virtues as his failings—we shall find  
 The record there of friendships, held like rocks,  
 And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd—  
 Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,  
 In those who serv'd him young, and serve him still—  
 Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art  
 Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—  
 Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught  
 Of the bright features of his life be sought.  
 While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud,  
 " Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,  
 This gifted Being wraps himself in night,  
 And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,  
 And gilds his social nature hid from sight,  
 Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.'

That part of the *Rhymes on the Road* which relates to Rome contains some reflections on De Rienzi's famous conspiracy. Of this the speech of Rienzi is the best part. Though a man of the meanest birth, he was remarkable for his acquaintance with, and love for, the old times of Roman glory, and for his impressive eloquence. The speech is given thus :

" Romans, look round you—on this sacred place  
 There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men—  
 What see you now? what solitary trace  
 Is left of all that made Rome's glory then?  
 The shrines are sunk, the sacred mount bereft  
 Ev'n of its name—and nothing now remains  
 But the deep memory of that glory, left  
 To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains

But *shall* this be?—our sun and sky the same,  
 Treading the very soil our fathers trode,  
 What withering curse hath fall'n on soul and frame,  
 What visitation hath there come from God,  
 To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,  
*Here*, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?  
 It cannot be—rise up, ye mighty dead,  
 If we, the living, are too weak to crush  
 These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
 Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy Palmyra in thy desert domes,  
 Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;  
 And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
 For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!  
 Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race  
 Have left no embers—no half-living trace—  
 No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
 Till past renown in present shame's forgot.  
 While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
 If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,  
 Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
 Th' assembled thrones of all th' existing world—  
 Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stain'd and curst,  
 Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,  
 By living human things—the deadliest, worst,  
 This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!  
 And we—oh shame!—we, who have ponder'd o'er  
 The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;  
 Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
 Tracking our country's glories all the way—  
 Ev'n *we* have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground  
 Before that Papal Power, that Ghost of Her,  
 The World's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crown'd  
 And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!  
 But this is past—too long have lordly priests  
 And priestly lords led us, with all our pride  
 Withering about us—like devoted beasts,  
 Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.  
 'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!  
 Up from his sleep of centuries awakes  
 The Genius of the Old Republic, free  
 As first he stood, in chainless majesty,  
 And sends his voice through ages yet to come,  
 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, eternal Rome!”

Some very amusing trifles make up the rest of the volume; among which the following is one of the most sprightly:

‘ LOVE AND HYMEN.

‘ Love had a fever—ne'er could close  
 His little eyes till day was breaking;  
 And whimsical enough, heav'n knows,  
 The things he rav'd about, while waking.  
 To let him pine so were a sin—  
 One to whom all the world's a debtor—  
 So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,  
 And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,  
Though still some ugly fever latent;—  
“Dose, as before”—a gentle opiate,  
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,  
So fast the dose went on restoring,  
That Love, who first ne’er slept at all,  
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.’

But that which has most of real poetry, and is executed with much delicacy and feeling, and elegance, is a small piece called

‘LINES TO MY MOTHER, WRITTEN IN A POCKET-BOOK.

‘They tell us of an Indian tree,  
Which, howso’er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again to that dear earth,  
From which the life, that fills and warms  
Its grateful being, first had birth.  
’Tis thus, though woo’d by flattering friends,  
And fed with fame (if fame it be),  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love’s true instinct, back to thee!’

This is the piece which of all others has most made us doubt whether there may not be some more intimate connexion between young Mr. Brown and our old friend Mr. Moore. However this may be, the production is a very pleasant one.

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QUENTIN DURWARD.

THE ingenious author of *Waverley* has come again before the public, in a shape somewhat different from those which he has previously assumed. In his new novel, which, according to our purpose, we enter upon without indulging in any lengthened criticism, he has taken a more decidedly historical tone. The scene is laid in France, in the tempestuous reign of Louis XI. The characters of that monarch, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, are drawn with a fidelity and precision which belong rather to history than to romance.

The story begins with introducing to the readers a young Scottish adventurer, who has left his home, his whole family being destroyed in a feud, to seek his fortune in France. His only relation is Ludovic Lesly, one of the Scottish Guard, to whom Louis was so much attached; a post of honour and emolument in those times. He is described as in search of his maternal uncle at the opening of the work, and travelling with very slender means, but a good stock of animal spirits and inextinguishable courage. The following sketch is very striking:

‘The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short grey cloak and hose were rather of

Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognised as the Scottish head-gear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchell, which seemed to contain a few necessities, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf, which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food, and other matters belonging to that much-admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, which sustained a hunting knife, or *couteau de chasse*. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half-dressed deer's-skin.'

He is narrowly observed by two men, of whom, upon his discovering them, he asks whether the river he is about to cross is fordable: as they do not answer, he prepares to wade through it, and is carried away by the stream. He saves himself, and, highly enraged, is about to chastise the persons who had not cautioned him, when a conversation ensues, in which he very frankly tells who he is, and the elder of the men invites him to a breakfast, as a recompense for the wetting he has had.

The youth breakfasts as becomes a hungry traveller, much to the amusement of his new friend. They talk of his future prospects, and discuss the merits of the different chiefs of that day under whom a warlike youth would take arms. The old man does not eat with him, but directs the innkeeper to send him some confitures and a cup of water by a certain lady to whom he alludes:

'As he spoke the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter, covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing, with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other cities of France, and even excelled the skill of the metropolis. The form of the goblet was so elegant, that Durward thought not of observing closely whether the material was of silver, or, like what had been placed before himself, of a baser metal, but so well burnished as to resemble the richer ore.

'But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty particulars of the duty which she performed.

'He speedily made the discovery that a quantity of long black tresses, which, in the maiden fashion of his own country, were undorned by any ornament, excepting a single chaplet, lightly woven out of ivy-leaves, formed a veil around a countenance, which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheek, and an intelligence on the lips and in the eye, which made it seem that gaiety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance

so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty ; and, as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was pleased to infer, from what follows, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

“ How now, Jacqueline ! ” said Maitre Pierre, when she entered the apartment—“ Wherefore this ? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted ?—*Pasques-dieu* !—Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me ? ”

“ My mother is ill at ease,” answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet an humble tone ; “ ill at ease, and keeps her chamber.”

“ She keeps it *alone*, I hope ? ” replied Maitre Pierre, with some emphasis ; “ I am *vieux routier*, and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies.”

‘ Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered at the answer of Maitre Pierre ; for it must be owned that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasing, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

‘ The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline, and relieve her of the burden she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while, with a timid and anxious look, she watched the countenance of the angry burgess. It was not in nature to resist the piercing and pity-craving expression of her looks, and Maitre Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of diminished displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner,—“ I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to be—what it is pity to think thou must be one day—a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. No man ever lived to man’s estate, but he had the opportunity to know you all. Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same.”

‘ Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maitre Pierre, but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy ; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered hastily, “ That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance, as that which he now looked upon, could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind.”

“ You are a foolish young man,” said Maitre Pierre, “ and know as little of women as of princes,—whose hearts,” he said, crossing himself devoutly, “ God keeps in his right hand.”

“ And who keeps those of the women, then ? ” said Quentin, resolved, if he could help it, not to be borne down by the assumed superiority of this extraordinary old man, whose lofty and careless manner possessed an influence over him of which he felt ashamed.

“ I am afraid you must ask of them in another quarter,” said Maitre Pierre, composedly.

‘ Quentin was again rebuffed, but not utterly disconcerted. “ Surely,” he said to himself, “ I do not pay this same burgess of Tours all the deference which I yield him on account of the miserable



obligation of a breakfast, though it was a right good and substantial meal. Dogs and hawks are attached by feeding only—man must have kindness, if you would bind him with the cords of affection and obligation. But he is an extraordinary person; and that beautiful emanation that is even now vanishing—surely a thing so fair belongs not to this mean place, belongs not even to the money-gathering merchant himself, though he seems to exert authority over her, as doubtless he does over all whom chance brings within his little circle. It is wonderful what ideas of consequence these Flemings and Frenchmen attach to wealth—so much more than wealth deserves, that I suppose this old merchant thinks the civility I pay to his age is given to his money—I, a Scottish gentleman of blood and coat-armour, and he a mechanic of Tours!”

“Such were the thoughts which hastily traversed the mind of young Durward, while Maitre Pierre said, with a smile, and at the same time patting Jacqueline’s head, from which hung down her long tresses, “This young man will serve me, Jacqueline—thou mayest withdraw. I will tell thy negligent mother she does ill to expose thee to be gazed on unnecessarily.”

“It was only to wait on you,” said the maiden. “I trust you will not be displeased with your kinswoman, since”——

“*Pasques-dieu!*” said the merchant, interrupting her, but not harshly, “do you bandy words with me, you brat, or stay you to gaze upon the youngster here?—Begone—he is noble, and his services will suffice me.”

The ease of the old merchant surprises Quentin greatly; but he is still more amazed, when, on his departure, he leaves with him a considerable number of silver pieces and a cup, recommending him to stay in the inn until he hears from him. He is afterwards visited by his uncle, a rough hard-hearted and hard-headed soldier, from whose assistance he finds he has little to expect. On the departure of Lesly he goes out to stroll, and takes this opportunity of inquiring after Maitre Pierre, but to no purpose. An adventure then happens to him, which, as well on account of its own interest, as because it introduces some remarkable personages, we extract. Quentin, seeing the body of a man hanging on a tree in the agonies of death, cuts him down. It appears that this was a Bohemian, or gipsy, who had been executed with little ceremony by the provost-marshal, Tristan l’Hermite. While Quentin is employed with the gipsies in endeavouring to restore their comrade, the provost-marshal returns, and Durward is seized and bound, just as he recognises in the provost the younger of the two persons he had first met in the morning, and whom he had struck.

“Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André,” said the down-looking officer to two of his band, “these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving thieving sorcerers to interfere with the king’s justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly.”

“Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose

adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was purposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminded him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a free-born Scotchman in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatsoever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners, or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, "Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?"

"That he was, sir, and it please your noble provostship," answered one of the clowns; "he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship."

"It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the king's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor," said the officer.—"Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, despatch."

"Stay, signior officer!" exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony—"hear me speak—let me not die guiltlessly—my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by heaven's justice in that which is to follow."

"I will answer my actions in both," said the provost, coldly; and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his fore-finger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Durward had dealt him that morning.

"Miserable, vindictive wretch!"—answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigour, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

"The poor youth raves," said the functionary; "speak a word of comfort to him ere he makes his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and despatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds.—Soldiers, follow me!"

The provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even at that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the most stoical indifference. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy checks; but it neither agitated their features, nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude,

which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

‘They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because, under a tyranny, whether despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of grave importance.

‘These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master the provost termed them *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*.

‘Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary round his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail in commendam with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active, little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty, as if it was the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fellows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and, as Trois-Eschelles endeavoured to inspire them with a philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, to make them pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

‘I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents, and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than, perhaps, any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles, or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André, was the object of the greatest fear or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristran l’Hermite, the renowned provost-marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.’

From this horrible extremity, where, as one reads it, one cannot help trembling for the poor hero, he is suddenly rescued.

‘In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. “Is there any good Christian who hears me,” he said, “that will tell Ludovic Leslie, of the Scottish Guard, called in this country Le Balafre, that his nephew is here basely murdered?”

‘The words were spoken in good time, for an archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance-passengers, to witness what was passing.

“Take heed what you do,” he said to the executioners; “if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play.”

“Heaven forbid, Sir Cavalier,” said Trois-Eschelles; “but we must obey our orders,” drawing Durward forward by one arm.

“The shortest play is ever the fairest,” said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish archer. “Stand by me,” he said in his own language, “countryman, for the love of Scotland and Saint Andrew! I am innocent—I am your own native landsman. Stand by me as you shall answer at the last day!”

“By Saint Andrew! they shall make at you through me,” said the archer, and unsheathed his sword.

“Cut my bonds, countryman,” said Quentin, “and I will do something for myself.”

This was done with a touch of the archer’s weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the provost’s guard, wrested from him a halberd with which he was armed; “And now,” he said, come on if you dare.”

The two officers whispered together.

“Ride thou after the provost-marshal,” said Trois-Eschelles, “and I will detain them here, if I can.—Soldiers of the provost’s guard, stand to your arms.”

Petit-André mounted his horse and left the field, and the other marshalls-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and, like other ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy, which occasionally led to open quarrels, betwixt the Scottish archers and the marshal-guards, who executed the orders of their provost.

Other archers come up, and the provost-marshal’s prey is rescued from him: the reader breathes freely, and this time the hero is *quitte pour la peur*. The only means, however, of saving him effectually is by enrolling him as one of the Scottish Guard; and, this being done, he attends the court, where he finds in the person of the crafty Louis XI. the Maitre Pierre of the morning, and the monarch recognises him. The description of the court, and the personages who compose it, the Cardinal Balue, and Olivier Dain, the king’s barber, and both his favorite counsellors, are well sketched. A fine scene ensues, in which the Count of Crevecœur brings a defiance from the Duke of Burgundy, but which our limits do not permit us to extract. The king and court proceed to the boar-chase, where Quentin saves Louis’ life, but has the discretion not to boast of it.

The monarch then employs him in a post of danger and trust, to keep watch behind a beaufet during a private dinner with the Cardinal

Balze and the Comte Crevecoeur, both of whom he suspects, and instructs him to fire if he should see any foul play.

Quentin now learns that the young lady whom he had seen at the inn in the morning was the young Countess Isabelle de Creyes, and the elder person to whom the king alluded was her aunt, the Lady Hameline. Isabelle being pressed by the Duke of Burgundy to a marriage extremely repugnant to her, had fled, at the instigation of, and under promises of protection from, Louis, who employed a gipsy to carry his message. This was the same gipsy whose body Quentin had cut down; and who, having served the king's turn, had been destroyed that he might not betray secrets. Louis, now finding that the presence of these ladies in his dominions was one of the causes of the Duke of Burgundy's discontent, resolves to rid himself of them; and, at the same time, to prevent the Duke of Burgundy marrying the lady, whose estates are of very considerable importance, to one of his own adherents. He therefore proposes that they should put themselves under the protection of the Bishop of Liege, and sends private instructions for William de la Marck, called also the Bear of Ardennes, to seize them upon their journey. He intrusts them to the escort of the hero, intending, very charitably, that he should be slain by de la Marck's men, and sends as a guide another gipsy, the brother of the man who was hanged. The young Duke of Orleans, who has been forcibly betrothed to the Princess Jeanne, the king's deformed daughter, sees and loves Isabelle, and, accompanied by the gallant Dunois, then the first warrior of France, endeavours to carry her off upon the journey. Quentin distinguishes himself by his resistance: he unhorses the duke, and engages Dunois, with whom he is fighting, when a troop of the king's guards come up and part them. The two noblemen are put under arrest, and the ladies, with the hero, proceed upon their journey. Quentin is by this time, as may be guessed, over head and ears in love, and is by no means disagreeable to the young countess; but the disparity of their rank seems to preclude all hope of her returning his passion.

The character of the gipsy guide, which is admirably drawn, may be gathered from the following extract. Durward asks him—

“Can'st thou be faithful?”

“I can—all men can,” said the Bohemian.

“But wilt thou be faithful?”

“Would'st thou believe me the more should I swear it?” answered Maugrabin, with a sneer.

“Thy life is in my hand,” said the young Scot.

“Strike, and see whether I fear to die,” answered the Bohemian.

“Will money render thee a trusty guide?” demanded Durward.

“If I be not such without it, No,” replied the heathen.

“Then what will bind thee?” asked the Scot.

“Kindness,” replied the Bohemian.

“Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?”

“No,” replied Hayraddin, “it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare.—To thee I am bound already.”

“How?” exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

“Remember the chestnut-trees on the banks of the Cher! The victim, whose body thou didst cut down, was my brother, Zamek the Maugrabin.”

“And yet,” said Quentin, “I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide.”

“What can we do?” answered Hayraddin, gloomily—“These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock; they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles.”

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the provost-guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence amongst them, and forbore, for a certain time, the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

The hero luckily discovers the plot which has been laid for the ruin of the ladies, and, defeating it by turning from the prescribed road, arrives with them in safety at Liege. Soon afterwards the city is attacked by the people of William de la Marck, and, aided by the insurgent citizens, the bishop is deposed. Quentin saves the young countess, with the assistance of an honest burgher of the town; and, disguising her like this man's daughter, they are both present at the murder of the poor bishop, which is thus described:

“When the unhappy prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he showed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed; his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive: “Louis of Bourbon,” said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper—“I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise?—Nikkely, be ready.”

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and, stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

“Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,” said De la Marck again, “what terms wilt thou now offer to escape this dangerous hour?”



‘The bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, “Hear me, William de la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian.—William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city—hast assaulted and taken the palace of a prince of the Holy German Empire—slain his people—plundered his goods—maltreated his person; for this thou art liable to the ban of the empire—hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken—more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord—laid violent hands upon a father of the church—defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber”——

“Hast thou yet done?” said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

“No,” answered the prelate, “for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me.”

“Go on,” said De la Marck; “and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head!” And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore.

“Such are thy crimes,” resumed the bishop, with calm determination; “now hear the terms, which, as a merciful prince and a Christian prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff—renounce thy command—unbind thy prisoners—restore thy spoil—distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows—array thyself in sackcloth and ashes—take a palmer’s staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the imperial chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our holy father the pope for thy miserable soul.”

‘While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair; the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously, with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.’

Quentin protests, in the name of the king of France, against this violence, and the tumult which seemed about to break out is calmed. He then escapes with the Lady Isabelle, leaving her old match-making aunt, who is married to William de la Marck; but a band of the out-

law pursuing him, he is obliged to surrender with his fair charge to a troop of Burgundians commanded by the noble Count of Crevecœur.

The part of the history which then ensues is of the most interesting description. It relates to that singular proceeding on the part of the French king, by which he placed himself in the power of Charles the Bold, in his town of Peronne, unaccompanied but by a few of his gentlemen and his personal attendants. Charles, already willing to quarrel, but fearing to violate the rights of hospitality, has at once an excuse for his violence on receiving the news of the Bishop of Liege's murder:

‘Crevecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, “What news from Liege and Brabant, Sir Count?—The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table—we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us.”

“My liege and master,” answered the Count, in a firm, but melancholy tone, “the news which I bring you are fitter for the council-board than the feasting-table.”

“Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Antichrist,” said the Duke; “but I can guess them—the Liegeois are again in mutiny.”

“They are, my lord,” said Crevecœur, very gravely.

“Look there, man,” said the Duke; “I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me—the hair-brained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own Suzerain,” bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed resentment, “to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with.—Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the Bishop.”

“My lord, the farther tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear.—No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liegeois, has taken his Castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall.”

“*Murdered him!*” repeated the Duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; “thou hast been imposed upon, Crevecœur, by some wild report—it is impossible.”

“Alas! my lord!” said the Count, “I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France’s Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck’s order.”

“And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege,” said the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. “Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen—secure the windows—let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death!—Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords.” And, turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon, while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said,

“These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason.”

“No!” replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, “but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother!—rebel against thy parent!—tyrant over thy subjects!—treacherous ally!—perjured King!—dishonoured gentleman!—thou art in my power, and I thank God for it!”

“Rather thank my folly,” said the King; “for when we met on equal terms at Montl’hery, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now.”

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or to strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meantime wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded at the order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defence of their Sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation to be dragged in King Louis’s train, objects of suspicion evidently, rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult, addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy.—“Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine.—Courage, my Lord of Orleans—and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!”

No violence takes place, but the King is put under arrest, and witnesses examined respecting the affair at Liege, in which, by the discretion of Quentin, nothing appears to the monarch’s prejudice. This sort of trial is interrupted by the arrival of a herald from William de la Marck, demanding possession of the domain of Croye, by virtue of his marriage with the Lady Hameline, and announcing that he has taken upon himself the functions of Bishop of Liege. This mock herald is no other than the gipsy who served as Quentin’s guide; the enraged Duke orders him to be chased away, and the boar-dogs to be let loose at him. When he is pulled down by them, in the attempt to save him he is discovered by Tristan l’Hermite, who, asserting that he is a convicted felon, has him delivered up for execution. Trois Eschelles and Petit André prepare to hang him, but the wretched man, seeing Quentin in the crowd, begs to speak to him, and imparts to him a secret upon which the hero’s fortunes are made to depend. The whole of this scene is admirably painted. “Hear my secret!” says the dying wretch.

“William De la Marck has assembled a numerous and strong force within the city of Liege, and augments it daily by means of the old priest’s treasures. But he proposes not to hazard a battle with the chivalry of Burgundy, and still less to stand a siege in the dismantled town. This he will do—he will suffer the hot-brained Charles to sit down before the place without opposition; and, in the night, make an

out-fall or sally upon the leaguer with his whole force. Many he will have in French armour, who will cry France, Saint Louis, and Denis Montjoye, as if there were a strong body of French auxiliaries in the city. This cannot choose but strike utter confusion among the Burgundians; and if King Louis, with his guards, attendants, and such soldiers as he may have with him, shall second his efforts, the Boar of Ardennes nothing doubts the discomfiture of the whole Burgundian army.—There is my secret, and I bequeath it to you. Forward, or prevent the enterprise—sell the intelligence to King Louis, or to Duke Charles, I care not—save or destroy whom thou wilt; for my part, I only grieve that I cannot spring it like a mine, to the destruction of them all!”

“It is indeed an important secret,” said Quentin, instantly comprehending how easily the national jealousy might be awakened in a camp consisting partly of French, partly of Burgundians.

“Ay, so it is,” answered Hayraddin; “and, now you have it, you would fain begone, and leave me without granting the boon for which I have paid beforehand.”

“Tell me thy request,” said Quentin—“I will grant it if it is in my power.”

“Nay, it is no mighty demand—it is only in behalf of poor Klepper, my palfrey, the only living thing that may miss me.—A due mile south, you will find him feeding by a deserted collier’s hut; whistle to him thus,—(he whistled a peculiar note,) and call him by his name, Klepper, he will come to you; here is his bridle under my gaberdine—it is lucky the hounds got it not, for he obeys no other. Take him, and make much of him—I do not say for his master’s sake,—but because I have placed at your disposal the event of a mighty war. He will never fail you at need—night and day, rough and smooth, fair and foul, warm stables, and the winter sky, are the same to Klepper; had I cleared the gates of Peronne, and got so far as where I left him, I had not been in this case.—Will you be kind to Klepper?”

“I swear to you that I will,” answered Quentin, affected by what seemed a trait of tenderness in a character so hardened.

“Then fare thee well!—Yet stay—stay—I would not willingly die in discourtesy, forgetting a lady’s commission.—This billet is from the very gracious and extremely silly Lady of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, to her black-eyed niece—I see by your look I have chosen a willing messenger.—And one word more—I forgot to say, that in the stuffing of my saddle you will find a rich purse of gold pieces, for the sake of which I put my life on the venture which has cost me so dear. Take them, and replace a hundred-fold the guilders you have bestowed on these bloody slaves—I make you mine heir.”

It is resolved to attack William de la Marck by the united troops of Louis and Charles, now restored to amity. The King, finding no other means of procuring his liberty, consents to the marriage of Orleans with the Lady Isabelle; but, to the astonishment of the whole court, she refuses to accept him. The enraged Duke, after various threats, swears she shall be the bride of him who shall bring in the head of the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Thus, then, a prospect opens, by which it is barely possible that the hero and heroine may be united.

The troops set forth, and, as they pass under a gateway where the ladies of the court are sitting, Quentin hands to Isabelle, on the point of his lance, her aunt's letter, the postscript of which is the only important part. The Countess Hameline informs her niece—

‘That she had laid aside for the present a surcoat which she was working for her husband, bearing the arms of Croye and La Marck in conjugal fashion, parted per pale, because her William had determined, for purposes of policy, in the first action to have others dressed in his coat-armour, and himself to assume the arms of Orleans, with a bar sinister—in other words, those of Dunois. There was also a slip of paper in another hand, the contents of which the Countess did not think it necessary to mention, being simply these words—“If you hear not of me soon, and that by the trumpet of Fame, conclude me dead, but not unworthy.”’

‘A thought, hitherto repelled as wildly incredible, now glanced with double keenness through Isabelle's soul. As female wit seldom fails in the contrivance of means, so she ordered it, that ere the troops were fully on march, Quentin Durward received from an unknown hand the billet of Lady Hameline, marked with three crosses opposite to the postscript, and having these words subjoined—“He who feared not the arms of Orleans, when on the breast of their gallant owner, cannot dread them when displayed on that of a tyrant and murderer.” A thousand thousand times was this intimation kissed and pressed to the bosom of the young Scot! for it marshalled him on the path where both Honour and Love held out the reward, and possessed him with a secret unknown to others, by which to distinguish him whose death could alone give life to his hopes, and which he prudently resolved to lock up in his own bosom.’

Quentin communicates the gipsy's intelligence to the King and the Duke, and preparations are made by the former, though the latter disregards it. The event, however, proves its truth. The Wild Boar appears in Dunois' arms, and Durward, with his uncle Lesly, and some others, keep to him incessantly. The event of the fight turning against the outlaw, and all being lost, he resolves to make a stand.

‘About six of De la Marck's best men remained to perish with their master, and fronted the archers, who were not many more in number.—“Sanglier! Sanglier! Hola! gentlemen of Scotland,” said he, waving his mace, “who longs to win a coronet,—who strikes at the Boar's-head?—You, young man, have, methinks, a hankering, but you must win ere you wear it.”’

‘Quentin heard but imperfectly the words, which were partly lost in the hollow helmet; but the action could not be mistaken, and he had but time to bid his uncle and comrades, as they were gentlemen, to stand back, when De la Marck sprung upon him with a bound like a tiger, aiming at the same time a blow with his mace, so as to make his hand and foot keep time together, and giving his stroke the full advantage of the descent of his leap; but, light of foot and quick of eye, Quentin leaped aside, and disappointed an aim which would have been fatal had it taken effect.

‘They then closed, like the wolf and the wolf-dog, their comrades on either side remaining inactive spectators, for Le Balafre roared out

for fair play, adding, "that he would venture his nephew on him were he as wight as Wallace."

'Neither was his confidence unjustified; for, although the blows of the despairing robber fell like those of the hammer on the anvil, yet the quick motions, and dexterous swordmanship, of the young archer, enabled him to escape, and to requite them with the point of his less noisy, though more fatal weapon; and that so often, and so effectually, that the huge strength of his antagonist began to give way to fatigue, while the ground on which he stood became a puddle of blood. Yet still unabated in courage and ire, he fought on with as much mental energy as at first, and Quentin's victory seemed dubious and distant, when a female voice behind him called him by his name, ejaculating, "Help! help! for the sake of the Blessed Virgin!"

This voice proceeds from the daughter of the burgher who had saved Quentin and the Lady Isabelle. He turns to rescue her, and De la Marck disappears. Old Lesly, however, sticks to him, and finishes what his nephew had nearly completed. The sequel runs thus:—

'Busied as other officers of his rank in collecting those under his command, Lord Crawford, at the turning of one of the streets which leads to the Maes, met Le Balafre sauntering composedly towards the river, holding in his hand, by the gory locks, a human head, with as much indifference as a fowler carries a game-pouch.

"How now, Ludovic!" said his commander; "what are ye doing with that carrion?"

"It is all that is left of a bit of work which my nephew shaped out, and nearly finished, and I put the last hand to," said Le Balafre—"A good fellow that I despatched yonder, and who prayed me to throw his head into the Maes.—Men have queer fancies when old Small-Back is griping them; but Small-Back must lead down the dance with us all in our time."

"And you are going to throw that head into the Maes?" said Crawford, looking more attentively on the ghastly memorial of mortality.

"Ay, truly am I," said Ludovic Lesly. "If you refuse a dying man his boon, you are like to be haunted with his ghost, and I love to sleep sound at nights."

"You must take your chance of the ghaist, man," said Crawford; "for, by my soul, there is more lies on that dead pow than you think for. Come along with me—not a word more—Come along with me."

"Nay, for that matter," said Le Balafre, "I made him no promise; for, in truth, I had off his head before the tongue was well done wagging; and, as I feared him not living, by St. Martin of Tours I fear him as little when he is dead. Besides, my little gossip, the Friar of St. Martin's, will lend me a pot of holy water."

'When high mass had been said in the Cathedral Church of Liege, and the terrified town was restored to some moderate degree of order, Louis and Charles, with their peers around, proceeded to hear the claims of those who had any to make for services performed during the battle. Those which respected the county of Croye and its fair mistress were first received; and, to the disappointment of sundry



claimants, who had thought themselves sure of the rich prize, there seemed doubt and mystery to involve their several pretensions. Crevecœur showed a boar's hide, such as de la Marck usually wore: Dunois produced a cloven shield, with his armorial bearings; and there were others, who claimed the merit of having despatched the murderer of the Bishop, producing similar tokens—the rich reward fixed on De la Marck's head having brought death to all who were armed in his resemblance.

'There was much noise and contest among the competitors, and Charles (internally regretting the rash promise which had placed the hand and wealth of his fair vassal on such a hazard) was in hopes he might find means of evading all these conflicting claims, when Crawford pressed forward into the circle, dragging Le Balafre after him, who, awkward and bashful, followed like an unwilling mastiff towed on in a leash, as his leader exclaimed,—“Away with your hoofs and hides, and painted iron!—No one, save he who slew the Boar, can show the tusks!”

'So saying, he flung on the floor the bloody head, easily known as that of De la Marck by the singular conformation of the jaws, which in reality had a certain resemblance to those of the animal whose name he bore, and which was instantly recognised by all who had seen him.

“Crawford,” said Louis, while Charles sate silent, in gloomy and displeased surprise, “I trust it is one of my trusty Scots who has won this prize?”

“It is Ludovic Lesly, Sire, whom we call Balafre,” replied the old soldier.

“But is he noble?” said the Duke; “is he of gentle blood?—otherwise our promise is void.”

“He is a cross ungainly piece of wood enough,” said Crawford, looking at the tall, awkward, embarrassed figure of the archer; “but I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothes for all that—and they have been as noble as any house in France or Burgundy, ever since it is told of their founder that

‘Between the Less-lee and the mair  
He slew the Knight, and left him there.

“There is then no help for it,” said the Duke; “and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a mercenary soldier like this, or die secluded in a convent—and she the only child of our faithful Reginald de Croye!—I have been too rash.”

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“May it please your Majesty, and your Grace,” said Crawford, “I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. You shall understand that he has had it prophesied to him by a Seer in his own land, that the fortune of his house is to be made by marriage; but as he is, like myself, something the worse for the wear,—loves the wine-house better than a lady's summer-parlour, and, in short, having some barrack tastes and likings, which would make greatness in his own person rather an incumbrance to him, he hath acted by my advice, and resigns the pretensions acquired by the fate of slaying William de la Marck to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew.”

“ I will vouch for that youth’s services and prudence,” said King Louis, overjoyed to see that fate had thrown so gallant a prize to one over whom he had some influence. “ Without his prudence and vigilance we had been ruined—it was he who made us aware of the night-sally.”

“ I then,” said Charles, “ owe him some reparation for doubting his veracity.”

“ And I can attest his gallantry as a man-at-arms,” said Dunois.

“ But,” interrupted Crevecœur, “ though the uncle be a Scottish *gentilâtre*, that makes not the nephew necessarily so.”

“ He is of the House of Durward,” said Crawford; “ descended from that Allan Durward who was High Steward of Scotland.”

“ Nay, if it be young Durward,” said Crevecœur, “ I say no more—Fortune has declared herself on his side too plainly for me to struggle further with her humoursome ladyship.”

“ We have yet to inquire,” said Charles, thoughtfully, “ what the fair lady’s sentiments may be towards this fortunate adventurer.”

“ By the mass !” said Crevecœur, “ I have but too much reason to believe your Grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions—But why should I grudge this youth his preferment? since, after all, it is sense, firmness, and gallantry, which have put him in possession of WEALTH, RANK, and BEAUTY !”

Thus concludes Quentin Durward; and, though as a novel it may sometimes lack interest—at least that sort of interest which belongs exclusively to the hero and heroine—it displays, we think, more talent than any other of the author’s works. It will turn the public attention to a most interesting period of French history, and one which, although absurdly neglected by general readers, is perhaps the most accessible, and the least encumbered with antiquarian prohibitions; of any history of the same period.

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RINGAN GILHAIZE.

THE active author of the *Annals of the Parish* has sent forth another novel, which differs in few respects from his former productions. The scene is laid somewhat earlier, and the tale is meant to have a more historical complexion; but, in truth, it is like all that have preceded it—a mere collection of gossiping and old stories, put together with little ingenuity. It is surprising that, with such a theme, he has not produced a more agreeable work. The times, and the people of which he speaks, are, perhaps, better fitted for the purposes of romance than any others which the history of the country presents. The author of *Old Mortality* has shown how much may be made of them; and, although it would be unjust to both of them to compare the author of *Ringan Gilhaize* with the great unknown, we cannot but see the failure of the latter from the success of the former.

The story includes a long period, beginning with the troubles attending the reformation, in the reign of Mary, and the achievements of John Knox; by a singularly clumsy contrivance, this part is introduced as containing the relation of the adventures of the hero’s grandfather. The vulgarity and coarseness which we have before had occasion to notice in this author are here particularly offensive: not

only does he use such language which has been long laid aside for its grossness, but he describes scenes which can answer no purposes of amusement or instruction. The obscene description of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's incontinence exposes the author to much heavier charges than either the ignorance or the want of skill which may be alleged against his other works.

The following account of an interview between the queen and John Knox is a favorable specimen of this part of the work. The author has endeavoured to give an idea of the winning manners of the beautiful and calumniated queen, and he has failed, because he does not understand the means by which persons of such a rank captivate even their enemies: the trick of playing with Master John Knox's fingers is much more in the spirit of Doll Tearsheet than the Queen of Scots, who was the very model of feminine grace and high breeding. Knox proceeds with the Earl of Murray to meet the queen in the field, where she was gone on a hawking party:

'The Queen was on the upland when they drew near to the field, and on seeing them approach she came ambling towards them, moving in her beauty, as my grandfather often delighted to say, like a fair rose caressed by the soft gales of the summer. A smile was in her eye, and it brightened on her countenance like the beam of something more lovely than light: the glow, as it were, of a spirit conscious of its power, and which had graced itself with all its enchantments to conquer some stubborn heart. Even the Earl of Murray was struck with the unwonted splendour of her that was ever deemed so surpassing fair; and John Knox said, with a sigh, "THE MAKER had indeed taken gracious pains with the goodly fashion of such perishable clay."

'When she had come within a few paces of where they were advancing uncovered, she suddenly checked her jennet, and made him dance proudly round till she was nigh to John Knox, where, seeming in alarm, she feigned as if she would have slipped from the saddle, laying her hand on his shoulder for support; and while he, with more gallantry than it was thought in him, helped her to recover her seat, she said, with a ravishing look, "The Queen thanks you, Master Knox, for this upholding," dwelling on the word this in a special manner; which my grandfather noticed the more, as he as well as others of the retinue observed that she was playing as it were in dalliance.

'She then inquired kindly for his health, grieving she had not given orders for him to bed in the castle; and turning to the Earl of Murray, she chided his Lordship with a gentleness that was more winning than praise, why he had not come to her with Master Knox, saying, "We should then perhaps have not been so sharp in our controversy." But, before the Earl had time to make answer, she noticed divers gentlemen by name, and taking off her glove, made a most sweet salutation with her lily hand to the general concourse of those who had by this time gathered around.

'In that gracious gesture, it was plain, my grandfather said, that she was still scattering her feminine spells; for she kept her hand for some time bare, and though enjoying the pleasure which her

beautiful presence diffused, like a delicious warmth into the air, she was evidently self-collected, and had something more in mind than only the triumph of her marvellous beauty.

‘ Having turned her horse’s head, she moved him a few paces, saying, “ Master Knox, I would speak with you.” At which he went towards her, and the rest of the spectators retired and stood aloof.

‘ They appeared for some time to be in an easy and somewhat gay discourse on her part; but she grew more and more earnest, till Mr. Knox made his reverence and was coming away, when she said to him aloud, “ Well, do as you will, but that man is a dangerous man.”

‘ Their discourse was concerning the titular Bishop of Athens, a brother of the Earl of Huntly, who had been put in nomination for a superintendent of the church in the West Country, and of whose bad character her Highness, as it afterwards proved, had received a just account.

‘ But scarcely had the Reformer retired two steps when she called him back, and, holding out to him her hand, with which, when he approached to do his homage, she familiarly took hold of his and held it, playing with his fingers as if she had been placing on a ring, saying, loud enough to be heard by many on the field,—

“ I have one of the greatest matters that have touched me since I came into this realm to open to you, and I must have your help in it.”

‘ Then, still holding him earnestly by the hand, she entered into a long discourse concerning, as he afterwards told the Earl of Murray, a difference subsisting between the Earl and Countess of Argyle.

“ Her Ladyship,” said the Queen, for my grandfather heard him repeat what passed, “ has not perhaps been so circumspect in every thing as one could have wished, but her lord has dealt harshly with her.”

‘ Master Knox having once before reconciled the debates of that honorable couple, told her Highness he had done so, and that not having since heard any thing to the contrary, he had hoped all things went well with them.

“ It is worse,” replied the Queen, “ than ye believe. But, kind sir, do this much for my sake, as once again to put them at amity, and if the Countess behave not herself as she ought to do, she shall find no favour of me; but in no wise let Argyle know that I have requested you in this matter.”

‘ Afterwards, in speaking to the Earl of Murray, as they returned to Kinross, my grandfather noted that he employed many terms of soft courtliness, saying of her, that she was a lady who might, he thought, with a little pains, be won to grace and godliness, could she be preserved from the taint of evil counsellors; so much had the winning sorceries of her exceeding beauty and her blandishments worked even upon his stern honesty, and enchanted his jealousy asleep.

‘ When Master Knox had, with the Earl, partaken of some repast, he requested that he might be conveyed back to Edinburgh, for that it suited not with his nature to remain sorning about the skirts of the

court ; and his Lordship bade my grandfather be of his company, and to bid Sir Alexander Douglas, the master of his horse, choose for him the gentlest steed in his stable.

‘ But it happened before the Reformer was ready to depart, that Queen Mary had finished her morning pastime, and was returning to her barge to embark for the castle, which the Earl hearing, went down to the brim of the loch to assist at her embarkation. My grandfather, with others, also hastened to the spot.

‘ On seeing his Lordship, she inquired for “ her friend,” as she then called John Knox, and signified her regret that he had been so list to leave her, expressing her surprise that one so infirm should think so soon of a second journey ; whereby the good Earl being minded to cement their happy reconciliation, from which he augured a great increase of benefits both to the realm and the cause of religion, was led to speak of his concern thereat likewise, and of his sorrow that all his own horses at Kinross being for the chase and road, he had none well-fitting to carry a person so aged, and but little used to the toil of riding.

‘ Her Highness smiled at the hidden counselling of this remark, for she was possessed of a sharp spirit ; and she said, with a look which told the Earl and all about her that she discerned the pith of his Lordship’s discourse, she would order one of her own palfreys to be forthwith prepared for him.

‘ When the Earl returned from the shore and informed Master Knox of the Queen’s gracious condescension, he made no reply, but bowed his head in token of his sense of her kindness ; and soon after, when the palfrey was brought saddled with the other horses to the door, he said, in my grandfather’s hearing, to his Lordship, “ It needs, you see, my Lord, must be so ; for were I not to accept this grace, it might be thought I refused from a vain bravery of caring nothing for her Majesty’s favour ;” and he added, with a smile of jocularity, “ whereas I am right well content to receive the very smallest boon from so fair and blooming a lady.”

‘ Nothing of any particularity occurred in the course of the journey ; for the main part of which Master Knox was thoughtful and knit up in his own cogitations, and when from time to time he did enter into discourse with my grandfather, he spoke chiefly of certain usages and customs that he had observed in other lands, and of things of indifferent import ; but nevertheless there was a flavour of holiness in all he said, and my grandfather treasured many of his sweet sentences as pearls of great price.’

The history then proceeds at a most tedious pace through the religious persecutions which followed. In those under the reign of Charles II. the relator’s whole family was destroyed. This part of the history is given with a simplicity which is the author’s best qualification. At the fight of Drumclog, Ringan is wounded by Claverhouse’s own hand : the vengeance which he there swears is strengthened by the cruelties and outrages to which he and his children are afterwards exposed. At length, at the battle of Killiorankie, Claverhouse falls by his hand, and he thus not only satiates his vengeance, but rids Scotland from her bitterest and most formidable foe.

The Cameronians were at this time strong in number, and had joined Mackay, who was gone to attack Claverhouse and the Jacobites. Ringan remained in on account of his age and ill health. The following extract terminates the history, and is, perhaps, the best passage it contains :

‘ I was an old man, verging on threescore. ’

‘ I went to and fro in the streets of Edinburgh all day long, inquiring of every stranger the news ; and every answer that I got was some new triumph of Dundee. ’

‘ No sleep came to my burning pillow, or if, indeed, my eyelids for very weariness fell down, it was only that I might suffer the stings of anxiety in some sharper form ; for my dreams were of flames kindling around me, through which I saw behind the proud and exulting visage of Dundee. ’

‘ Sometimes in the depths of the night I rushed into the street, and I listened with greedy ears, thinking I heard the trampling of dragoons and the heavy wheels of cannon ; and often in the day, when I saw three or four persons speaking together, I ran towards them, and broke in upon their discourse with some wild interrogation, that made them answer me with pity. ’

‘ But the haste and frenzy of this alarm suddenly changed : I felt that I was a chosen instrument ; I thought that the ruin which had fallen on me and mine was assuredly some great mystery of Providence : I remembered the prophecy of my grandfather, that a task was in store for me, though I knew not what it was ; I forgot my old age and my infirmities ; I hastened to my chamber ; I put money in my purse ; I spoke to no one ; I bought a carabine ; and I set out alone to reinforce Mackay. ’

‘ As I passed down the street, and out at the West Port, I saw the people stop and look at me with silence and wonder. As I went along the road, several that were passing inquired where I was going so fast ? but I waived my hand, and hurried by. ’

‘ I reached the Queensferry without as it were drawing breath. I embarked ; and, when the boat arrived at the northern side, I had fallen asleep ; and the ferryman, in compassion, allowed me to slumber unmolested. When I awoke I felt myself refreshed. I leapt on shore, and went again impatiently on. ’

‘ But my mind was then somewhat calmer ; and, when I reached Kinross, I bought a little bread, and, retiring to the brink of the lake, dipt it in the water, and it was a savoury repast. ’

‘ As I approached the Brigg of Earn I felt age in my limbs, and though the spirit was willing the body could not ; and I sat down, and I mourned that I was so frail and so feeble. But a marvellous vigour was soon again given to me, and I rose refreshed from my resting-place on the wall of the bridge, and the same night I reached Perth. I stopped in a stabler’s till the morning. At break of day, having hired a horse from him, I hastened forward to Dunkeld, where he told me Mackay had encamped the day before, on his way to defend the Pass of Killicrankie. ’ \* \* \* \* \*

‘ General Mackay halted the host on a spacious green plain which lies at the meeting of the Tummel and the Gary, and which the High-



landers call *Fascali*, because, as the name in their tongue signifies, no trees are growing thereon. This place is the threshold of the Pass of *Killicrankie*, through the dark and woody chasms of which the impatient waters of the *Gary* come with hoarse and wrathful mutterings and murmurs. The hills and mountains around are built up in more olden and antic forms than those of our Lowland parts, and a wild and strange solemnity is mingled there with much fantastical beauty, as if, according to the minstrelsy of ancient times, sullen wizards and game-some fairies had joined their arts and spells to make a common dwelling-place.

‘As the soldiers spread themselves over the green bosom of *Fascali*, and piled their arms and furled their banners, and laid their drums on the ground, and led their horses to the river, the general sent forward a scout through the Pass, to discover the movements of *Claverhouse*, having heard that he was coming from the castle of *Blair-Athol*, to prevent his entrance into the Highlands.

‘The officer sent to make the espial had not been gone above half an hour, when he came back in great haste, to tell that the Highlanders were on the brow of a hill above the house of *Rinrorie*; and that, unless the house was immediately taken possession of, it would be mastered by *Claverhouse* that night.

‘*Mackay*, at this news, ordered the trumpets to sound, and as the echoes multiplied and repeated the alarm, it was as if all the spirits of the hills called the men to arms. The soldiers looked around as they formed their ranks, listening with delight and wonder at the universal bravery.

‘*Mackay* directed the troops, at crossing a raging brook called the *Girnaig*, to keep along a flat of land above the house of *Rinrorie*, and to form in order of battle on the field beyond the garden, and under the hill where the Highlanders were posted; the baggage and campequipages he at the same time ordered down into a plain that lies between the bank on the crown of which the house stands and the river *Gary*. An ancient monumental stone in the middle of the lower plain shows that in some elder age a battle had been fought there, and that some warrior of might and fame had fallen.

‘In taking his ground on that elevated shelf of land, *Mackay* was minded to stretch his left wing to intercept the return of the Highlanders towards *Blair*, and, if possible, oblige them to enter the Pass of *Killicrankie*, by which he would have cut them off from their resources in the North, and so perhaps mastered them without any great slaughter.

‘But *Claverhouse* discerned the intent of his movement, and before our covenanted host had formed their array, it was evident that he was preparing to descend; and as a foretaste of the vehemence wherewith the Highlanders were coming, we saw them rolling large stones to the brow of the hill.

‘In the mean time the house of *Rinrorie* having been deserted by the family, the lady, with her children and maidens, had fled to *Lude* or *Struan*, *Mackay* ordered a party to take possession of it, and to post themselves at the windows which look up the hill. I was among those who went into the house, and my station was at the easternmost

window, in a small chamber which is entered by two doors,—the one opening from the stair-head, and the other from the drawing-room. In this situation we could see but little of the distribution of the army or the positions that Mackay was taking, for our view was confined to the face of the hill whereon the Highlanders were busily preparing for their descent. But I saw Claverhouse on horseback riding to and fro, and plainly inflaming their valour with many a courageous gesture; and as he turned and winded his prancing war-horse, his breast-plate blazed to the setting sun like a beacon on the hill.

‘When he had seemingly concluded his exhortation, the Highlanders stooped forward, and hurled down the rocks which they had gathered for their forerunners; and while the stones came leaping and bounding with a noise like thunder, the men followed in thick and separate bands, and Mackay gave the signal to commence firing.

‘We saw from the windows many of the Highlanders, at the first volley, stagger and fall, but the others came furiously down; and before the soldiers had time to stick their bayonets into their guns, the broad swords of the clansmen hewed hundreds to the ground.

‘Within a few minutes the battle was general between the two armies; but the smoke of the firing involved all the field, and we could see nothing from the windows. The echoes of the mountains raged with the din, and the sounds were multiplied by them in so many different places, that we could not tell where the fight was hottest. The whole country around resounded as with the uproar of a universal battle.

‘I felt the passion of my spirit return; I could no longer restrain myself, nor remain where I was. Snatching up my carabine, I left my actionless post at the window, and hurried down stairs, and out of the house. I saw by the flashes through the smoke that the firing was spreading down into the plain where the baggage was stationed, and by this I knew that there was some movement in the battle; but whether the Highlanders or the Covenanters were shifting their ground I could not discover, for the valley was filled with smoke, and it was only at times that a sword, like a glance of lightning, could be seen in the cloud wherein the thunders and tempest of the conflict were raging.’

The defeat of Mackay’s troops seemed certain; they were in full flight, and the Highlanders were endeavouring to cut off their retreat. Ringan falls into a fit of despair, from which, however, he soon recovers:

‘I took up my carabine, which in these transports had fallen from my hand, and I went round the gable of the house into the garden—and I saw Claverhouse, with several of his officers, coming along the ground by which our hosts had marched to their position, and ever and anon turning round, and exhorting his men to follow him. It was evident he was making for the Pass to intercept our scattered fugitives from escaping that way.

‘The garden in which I then stood was surrounded by a low wall. A small goose-pool lay on the outside, between which and the garden I perceived that Claverhouse would pass.

‘I prepared my flint, and examined my firelock, and I walked to-

wards the top of the garden with a firm step. The ground was buoyant to my tread, and the vigour of youth was renewed in my aged limbs : I thought that those for whom I had so mourned walked before me—that they smiled, and beckoned me to come on, and that a glorious light shone around me.

‘ Claverhouse was coming forward ; several officers were near him, but his men were still a little behind, and seemed inclined to go down the hill, and he chided at their reluctance. I rested my carabine on the garden-wall. I bent my knee, and knelt upon the ground. I aimed, and fired ; but when the smoke cleared away, I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war-horse.

‘ I loaded again, again I knelt, and again rested my carabine upon the wall, and fired a second time, and was again disappointed.

‘ Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven, and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, “ Lord, remember David and all his afflictions ; ” and, having so prayed, I took aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse raising his arm in command, I fired. In the same moment I looked up, and there was a vision in the air, as if all the angels of brightness, and the martyrs in their vestments of glory, were assembled on the walls and battlements of heaven to witness the event ; and I started up and cried, “ I have delivered my native land ! ” But in the same instant I remembered to whom the glory was due, and falling again on my knees, I raised my hands and bowed my head as I said, “ Not mine, O Lord, but thine is the victory ! ”

‘ When the smoke rolled away I beheld Claverhouse in the arms of his officers, sinking from his horse, and the blood flowing from a wound between the breastplate and the arm-pit. The same night he was summoned to the audit of his crimes.

‘ It was not observed by the officers from what quarter the summoning bolt of justice came, but, thinking it was from the house, every window was instantly attacked, while I deliberately retired from the spot,—and, till the protection of the darkness enabled me to make my escape across the Gary, and over the hills in the direction I saw Mackay and the remnants of the flock taking, I concealed myself among the bushes and rocks that overhung the violent stream of the Girnaig.

‘ Thus was my avenging vow fulfilled,—and thus was my native land delivered from bondage. For a time yet there may be rumours and bloodshed, but they will prove as the wreck which the waves roll to the shore after a tempest. The fortunes of the papistical Stuarts are foundered for ever. Never again in this land shall any king, of his own caprice and prerogative, dare to violate the conscience of the people.’

In his postscript the author endeavours to excuse the coarseness of his style ; and his strongest plea is, that it is at least new. Even this, sorry as it is, we deny : there is nothing new in the attempt to write vulgarly, but it has never been so successful as to invite general imitation. It is one thing to elevate a mean subject, and another to write meanly on every subject. The author’s *forte* lies in the latter,

## WINE AND WALNUTS; OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

BY EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE, CITIZEN AND DRYSALTER.

THIS is one of the most amusing parlour-window books that we have lately seen : its design is somewhat original ; and, if the execution is not always so happy as to keep up the delusion which the author intends, it is quite sufficient to be always entertaining. It purports to be an account of the recollections of an old citizen, who was born in that part of the last century which was richer in eminent men in literature and the arts than that in which we live. We are not prone to be enthusiastic in our admiration *temporis acti*, and should be willing enough to believe, if we could, that there are as many great men in our times ; but the fact is lamentably against the latter conclusion. The condition of society, the tone and manners of this period, are, it must be allowed, very different from those to which the scenes in Mr. Hardcastle's book refers : the same good-fellowship does not prevail among men of talent as did formerly ; there is no longer a free-masonry of genius ; and men do not associate, as they did then, because their pursuits tended, or their abilities were exerted, in similar directions. The coffee-houses, once the resort of wits, where, as in a free community, every man might enter, and make good his standing by the display of such qualities as he possessed, exist no longer. For this reason, therefore, if for no other, we fear no future Ephraim Hardcastle will be enabled to chronicle the social doings and sayings of the great men of our times.

This ingenious author describes himself as having been born 80 years ago, the son of an eminent weaver in Spitalfields. A disposition to learn and to record all the remarkable facts relative to old buildings and old people distinguished his earliest years, and this antiquarian predilection gained him the name of Old Mortality. His connexions threw him into the acquaintance of some of the greatest painters, and wits and players, of the day, and he soon seems to have been on terms with them all. He describes various conversations and parties at which they were assembled ; and he has so cleverly collected the remarkable points of their characters, that he gives a singular indentity and truth to his descriptions. In his magic lantern he alternately shows up Pope, Swift, Hogarth, Handel, Sterne, Garrick, and all the other men of that age, great as well as small, who presented any claim to distinction. In these colloquies he has sometimes great disadvantages to cope with ; and, although he does not always give us a fitting idea of the powers of the greater men among them, he never goes so far below them as to incur a very heavy censure. It is no easy thing to talk in the vein of Swift and Fielding ; and yet the narration of a visit paid by the former to a whimsical bookseller on London Bridge, as it then stood, covered with houses, is one of the best in the collection. For this reason, and to give a favorable idea of the author's style, we have extracted it :

“ Good morrow, master Crispin,” thus familiarly saluted the Dean of St. Patrick the spruce old Tucker, as he entered his little slip of a shop under the gateway on London Bridge. “ Well, how does the world use you these ticklish times ? ” — “ Thank your reverence,”

answered the civil shopkeeper, (perceiving at once the clerical cut of his visitor,) "quite as well as my neighbours, and much better than I deserve, God mend me!" "That's more than I can say," gruffly replied the Dean. "I am sorry to hear that, reverend sir," said Crispin, regarding his person from head to foot; "very sorry indeed!" "Sorry!" said Swift; "why should *you* be sorry, man? Why, I question if we ever met before! *Sorry sauce is sour sauce* at a first greeting; so they have it in my country." "Perhaps so," answered Crispin Tucker; "but as your greeting was kind, and your own story not so contented as mine, I might express my sorrow, *though we are strangers.*" "Yes," said Swift, looking sternly; "this is the way your grave sinners impose one on another: *Good morrow*, said I, not caring a copper farthing about you; and you meet my worthless compliment with your affected sympathy: we ought to be ashamed of ourselves—Out upon it! Let us mend our manners; 'tis high time—Out upon it," drawing a leather-bottomed stool towards him with his foot, and gravely shaking his head as he at the same time carelessly opened an old book; then laying down his hat as he was about to be seated, the bookseller begged he might first wipe the seat. "No, no; I'll wipe it myself," said the Dean, eyeing him almost out of countenance, whilst he dusted the seat with the tail of his coat, adding, with another serious shake of his head, "Ah, master Crispin! you are *mighty civil spoken*, like your neighbours; that costs not much; but as for thy sorrow, man—I don't believe a word of the matter." "The more's the pity," said Crispin. "For why?" demanded the Dean. "For why, reverend sir?" retorted the bookseller: "why, if thy faith were but as a grain of mustard-seed, thou mightest remove a mountain." "Oh, oh!" answered the Dean, looking him through with his keen eye, "what, you quote Holy Writ, do you? You are right, master Crispin; ticket your wares with texts of Scripture, and you may cheat that wily old trickster Beelzebub himself. Out upon it, master Crispin; no wonder you thrive.

' When shopkeepers *preach*,  
The devil may screech'—

so that saying is in my country." "That must be a strange land of your's, your reverence, where this is delivered as gospel." "Why, master Crispin, I come from a strange country, sure enough; there you have hit it," changing his countenance at once to a smile; "mine is a land of wondrous odd mortals, sure enough! But what have we here, good man?" reaching from the window one of the prints of Milton, More, and Cowley; and turning suddenly round upon Crispin, who was slyly reading his features, "Heigh, what is this? Did Pope write these lines?"

"I should be ashamed to utter falsehood to *you*," said the bookseller. "And why to *me*?" said the Dean with quickness, suspecting he was known. "Because of your sacred cloth," replied the sagacious Crispin, bowing respectfully. "No, sir, Pope did *not* write them." "Then who did?" demanded the Dean. "That I am not bound to confess," answered Crispin, smiling. "I could mark the man," said the Dean, looking steadfastly in his face. "Are

you not he?" "Mark yourself with the sign of the Cross," replied the collected bookseller, "and I perchance may answer." "That is not my custom," said the Dean. "Oh! then I must wait another cargo of confessors from *over the water*," said Crispin Tucker; "God mend me! you take me, sir." "Yes," said the Dean, "I take you; and I take you for a wicked rogue to boot, to play these tricks with your betters." "Why, reverend sir," said Crispin, gaily; "Mister Pope, I'm sure, would laugh at such a frolic." "Humph! I'm not sure of that," said the Dean. "The devil," said Crispin; "why, so great a man has more wit, sure. No body that he cares for would take my scribbling for his: ha, ha, ha! These things do for the chuckle-heads within the Walls there: ha, ha, ha!"

"But I have heard it whispered," said the Dean, assuming a severe air, "that Mister Pope talks of setting a lawyer upon your shoulders, and that seriously too." "Does he?" said Crispin: "oh then, if he's for that, he shall have a Roland for his Oliver. I'll whip him into *my* Dunciad; yes, he shall have a dive down in the mud with the rest of the Pharisees. I'll dub him the water-wagtail—the dishwasher of Twickenham."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Dr. Swift; this was too much to his taste; "ha, ha, haugh! I wished to know you, master Crispin, and I have found you answer the picture I had drawn; ha, ha, ha! I shall tell Pope of this, and he will go hang himself." "No, no, he need not fear," said Crispin; "I'll not hurt a feather of him; he is too fine a bird to be made dabble in a ditch." "What, then, you admire him, master Crispin?" "Admire him! who does not, sir?" "Why, he has his enemies," said the Dean. "Alas!" replied the bookseller, shaking his head, "we writers, the best of us, are subject to envy; us poets are cruelly underrated in this iron age." "Very true," added the Dean, in the same dry humour, assuming equal gravity; "but posterity is always just, master Crispin." "That is my hope, reverend sir; doubtless I shall be effigied at full length in the conventual church over there (pointing to St. Saviour's), by the side of old John Gower, and then, there our neighbours may behold the first and last of English rhymesters." "Yes," said the Dean; "he with his *CONFESSIO AMANTIS*, and you with your \* \* \* \*. And so you admire Pope?" "Aye, sir; and I am happy to hear he is so well paid for his Homer. I am told, you understand me, sir, (we always talk of what a man gets by his trade here in the East,) I'm told he has made a matter of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, one way and t'other; God help us! more than any ten of your inspired ones ever made before, from the time of Homer to Colly Cibber. To be sure, his versification is not sent into the world in slouch hat, and slipshod; but I think, God help my poor judgment! that master Dryden knew his business quite as well. Pope, no doubt, is the neatest lapidary, as a body may say, has cut his diamond like a skilful workman; but I like Dryden for all that, his angles are bolder; but he is not so good a jeweller, 'tis not so clean set; you take me. Little Alek sends his work home nicely wrapped in cotton; Dryden, though as good an artist, did his job in a hurry, and sent it home in



an old song. Master Johnny, like most other clever fellows, could not wait for his money; worked from hand to mouth; you take me. —Ah! so it is in this comical ball; I question but Crispin Tucker has made as much on't, the more shame for Apollo, as poor John Dryden; but, as you say, reverend sir, posterity is just; and the good Duke\* has not only tucked him in, in his marble bed, but set himself to sleep on the foot on't, among the rest of the worthies in Poets' Corner."

"Oh! you are a cynic, too; better and better! Well, and what iron have you on the anvil now, master Crispin? I suppose yours are all ready-money jobs?" "Pretty well for that, sir; your poets, though they write for *credit*, should never give it. I've written many a lover's sonnet for a dying swain before marriage, where, if I had not touched the cash on the nail, I might have whistled for it after the honeymoon. So with an epitaph for some sad widower, with broken heart, who would have broken my head six months after, had I dunned for the money."

The story of Caleb Whitefoord and the thrum mop is not quite new, but it is so happy a display of schoolboy waggery, that it deserves to be repeated:

"When things went very wrong, sometimes the potent monarch of the school would send the culprits, one by one, to the dark repository, to fetch each a broom, from which he was commanded to tear out the knotty sprigs, and bind up his own instrument of punishment. "Fetch me that thing," quoth he (for the old gentleman at these awful times would speak in parables)—"Fetch me that foul instrument," quoth he, "which servants use to sweep and clean corruption quite away from human sight, and each of you shall bind a rod, in presence of our majesty, such as your conscience shall suit unto the measure of your crimes."

"It happened that the stock was just exhausted. To make the matter still more solemn, he caused each culprit to send a written order to the pickle-shop, and seal it with black wax, and wait without until the messenger returned. Then each was marshalled by loud command, and ordered to come forth, bearing the ensign of disgrace. Eight unhappy wights crawled in, with downcast looks, each with a broom. Caleb brought up the rear, shouldering a new *thrum mop*, looking as bold as brass; he was the youngest of the group.

"What's this I do behold?" quoth the schoolmaster, staring with surprise; "is it thus you dare mock me, urchin?"

"No, sir," said Caleb, standing with his broom as soldiers were wont to rest a pike, the other arm resting on his hip; "I take you at your word, and chuse my rod from this, such as my conscience measures to my crime," quoting at the same time, without altering

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\* 'The monument in Westminster Abbey was erected to the memory of this great poet by the Duke of Buckingham, who thought so highly of his writings, that no epitaph was necessary to proclaim his fame. Hence the inscription is simply "J. DRYDEN, born 1632, died May 1, 1700. John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire, erected this monument." The wits of the time used to say it was *Dryden's and Buckingham's tomb*. There is a bust of the poet on the top of the monument.'

a muscle of his roguish face—"now, your majesty, clean corruption quite away from human sight, and give us a good thrumming!"

"Where is your *broom*, sir?" said the schoolmaster, struggling to keep his countenance.

"I trucked it with a *witch* for this thrum mop," patting its woolly head; "and it has a charm to hold us harmless."

'It was a magical charm, indeed! for the worthy schoolmaster laughed so heartily, so out of all decency, in fact, that the ushers *politically* begged a half holiday for the whole school, to save his majesty's reputation; and thus they escaped a thrumming!

'Caleb's ready wit, which began thus early, and continued so late, prompted him to take due advantage of his master's *dramatic humour*; and, instead of sending for a birch broom, he wrote an order for a *best thrum mop*, and desired it, at a venture, to be put down to the *separate account of mistress*.'

There is another scene, in which the eccentric, happy-tempered, talented Gainsborough, is painted in colours so true and so delightful, as makes us love the author. At the same time there is so jocund an air about it, and so characteristic are the speeches put into the mouths of the other persons of the party, that this is our favorite chapter. In the belief that it will also please the reader, we have extracted it at length:

"What a delightful little snuggery is this said Bull and Bush," observed Gainsborough, as he poured the new milk into his breakfast-cup. "Faith! there is cream upon't, a *pathenomon* we cockneys seldom behold."

"That's a new sort of Greek," said Garrick—"what, and is that too from your Fowler's Lexicon?"

"It is, my Davy-boy."—Now this Fowler\* was an honest old tailor, whom Gainsborough patronised, one of the oddest fish of all whom he employed, and many a comical wight he did employ: for if a shopkeeper, mechanic, or handicraft, had any eccentricity or singularity about him, and was honest and obliging withal, he became that man's patron. In that he resembled Hogarth. This Fowler, who lived in Seven Dials, was recommended by Garrick; he had been employed for the stage wardrobe, and carried about with him a vocabu-

\* 'Gainsborough occasionally made sketches from old Fowler, who had a picturesque countenance, and silver-grey locks. On the chimney-piece of his painting-room, among other curiosities, was a beautiful preparation of an infant *cranium*, presented to the painter by his old friend surgeon Cruikshanks. Fowler, without moving his position, continually peered at it askance, with inquisitive eye. "Ah! master Fowler," said the painter; "that is a mighty curiosity." "What might it be, sir, if I might be so bold?" "A *whale's eye*," replied Gainsborough.

"Oh! not so! never say so, muster Gainsborough. Laws! Sir, it is a little child's scull!"

"You have hit upon it," said the wag. "Why, Fowler, you are a witch! But, what will you think, when I tell you, that it is the scull of *Julius Caesar* when he was a little boy?"

"Goodlaws!" exclaimed Fowler; "what a *pathenomon*!" (phenomenon.)'

lary of his own, so perfectly unique, that Gainsborough, who was the greatest mad-cap of his day, used to intersperse his conversation with old Fowler's choicest phrases. Indeed, such were the occasional ebullitions of his spirits—such his aberrations from the sober decorum of conversation, that strangers not unfrequently thought him beside his wits. “Indeed his cranium is so crammed with genius of every kind,” said Garrick, “that it is in danger of bursting upon you, like a steam-engine overcharged, which, were it duly regulated, its powers would be as great:” adding, “Poor Tom! storm or gentle breeze, he never takes in sail, but is always before the wind with his sky-scrapers.”

“And what a table-cloth,” said Gainsborough,—“damask—Dutch damask, by the Lord—bright as the geese that flap their white wings there upon the heath. What a nosegay! washed in a spring and dried on a gooseberry-bush—smell it, Davy—damme, it is a better provocative than a barrel of *Colchester natives*! upon my soul, Sterne.”—“More expletives,” said Laurence—“why, you reprobate, you cannot utter ten sentences without an oath.”

“Thank you,” said he, putting a large piece of roll in his mouth—“thank ye, *Parson Pure*.—Well, then, upon my conscience—Lord, how mawkish—upon my”—Sterne put his hand before his mouth—“Upon—upon,”—pushing his arm away—“out it must come—upon my soul, Davy, you are a man of feeling: but as for this sentimental impostor—Davy, is not this little inn an epitome of the island—every thing fitting, every thing good, every thing as it ought to be—a pattern for every region of the *terryostical* globe?”

“Thou art a terryostical goose,” said Sterne.—“By and by, mark me, Reynolds, something will go wrong, and then 'twill be *confound* this said England, and all that appertaineth thereunto.”

“Look you there—what a flock of them—(opportunistly some twenty or thirty geese had taken their flight from the upper Heath towards a pond at North End)—mercy on us!—what a fright I was in!”—“Why?” said Sterne. “I verily took them for a flight of hungry curates, in their white surplices, come to eat us up,” said Gainsborough.”

“Fye—fye,” said Caleb Whitefoord; “how long is it since you were at church, Tom, not to know a parson from a goose?” Sterne laughed most heartily—almost to suffocation, poor soul! he was so asthmatic.

“Waiter, have you any more eggs in the house?” said Gainsborough.

“Yes, sir, the cook is boiling some.”

“You have a little farm here, I see,” said Whitefoord.—“Pray, waiter, are these eggs of your own hatching?—I like a new laid egg.”

“No, sir,” answered the waiter, rather pertly, and with a grin, they are hatched by *master's hens*.” This was a standing repartee, ready cut and dried, and kept in store for cockneys.

“I thought they might be yours,” gravely retorted Caleb, “for I found a gosling in one of them.” This converted him into a civil obliging waiter for the remainder of the day.

"I ask pardon for my rudeness, sir," said the poor fellow, bowing and blushing as he returned with the eggs.

"You are welcome to it," replied Caleb, laughing very good-naturedly; "we are quits."

"Do tell me, you Sir Joshua, and you other travelling luminaries, pray have they any such delectable, healthy, stomach-whetting little inns abroad?—As I hope to be saved, I am hungry as a winter wolf. By the powers, I am calculating upon dinner in the midst of breakfast. Let us knock up a bill of fare—Item: your dainty little white chicks, with gizzard tucked under one arm and liver under t'other—parsley and butter—did you see that double-headed parsley in the garden, Reynolds?"

"No, I did not; it escaped me."

"No, sir! why where were your chromatics?—trees in miniature—a fairy wood, green as an emerald, and not see it! Yes, white-legged chicks and streaky bacon—Didst see the peas, Reynolds, twining up the lilliputian hop-poles?"—"I did, sir," answered Reynolds, smiling.—"O! then be thankful to the Lord for preserving your optics. That's a blessing, at any rate. What are you ruminating about, hey, friend Laurence?—are you going to be dull because I lampooned the parsons, man?—come, give me thy hand. No, Sterne, God forbid I should speak disrespectfully of your cloth. I love a parson next to painting—that's gospel. I never set my foot in a parsonage-house, if it be tenanted by a pious man, but I could weep. To see learning and science sitting beneath its humble porch, in the sacred person of a parish priest, raises my mind to holy veneration. Blessed be the ancient hands, when parcelling out this land, that did reserve its acres for the church."—"Amen!" said Sterne.

"But I should make an irreligious king, perhaps," said Gainsborough.

"Why so, Tom?" said Sterne.

"Why so! why I should make too many of you bishops."

"But your bill of fare," said Sterne; "let's have your bill of fare, Tom."

"True," replied the lively soul; "we must think of the temporalities, have due regard for the flesh—but where's the fish? That's a pretty business—'*there's the rub.*' Wheugh (whistling)—Why, Davy! did you not promise to provide a salmon? Waiter—wait-er-er-er"—elongating the sound,—have you any idler about, any otter-nosed idler, that you can despatch to town to buy a bit of fish?"

"A cod's head and shoulders," said Garrick, who knew Tom's aversion.

"O no!" said Gainsborough, "I hate that slimy dish; besides—what, Davy, cod in June for men of *science*, men of *art*, Davy!—Why, journeymen house-painters at a bean-feast would spurn cod in June. No; let's have a turbot, Davy—a dainty turbot, and lobsters with springy tails."

"Make yourself easy, Tom," said Garrick; "I wonder you, with your otter's nose, had not smelt fish in the boot. Old Dick Toms, true to his word, packed up a Thames salmon"—Gainsborough rubbed his hands—"and a brace of small turbot."—Gainsborough

smacked his lip—"And cock-tail lobsters too, Davy?"—"Yes, you cormorant," said Garrick.

"Bravo, Davy!—When misers make a feast, it is always so. What say you to a green goose, and some of the landlord's peas—all fresh, with the bloom upon them? What a delectable sight to see pretty maiden fingers shelling of peas—it's so summer-ish! Oh that I were a pea, a marrow-fat, between the dimpled fingers of mine host-his wife!"—mimicking Garrick's Romeo.

"O that I were a cudgel to break thy silly pate," said Garrick.—"Do cut me another slice of ham, Davy;—deuce take it, why one would take you for an Israelite, you cuddle that swine's flesh so carefully. Come, come, a little thicker. See, gentlemen, what a niggard 'tis—a mere Jonathan Tyers—a Vauxhall-er, thin as leaf gold. Gods! one would think you were peeling your own flesh—'twas almost out (whispering), or carving *your own* ham!"

"There, will that do—Simon Lock?" said Garrick.

"And who was he?"

"Why, one that old Sam. Johnson knew, who ate his wits away; a fellow who fed with two spoons, and wept because he could not swallow faster."

"If every age improves, what a Simon that fellow Master Simon's grandfather must have been," said Gainsborough. "Though there be greater fools than he. Poor Simon *knew* what *he* wept for; some fellows weep they *know not* for what. But I hate the taste of the knife; so one more delicate slice, Davy. This is a very delicious ham.—What, was this bog of your own curing, waiter?"—"Yes, sir."

"Killed first and cured afterwards, hey?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Aye, very good—that must have been an Irish invention."

"You must be *killed first*, by the Lord, to be *cured* of your Tom-fooleries," said Garrick.

"What breed are your hogs—Chinese, hey, waiter?" said Garrick.—"Yes, Sir."

"Faith I'm just in the humour now," continued Tom, "to *kill* and *cure* one of your Chinese well-fed copper-coloured Mandarins, or a fat fair she Mandarin, better still—they have such pretty little peeping, piggish, as much as to say *Come-kill-me, eyes!*"

"Well, in the name of all that's wild, what next, Tom-o'Bedlam!" said Garrick, laughing most boisterously—which we chorussed.

"What next! why (singing right humorously) we'd hang him up o' the chimney top, and smoke him into bacon.—Come boys, chorus bacon!—We'd hang her up in the chimney top, and smoke *her too* into bacon."

"What pity 'tis that court fools are out of date," said Garrick.

"By Jupiter, Tom, you would have out-fooled Will Somers, Archey, Muckle-John, and all the Patches that ever wore the party-coloured livery."

"And I were, I'd not spare the rogues; (then sponted) *Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and as afore-said, Patroclus is a fool.*" When suddenly turning grave, he added, "Yes, Davy! *I am even the natural fool of fortune*, as thy master Shakspeare says, for I have quitted my darling profession, left the

woods and groves, to stew myself in an elegant carpeted damn'd dungeon, with *two windows shut*, and *one half open*, to paint fools' heads!"

' Poor Gainsborough!—he was constantly regretting that imperious fate had compelled him to relinquish the study of landscape for portrait painting. "The sight of the green fields," as Garrick once observed with great emotion, "always awakened Tom's affection for his first love!"

' Yes, poor Gainsborough!—he verily died an enthusiast.—"We are all going to Heaven," said he, "and Vandyck is one of the party!" [Vide Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures.]

We feel, however, that it is not easy to give an adequate idea of the author's work by such extracts as we are able to make. Every page teems with interesting facts or amusing anecdotes. The characters introduced are all of them persons whose names are connected with recollections now become classical; and, for some reason or other, hold such places in the reader's memory as make him glad to hear and to see them in the familiar style which Mr. Hardcastle has adopted. Perhaps we are convinced that this is merely an assumed name; perhaps we think that the author did not see nor hear the stories he tells, but has diligently collected and adroitly exhibited them; but then we do not know any right we have to take off the gentleman's mask, more particularly when it has been assumed for our amusement. This we must say, on concluding his volumes, that they have afforded us great delight in showing up the worthies of the last century, and that we admire the feeling which prompted his labours no less than the skill with which they have been performed.

### **WORKS IN PREPARATION.**

Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand, by Captain A. Cruise, of the 84th regiment.

Charles and Julia, by the Author of Glenarvon, Ada Reis, &c.

The Duke of Mantua, a drama.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, by J. R. Young.

The Natural History of Meteorites, by J. Brayley, junior.

Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of the Novels by the Author of Waverley, by the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts.

Secret Memoirs of the Sufferings and Captivity of the Royal Family of France in the Temple, by the Duchess of Angouleme.

Distortions and Deformities of the Human Body, by John Shaw.

The Youth of Reginald Dalton, by Mr. Lockhart.

A New Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus, by Francis Howell.

Exterior Views of the Theatres of London and its Suburbs, by Daniel Havell.

Practical Essays on Mill-work, by Robert Buchanan.

Woman's a Riddle, or England for Ever, by Ann of Swansea.

The History and Description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden at Paris.

Patience, a tale, by Mrs. Hofland.

Edward Neville, or the Memoirs of an Orphan.

De Mowbray, or the Stranger Knight, a romance, by Nella Stephens.

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Points of Humour, illustrated with Plates, by George Cruikshank.

Miscellaneous Poems, by Charles Lloyd.

Rational Stenography, or Shorthand made Easy, on Byrom's system, by J. Nightingale.



**WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.**

- The Charity Almanack for 1823, 18mo. 5s. 6d.  
 Las Cases' Journal, parts 5 & 6, 21s. English, 18s. French.  
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THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by A. Cooper.*

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# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1823.

## MEMOIR OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

‘ Another guest there was, of sense refin’d,  
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
Serene, yet warm ; humane, yet firm his mind ;  
As little touch’d as any man’s with bad :  
Him through their inmost walks the Muses led,  
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,  
And sometimes would he make our valley glad.’

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE retirement in which authors live in these times, when compared with their former notoriety, is certainly very remarkable. Beyond that circle of intimate friends which surrounds every man, little indeed is known of the personal character of writers whose works are ‘familiar as household words’ to a considerable portion of the community. Besides the prevalent customs of society, one great cause of this is that there is really little in their concerns to interest the public attention: they are generally quiet and retiring persons; and unless, like Lord Byron, they have created a mysterious interest by eccentricities and coquetry, or, like Mr. Cobbett, by mere impudence and scurrility, folks in general care as little as they know about them. What more can be said by way of memoir than to specify the time of their births, and the periods and complexion of their works? If, then, our memoirs of authors should seem occasionally scanty, the benevolent reader must not blame us, but the barrenness of our poets’ lives.

*Thomas Campbell, Esq.* the subject of our present labours, is an instance of this barrenness. He is nothing in the world but a gentleman and a poet; and we believe that by no action of his life has he ever placed his true claim to either of those characters in the slightest doubt. He is a native of Glasgow, where he first saw the light in the year 1777. He was educated at the grammar-school of that city, under the venerable Dr. Alison, who gained a well-merited reputation for the proficiency which his pupils acquired in the classics, and in polite learning of every description. Mr. Campbell is an exception to the common and often just opinion, that young men who distinguish themselves at college fail to realize the expectations of their youthful exertions. Nothing could be more brilliant or triumphant than his college career. He was entered of the University of Glasgow at the age of twelve, and in the following year gained an exhibition, or, as it is called there, a bursary on the foundation, by a victory over the man then bearing the reputation of the first scholar, and who was, besides, twice as old as our poet. During the whole of his academical course he gained every prize for which he tried, and his genius became so much the more remarkable, because to astonishing facility and aptness he added that, the want of which has been the ruin of many a man perhaps as eminently gifted by nature—unremitting industry. His study was even more remarkable than his success, and procured the advantage of the regard and friendship of many of the most eminent of his countrymen.

His translations from the Greek dramatists were highly and deservedly

praised, and on the last of them the Glasgow professor pronounced a high eulogium when he awarded to it the prize.

On quitting college Mr. Campbell went to reside in Edinburgh, where he published his *Pleasures of Hope*. This poem has long been before the public, and is so well appreciated that we feel it unnecessary to say more than that, for correctness and beauty, it is unrivalled among modern poetry. It has been objected that there is a certain appearance of labour in the poetry: this may be true; but, if this be the only price which is to be paid for correctness, we should be sorry to quarrel with it. We have had quite enough of irregular poetry lately, and we are glad to see that one poet, at least, knows that verse is not to be dispatched with rapidity and carelessness.

Mr. Campbell visited the continent in the year 1800, and remained there about a year, the greater part of which time he spent in Germany. Here he contracted an acquaintance with some of the most eminent men of that nation, and, among others, with the aged Klopstock, whose character is said to be of the most amiable description. On his return to England Mr. Campbell visited London for the first time, and here he took up his abode, turning his whole attention to literary pursuits. He married in 1803 and went to reside at Sydenham, where we believe he still lives.

Although constantly employed in literary labour, Mr. Campbell, with that fastidiousness which is so natural to a man of his genius, has not chosen to acknowledge any but his poetical works, wisely considering that, as his fame must rest upon them, it would be injurious to mix it with the baser matter of his more useful but less eminent writings. He is said to be the author of a history of the late King's reign, which is remarkable for the ease of its style and the impartiality of its relation. In 1809 he published *Gertrude of Wyoming* and other poems. This tale, which is written in the Spencerian stanza, is no less excellent than the *Pleasures of Hope*, and from its nature is perhaps more popular: if he had written this alone, he would have done enough to entitle him to a place among the best of living poets.

Mr. Campbell is the Professor of Poetry to the Royal Institution, where he has delivered lectures on poetry, since published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of the New Series of which he has become the editor. They are acute and elegant, and amply justify the choice which placed him in the office he holds. He has also published a *Selection of the Beauties of the English Poets*: of the taste displayed in this as a selection we cannot speak in the highest terms, because we think it might have been made much better; but we should find it difficult to point out a specimen of more elegant and correct English prose than is contained in the volume which forms the introduction to that collection.

Mr. Campbell's recent productions have been confined to songs and other lyrical pieces with which he occasionally enriches the pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

We may regret but we cannot blame the rarity of his publications; he knows better than any other person when he ought to write: he cannot be insensible to the voice of praise who has taken much pains to deserve it, and we must wait until his leisure shall allow or his judgment sanction his appearance before the public. We are happy to be enabled to add that, in his private relations, Mr. Campbell is as remarkable for the amiability of his temper and conduct as he is distinguished in the literary world for the powers of his mind.

## THE ISLAND; OR, CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

FREQUENT sneers have been launched by Blackwood's Magazine against Mr. Murray, whom they nicknamed the Emperor of the West; in all these, however, there was no great harm, because it was evident that mere envy prompted them. A much more serious accident has, however, now fallen upon poor Mr. Murray, for it seems that Lord Byron has withdrawn his countenance from that eminent bibliopole. A poem has just been published by Mr. John Hunt with the noble author's name in the title-page. We do not profess to be in the secret, but we must wonder at the change, if it is by Lord Byron's desire.

The poem before us is touching the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and the first part of it is nothing more than a paraphrase in verse, not of the best kind, of Captain Bligh's account of that event. The simplicity so touching in the original is lost in the paraphrase; and we humbly think the subject is not well suited for the purposes of poetry. But the really interesting part of the volume is a sort of Episode describing the manner of Torquil's escape, favoured by the fair Neuha, a youthful South-Sea islander, to whom Mr. Torquil was married: the idea of this is taken from Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands, and the tradition upon which it is founded is there universally credited. When a pursuit is made after the mutineers by the crew of a king's ship, Neuha takes Torquil into her canoe, and rows away from them. The escape is thus described:

' The proa darted like a shooting star,  
And gained on the pursuers, who now steered  
Right on the rock which she and Torquil neared.  
They pulled; her arm, though delicate, was free  
And firm as ever grappled with the sea,  
And yielded scarce to Torquil's manlier strength.  
The prow now almost lay within its length.  
Of the crag's steep inexorable face,  
With nought but soundless waters for its base;  
Within an hundred boats' length was the foe,  
And now what refuge but their frail canoe?  
This Torquil asked with half-upbraiding eye,  
Which said—"Has Neuha brought me here to die?  
Is this a place of safety, or a grave,  
And yon huge rock the tombstone of the wave?"  
They rested on their paddles, and uprose  
Neuha, and, pointing to the approaching foes,  
Cried "Torquil, follow me, and fearless follow!"  
Then plunged at once into the ocean's hollow.  
There was no time to pause—the foes were near—  
Chains in his eye and menace in his ear;  
With vigour they pulled on, and, as they came,  
Hailed him to yield, and by his forfeit name.  
Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's skill  
Was native, and now all his hope from ill;  
But how or where? He dived, and rose no more;  
The boat's crew looked amazed o'er sea and shore.  
There was no landing on that precipice,  
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.  
They watched awhile to see him float again,  
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:



The wave rolled on, no ripple on its face,  
 Since their first plunge recalled a single trace;  
 The little whirl which eddied, and slight foam,  
 That whitened o'er what seemed their latest home,  
 White as a sepulchre above the pair  
 Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)  
 The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide  
 Was all that told of Torquil and his bride;  
 And but for this alone the whole might seem  
 The vanished phantom of a seaman's dream.  
 They paused, and searched in vain, then pulled away,  
 Even superstition now forbade their stay.  
 Some said he had not plunged into the wave,  
 But vanished like a corpse-light from a grave;  
 Others, that something supernatural  
 Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;  
 While all agreed that in his cheek and eye  
 There was the dead hue of eternity.  
 Still as their oars receded from the crag,  
 Round every weed a moment would they lag,  
 Expectant of some token of their prey;  
 But no—he had melted from them like the spray.

And where was he, the Pilgrim of the Deep,  
 Following the Nereid? Had they ceased to weep  
 For ever? or, received in coral caves,  
 Wrung life and pity from the softening waves?  
 Did they with Ocean's hidden sovereigns dwell,  
 And sound with Mermen the fantastic shell?  
 Did Neuha with the Mermaids comb her hair,  
 Flowing o'er ocean as it streamed in air?  
 Or had they perished, and in silence slept  
 Beneath the gulph wherein they boldly leapt?

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he  
 Followed: her track beneath her native sea  
 Was as a native's of the element,  
 So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,  
 Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,  
 Which struck and flashed like an amphibious steel.  
 Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace  
 The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,  
 Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,  
 Pursued her liquid steps with art and ease.  
 Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led  
 The way—then upward soared—and as she spread  
 Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,  
 Laughed, and the sound was answered by the rocks.  
 They had gained a central realm of earth again,  
 But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain.  
 Around she pointed to a spacious cave,  
 Whose only portal was the keyless wave\*  
 (A hollow archway by the sun unseen,  
 Save through the billow's glassy veil of green,

---

\* 'Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the 9th chapter of *Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*. I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.'

In some transparent ocean holiday,  
When all the finny people are at play)  
Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,  
And clapped her hands with joy at his surprise ;  
Led him to where the rock appeared to jut  
And form a something like a Triton's hut ;  
For all was darkness for a space, till day  
Through clefts above let in a sobered ray ;  
As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle  
The dusty monuments from light recoil,  
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine  
The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

Forth from her bosom the young savage drew  
A pine-torch, strongly girded with gnatoos ;  
A plaintain leaf o'er all, the more to keep  
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.  
This mantle kept it dry ; then from a nook  
Of the same plaintain leaf a flint she took,  
A few shrunk withered twigs, and from the blade  
Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus arrayed  
The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and high,  
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy ;  
The arch upreared by nature's architect,  
The architrave some earthquake might erect ;  
The buttress from some mountain's bosom hurled,  
When the Poles crashed and Water was the World ;  
Or hardened from some earth-absorbing fire  
While yet the globe reeked from its funeral pyre ;  
The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,\*  
Were there, all scooped by Darkness from her cave.  
There, with a little tinge of Phantasy,  
Fantastic faces moped and mowed on high,  
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix  
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.  
Thus Nature played with the Stalactites,  
And built herself a chapel of the Seas.

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,  
And waved along the vault her kindled brand,  
And led him into each recess, and showed  
The secret places of their new abode.  
Nor these alone, for all had been prepared  
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she shared :  
The mat for rest ; for dress the fresh gnatoos,  
And sandal-oil to fence against the dew ;  
For food, the cocoa-nut, the yam, the bread  
Born of the fruit ; for board the plaintain spread  
With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell, which bore  
A banquet in the flesh it covered o'er ;  
The gourd with water recent from the rill,  
The ripe banana from the mellow hill ;

---

\* 'This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on *land* that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal (if my memory do not err, for there are eight years since I read the book) he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.'

A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,  
 And she herself, as beautiful as Night,  
 To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,  
 And make their subterranean world serene.  
 She had foreseen, since first the stranger's sail  
 Drew to their isle, that force or flight might fail,  
 And formed a refuge of the rocky den  
 For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.  
 Each Dawn had wafted there her light canoe,  
 Laden with all the golden fruits that grew ;  
 Each Eve had seen her gliding through the hour  
 With all could cheer or deck their sparry bower ;  
 And now she spread her little store with smiles,  
 The happiest daughter of the loving isles.'

Neuha then relates to him the history of the cavern :

' How a young Chief, a thousand moons ago,  
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,  
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,  
 Into the cave which round and o'er them lay ;  
 How, in some desperate feud of after-time,  
 He sheltered there a daughter of the clime,  
 A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe,  
 Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe ;  
 How, when the storm of war was stilled, he led  
 His island clan to where the waters spread  
 Their deep green shadow o'er the rocky door,  
 Then dived—it seemed as if to rise no more :  
 His wondering mates, amazed within their bark,  
 Or deemed him mad, or prey to the blue shark,  
 Rowed round in sorrow the sea-girded rock,  
 Then paused upon their paddles from the shock,  
 When, fresh and springing from the deep, they saw  
 A goddess rise—so deemed they in their awe ;  
 And their companion, glorious by her side,  
 Proud and exulting in his Mermaid bride ;  
 And how, when undeceived, the pair they bore  
 With sounding conchs and joyous shouts to shore ;  
 How they had gladly lived and calmly died,  
 And why not also Torquil and his bride ?  
 Not mine to tell the rapturous caress  
 Which followed wildly in that wild recess  
 This tale ; enough that all within that cave  
 Was Love, though buried strong as in the grave  
 Where Abelard, through twenty years of death,  
 When Eloisa's form was lowered beneath  
 Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretched, and prest  
 The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.\*  
 The waves without sang round their couch, their roar  
 As much unheeded as if life were o'er ;  
 Within their hearts made all their harmony,  
 Love's broken murmur and more broken sigh.'

Torquil's comrades, less happy than himself, are all killed ; he waits safe in the grotto until the ship has sailed :

---

\* 'The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years) he opened his arms to receive her.'

‘The deed was over! All were gone or ta’en,  
The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.  
Chained on the deck, where once a gallant crew,  
They stood with honour, were the wretched few  
Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;  
But the last rock left no surviving spoil.  
Cold lay they where they fell, and weltering,  
While o’er them flapped the sea-bird’s dewy wing,  
Now wheeling nearer from the neighbouring surge,  
And screaming high their harsh and hungry dirge:  
But calm and careless heaved the wave below,  
Eternal with unsympathetic flow;  
Far o’er its face the dolphins sported on,  
And sprung the flying fish against the sun,  
Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief height,  
To gather moisture for another flight.

’Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of day  
Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising ray,  
And watch if aught approach’d the amphibious lair  
Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:  
It flapped, it filled, and to the growing gale  
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to fail  
With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick and high,  
While yet a doubt sprung where its course might lie  
But no! it came not; fast and far away  
The shadow lessened as it cleared the bay.  
She gazed and flung the sea-foam from her eyes  
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.  
On the horizon verged the distant deck,  
Diminished, dwindled to a very speck—  
Then vanished. All was ocean, all was joy!  
Down plunged she through the cave to rouse her boy;  
Told all she had seen, and all she hoped, and all  
That happy love could augur or recal;  
Sprung forth again, with Torquil following free  
His bounding Nereid over the broad sea;  
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow cleft  
Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left  
Drifting along the tide, without an oar,  
That eve the strangers chaced them from the shore;  
But when these vanished, she pursued her prow,  
Regained, and urged to where they found it now:  
Nor ever did more Love and Joy embark,  
Than now was wafted in that slender ark.

Again their own shore rises on the view,  
No more polluted with a hostile hue;  
No sullen ship lay bristling o’er the foam,  
A floating dungeon:—all was Hope and Home!  
A thousand proas darted o’er the bay,  
With sounding shells, and heralded their way;  
The Chiefs came down, around the People poured,  
And welcom’d Torquil as a son restored;  
The women thronged, embracing and embraced  
By Neuha, asking where they had been chaced,  
And how escaped? The tale was told; and then  
One acclamation rent the sky again;  
And from that hour a new tradition gave  
Their sanctuary the name of “Neuha’s Cave.”

An hundred fires, far flickering from the height,  
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,  
 The feast in honour of the guest, returned  
 To Peace and Pleasure, perilously earned ;  
 A night succeeded by such happy days  
 As only the yet infant world displays.'

The poem thus ends ; but we crave permission to insert the following tribute to tobacco, which displays the noble author's humour.

' A short frail pipe, which yet had blown  
 Its gentle odours over either zone,  
 And puffed where'er winds rise or waters roll,  
 Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole.  
 Opposed its vapour as the lightning flashed,  
 And reeked, midst mountain-billows unabash'd,  
 To Æolus a constant sacrifice,  
 Through every change of all the varying skies.  
 And what was he who bore it ?—I may err,  
 But deem him sailor or philosopher.\*  
 Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west  
 Cheers the Tar's labour or the Turkman's rest ;  
 Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
 His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;  
 Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
 Though not less loved in Wapping or the Strand ;  
 Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,  
 When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;  
 Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
 More dazzlingly when daring in full dress ;  
 Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
 Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar !

We think this poem is one of the hardest blows which Lord Byron has yet struck at his own reputation, although his Muse has made many previous attempts at *felo de se*.

#### HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.

BY A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

WE take some blame to ourselves for not having noticed this volume, as it deserved, at an earlier period ; but 'better late than never' is an adage which has reconciled even graver faults than this. It consists of tales said to have been collected during a pedestrian excursion : whether this be true or not we do not know, but there is a certain good-humoured air about it which belongs peculiarly to walkers—a colloquial, easy, slow-paced manner of telling a story, which your walkers fall into : they are somewhat long, and so are all wayside stories, and so they ought to be. The first is that to which we most object : it is horrible and indelicate, and the moral hardly perceptible enough. But the last, that of *La Vilaine Tête*, is really a delightful one. It relates to the walking gentleman's washerwoman, from whose own mouth he received it, so that the reader need not doubt its authenticity. After describing a French cottage

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\* 'Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker—even to pipes beyond computation.'

to be much neater than ever French cottage was, even in La Vendee, he proceeds thus :

‘ The owner of this humble, yet enviable mansion, was an old woman, bent down with age and infirmity. Her whole stay and solace in the world was her granddaughter, whom she had brought up—an orphan from the cradle. This poor girl was every thing that she could desire except in one respect ; and possessed all that her situation required, but one advantage, with which, it must be confessed, there are few who can well entirely dispense. Jeannette was amiable, cheerful, tender-hearted ; a good spinner, active in household affairs, and pious ; but beauty formed no part of her possessions ; for she was in appearance ugly—not simply *plain*, but downright ugly. This utter absence of personal advantages had procured her, among the neighbours, the title of “ *la vilaine tête*.” To let the reader judge whether or not exaggeration had suggested this epithet, the following portrait is given ; and, coming from a friendly hand, its truth may be relied on.

‘ Jeannette was—but the pen refuses to proceed ! It is, in truth, but an ungracious task, and cannot be persevered in. How different are the efforts to depict the traits of beauty ! There is, indeed, enjoyment in dwelling on *their* memory : in essaying, however vainly, to commit to paper with pen or pencil the impressions they stamp upon the mind : in striving to trace out those indelible, yet shadowy recollections, which flit before the fancy so fairy-like, so lovely, so evanescent ; inspiring to pursuit, yet baffling every effort at detention. How I have laboured at this hopeless task ! How strove to do justice by description to that face and form which are ever before my eyes ! How, while I thought to fashion out one feature, has the memory of another swam upon my brain, confounding all in an overflow of blending loveliness ! Even now, they seem to float before my gaze in the unfading sweetness which needs no contrast to increase it, which time and distance purify, but weaken not. But—but to return to my heroine ; that is to poor Jeannette. There are cases where ’tis best to leave the reader to himself ; and this is one. Imagination may complete the portrait I would have commenced, without fearing to err by extravagance : let it paint her ever so unprepossessing in appearance, and it cannot go too far.

‘ Jeannette, unlike most people, cared but little for that which she did not possess ; and was rather disposed to dwell upon those compensations which nature had given her. She knew that she was ugly—*very* ugly—but she felt that she was strong and healthy, and her composure was not ruffled. Her grandmother’s cottage contained but little looking-glass to throw reflections on her defect, and the neighbours were too good natured to supply so unkind an office. I really believe that she thought so seldom of her face, and heard so little to make her remember it, that she only knew of its peculiarities from the faithful but officious brook in which she was accustomed to wash the linen of the cottage, and that of the neighbouring chateau, confided to her care. This was her chief employment, and, taking pride in doing it well, she was early distinguished as the best *savonneuse* in the village, and her own and her grandmother’s caps and kerchiefs



were by far the most conspicuous for their whiteness and getting up. This early accomplishment turned afterwards, as we shall see, to good account.

‘Jeannette, it will be easily believed, dreamt not of love or marriage. She certainly was never tempted to one nor the other. But somehow she never wanted a partner at a dance; her garden, in which she had such pride, was cultivated by the voluntary labours of the village lads; did any thing go wrong in the cottage, she was sure of the gratuitous aid of some rustic mechanic; and on her *jour de fête* none of the girls around could show more of those interesting, though homely, tokens which affection presents to worth. Such is the power of virtue, and such the value in which the French peasants hold it, that Jeannette never knew what it was to be slighted or forgotten.’

The horrors of the French revolution had now begun, and the gallant La Roche Jacqueline, at the head of his faithful people, made the last stand in favour of loyalty and virtue. The description of the oath of that hero and his ill-fated followers, taken solemnly at the altar, and at midnight, is very powerfully delineated. Jeannette goes to look on at this scene:

‘The great entrance was open; and, to the astonishment of our heroine, a stream of light issued from it, flinging a wild and solemn glare upon the tall elms planted around. The pitchy darkness of the night made the contrast more striking, and the sighing of the increasing breeze in the viewless branches seemed the utterance of awful and agitated nature. Scattered groups of peasants passed now and then across the illuminated space just opposite the church door, as they emerged from the gloom of one side, and with hurried pace, were lost in a moment in the darkness of the other. Some entered the church; a few stood still in deep and anxious conversation—but all were armed. Weapons of various kinds were borne by those sinewy arms, which grasped with indiscriminate vigour whatever could be turned to purposes of vengeance. As Jeannette, leaned pale and trembling, against a tree, she was startled by occasional shots from approaching parties of peasants, and gradually a number of fires were lighted on the rising grounds in the vicinity, bursting up in columns of flame and smoke, and casting a dark red gleam upon the woods below. While Jeannette contemplated, with breathless admiration, the impressive scene before her, a splitting shout burst from the holy edifice. She sprang from the earth at the electric sound. It was so unnatural—so demon-like, compared to the low murmurings of prayer which were wont to breathe through the consecrated building, that she doubted for a moment the reality of what she heard. But another, of still louder and more lengthened tone, brought conviction to the agitated listener, who, hurried by an uncontrollable impulse, hastened to open the door to satisfy her intense and terrified curiosity. She stopped awhile under the porch which projected beyond the entrance. From thence she gazed upon the scene within. A mass of people of both sexes filled the body of the church. They were standing, and, as they listened attentively to the discourse of the curé, hundreds of bayonets, pikes, and other martial instruments, glittered above their heads. The altar was lighted up as if for more than a common occasion; and on its

steps stood the seigneur, accoutred in all the irregular array of rustic warfare. Beside him was the curé, dressed in the full splendour of priestly decoration. The first was a figure fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa ; hardy, inflexible, and firm. His careless apparel, flung on with the romantic grace of a bandit mountaineer ; a leathern belt around his waist, its large steel buckle shining between the rude carving of two enormous pistols ; his left hand grasping the hilt of an ancient and rusty sword ; the other supported on the muzzle of a brass barrelled carbine :—his black eyes shooting fire, and his deep-knit brow garnished by the raven curls which escaped from beneath a crimson handkerchief, tied tightly round his head.\* The priest might have been supposed the embodied form of one of Raphael's exquisite imaginings. His whole expression calm, inspired, ineffable ; his blue eyes beaming with a light as if from heaven ; the graceful drapery of his attire giving additional height to his tall spare form ; his sallow cheeks showing, in transparent currency, the blood which mantled through them. The seigneur stood fixed and statue-like, as if motion was stopped by the intensity of some determined thought. The curé had his hands raised in the energy of eloquence, while he harangued his ardent congregation. The distance allowed but a part of his oration to reach the wandering ears of Jeannette. She, however, distinguished enough to inform her that he was exciting his listeners to battle, and promising them victory. In the first instant of surprise she fancied herself the dupe of some illusion ; and she sought to doubt the identity of those before her. Were they not some impudent impostors, dressed in masquerade ? Could that be the placid seigneur ? Could that be the meek and merciful preacher of forgiveness ? Such were the natural doubts of the uninformed Jeannette. But it is not strange that persecution should arouse the most sensitive feelings of the soul, nor that forbearance should be turned to vengeance by the hatred of oppression. So it was now with these altered associates, who seemed to revive the days of old, when the high priest Joad preached revolt against the tyranny of Athalia ; or the more recent times, when Peter the hermit poured forth his irresistible eloquence to the warriors of the cross.

‘ Jeannette listened with a fixed and half-unwilling conviction to the discourse of the venerable ecclesiastic. His words appeared to flow from the impulse of inspiration, and at every pause reiterated shouts burst from the highly excited throng. The skilful orator saw that his point was gained. The energy of deep devotion was blended with valorous ardour ; and, while enthusiasm seemed at its height, he took from off the altar a flag of white silk. With his face again

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\* ‘ This head-dress, common to the Vendéan chiefs, was adopted from their heroic comrade, Henri de la Roche-Jacquelin, who was thus first distinguished in the revolutionary battles. He made himself a mark for the bullets of his enemies and the imitation of his friends. “ Fire at the red handkerchief ! ” was repeatedly cried by the republicans who witnessed the uncommon valour of its wearer. His danger being pointed out to him, made Henri persist in what he had first done by chance ; and to save him from particular risque, all his brave companions followed his example.’ See *The Memoirs of Madame de la Roche-Jacquelin.*’

turned to his audience, he waved the snowy banner, in impassioned grace, above his head. As it floated round him, his long grey locks were agitated by the air—his countenance beamed bright—his whole frame was moved with fervid agitation, and he looked the semblance of something more than mortal. The people gazed on him awhile in reverential silence, waiting for the sounds of his sonorous and impressive accents. “Behold, my children,” he at length said, “the banner of your God, your country, and your king!” The crowd caught anew the lightning impulse from his look, and a loud and long continued cry of “God, our country, and our king!” re-echoed through the church. “Let us now consecrate this sacred symbol of virtue and of valour!” He performed the ceremony with pious fervour. When it was finished he spake once more. “Who now volunteers to guard the holy banner?” Scarcely had he pronounced the question, when a crowd of young men sprang over the railing of the altar, and with brandished swords hurried, in friendly contest, to seize upon the flag. The seigneur assisted the curé in repressing their zeal, and the former exclaimed aloud, “No, my friends—be this honour mine! It is the only distinction I claim from you. For the rest, we will march together to the combat. We will fight side by side—conquer together, or, if it must be so, die. Look ever to this symbol of our cause: while it floats above me, the path of glory is not distant: when it falls to earth—then dig your standard-bearer’s grave!” The young aspirants yielded to the claim of their chief; spontaneous acclamations again arose; the people flung themselves into each others’ arms; while the clashing of swords, and rolling of drums, formed a wild and singular accompaniment to the enthusiasm and harmony of the scene.

‘The curé waved his hand. All was still. “Raise now your voices to the throne of grace—let your artless anthem bear on high the prayer of Christians, and the vows of patriots!” At these words the rural choir commenced a strain of rough and vigorous melody, in which the whole assemblage enthusiastically joined.’

Every one knows the fate of this gallant band: after fighting like lions they were destroyed by the republican troops. In one of the early engagements, however, when the Vendéans had the advantage, a republican soldier, being wounded, takes refuge in Jeannette’s cottage, where she conceals him unknown even to her grandmother:

‘I pass over the detail of the many difficulties she experienced in concealing him from her grandmother’s observation. These, however, she surmounted with an address surprising to herself, proportioned to her former ignorance in the science of hypocrisy; and which gave La Coste a notion of her cleverness, exaggerated by the contrast of his first impressions. He had a less arduous, but more wearisome, part to play;—to suffer that state of demi-existence where the body is obliged to lie passive and inert, while every energy of the mind gains new activity, and the brain seems wearing out the frame-work that contains its busy machinery. He lay for most part of the day in bed, nearly smothered by the weight of clothes which his considerate protectress took care to heap upon him. When cramped and exhausted almost beyond endurance, he used occasionally to creep from his concealment, and screened by some linen, which Jeannette hung

before the door and window as if to dry, he snatched the indulgence of a few stooping, distorted turns up and down the closet (which was three good paces in length), and then stole again into his covert. At night his situation was more tolerable. The weather at the time was happily dark and clouded, and he might with safety sit at the open casement breathing the freshness of the midnight air; and he sometimes even stepped boldly out into the little garden, unable to resist his desire to tread the earth once more, and feel himself half free.

‘Dread of discovery, which would not only bring down certain ruin upon him, but as infallibly compromise the safety of his preserver, obliged him to retrench this only solace of his imprisonment. Returning into his closet, he was always sure to perceive the little table covered with an ample supply for that appetite which convalescence every day increased, and over which confinement exercised its control in vain. He had no longer any bodily ill, for the application of Jeannette’s simple remedies had already removed every obstacle to the recovery of his strength. The consequent consumption of bread, cheese, and eggs was enormous, and perfectly incomprehensible to the old woman, who saw, of a morning, a complete clearance of as much food as used to serve for three or four days’ provision for herself and Jeannette. The latter had been ever a remarkably poor eater, but she all of a sudden proclaimed a hunger that verged upon voracity; and, what was still more extraordinary to the grandmother, it was at night that this miraculous increase of appetite was principally displayed. Wine, too, which she had before now rarely tasted, became a matter of absolute necessity. She proclaimed herself in daily want of a portion, more than had formerly served her for a month. The fact was, that she was afraid to take the unusual step of seeking abroad those supplies which her patient required, and preferred exciting the astonishment of her aged relative to arousing the suspicion of her younger friends. In the meantime Jeannette employed herself in unceasing efforts for the advantage and comfort of her protégé. She supplied him with a pair of shoes, the best she had of two pair; and let not the idolater of female symmetry be agonised to learn, that they fitted him well, but rather loosely. She employed herself at night in changing the whole arrangement of his dress. She cut his military coat into the jacket of a simple civilian; stripped it of its warlike ornaments, and turned the skirts into a cap. For ten nights she never slept but in the great chair before mentioned, and she was beginning to show evident marks of fatigue and anxiety. Her patient observed this, and he felt deeply both her kindness and her suffering. He bounded with ardour to be once more in action; he considered his concealment a disgrace, and burned with shame at the thought of being discovered by his comrades, on the triumphant entry which he anticipated, hidden under a bundle of foul linen!’

Poor Jeannette is irretrievably in love, but the hour of separation is at hand:

‘It became quite dark, and a heavy rain poured down as if expressly to increase the facilities for the escape. The old woman had retired to bed, in the hope of snatching some repose from the constant agitation which preyed upon her. Jeannette had prepared a

little repast for La Coste, but when she offered him to eat he could not touch it! This sudden failure of appetite was no trifling proof of sensibility. Jeannette knew better than any one how to measure its force; she felt it fully, and could not restrain her tears. But she turned from him, lest he should observe or be infected by her weakness. She opened a drawer, and taking from it a small leather purse, which contained all the earnings of her several weeks' work, she put it into his hands. He refused it by every declining gesture, for he was unable to speak; but she insisted by entreaties, silent but yet so powerful, that he at last consented, and placed it in his bosom, saying, "Until to-morrow, since it must be so." Had he known it to have contained the whole of her little store, would he, on any terms, have been persuaded to accept it, or have suffered any hope, however sanguine, to have made him risk the contingencies of the morrow? I think not.

'The final moment of parting was at hand. La Coste saw clearly the workings of Jeannette's despair. They pained him, but he had no reciprocity in her pangs. He was more and more impatient to depart, for he felt not that desperate enjoyment which leads the lover to cling on in agonized procrastination to the misery of such a moment. Jeannette was not so utterly involved in her own sorrow as not to see the actual extent of his, or the delicacy which still kept him near her. She made one struggle: she opened the little window. He eagerly caught the permission thus given him, and stepped out into the garden. She pointed once more to the path leading to the wood, where he trusted to find an opening beyond the extent of the royalist lines. He pressed her chill hands to his lips, and tenderly uttered, "God bless you, my preserver! expect me to-morrow." She faintly whispered, "Adieu!" and in a moment he was lost in the darkness. The pattering of the rain drowned even the sound of his footsteps. The shock was instantaneous, and poor Jeannette sunk back in a chair, quite stupified with sorrow.'

Jeannette does not see La Coste again, but has every reason to believe him dead: the horrors of the war reach her; she is driven from her cottage, and taken prisoner to Nantes, where the horrible fate to which so many others were doomed awaits her. She is sentenced to be drowned with a boat-load of companions:

'The day was closing in upon these horrid scenes, when the prisoners flung themselves upon their heaps of straw in the gloomy prison called *L'Entrepôt*. Each hour which brought them nearer to their end showed them the terrible novelties of life. Dungeons and shackles, and blood and blasphemy, surrounded them. The night passed by in darkness; but the din of agonised despair—the clank of chains—the echoing of clenched fists against the half-distracted head—the laugh of maniac fear—the wailing of the weak—the imprecations of the violent—the deep breath of the sleepers, for even *there* was sleep—the death rattle in the throats of those who thus cheated the monsters of the morrow,—these were the combinations that filled up the creeping hours.

'The grated portal was thrown open with the dawn, and the anxious guards rushed in. Their first cares were to remove the bodies of the happy few who had died during the night; and these were



dragged forth with indignities which fell on the sympathizing survivors, not on them. Next came the selection of the victims of the day. Many were hurried out as their names were successively called over. For the females of the lately arrived group, one chance of life remained. It was permitted to each republican soldier to choose from among the condemned one woman to be acknowledged as his wife. The same privilege existed with regard to children ; and, being exercised with unbounded humanity, many an adopted infant of Royalist, and often of noble blood, has been ushered to the world ; and numbers, no doubt, at this moment exist as the reputed offspring of revolutionary parents.

‘ Upon every new arrival in the prisons, the well-disposed of the soldiery came in to exercise this right, and a party now waited for admission.

‘ When the previously allotted victims were drawn out for execution, this band of expectants were ushered in. They entered quickly on their scrutiny ; but being actuated by humanity much more than passion, the selection was not a matter of difficulty or delay. All the women of the little group were instantly chosen forth but one. Need I name her ? Who could have chosen Jeannette ? It was impossible. She was looked at but to be turned from ; and showing no sort of interest in her own fate, she excited the less regard from others. She finally remained behind with three or four men, from whom there was no hope. Of these, two saw their wives led forth in the possession of their respective claimants ; and, dead to every feeling of their own fate, they now called for death with an eager alacrity—throwing themselves at the feet of the soldiers, embracing their knees, and calling down blessings on the preservers of those for whom alone they ever thought of life.

‘ One by one the prisoners disappeared, either to be sacrificed or saved. Jeannette, who lay extended in a remote and darkened corner of the room, insensible to what was passing, at length raised her head, and looking round her chamber, found that she was alone. Horrible as was her solitude, it gave her some relief. She felt free to give vent to the accumulated anguish of so many days, and she, not unwillingly, discovered that her cheeks were flooded with tears. She gave herself up to the full abandonment of her sorrow, and sobbed and sighed aloud.’

‘ Our heroine was handed over to the accompanying guard, with directions to hurry her to the quay, where her companions waited only her arrival to proceed to *embarkation* ! They seized her, and hastened her onwards, her face besmeared with a concrete of dust and tears ; her clothes torn and disordered ; her hair dishevelled and loose upon her shoulders, for the handkerchief which had bound it was left behind in the prison. All these concurrent disfigurements heightened her natural defects, and in this state she reached the boat. Several of the old and condemned of both sexes were already embarked, but not one female with the least pretensions to youth was there. She was pushed over the side by the guards, and received on board by the ready executioners with a shout of mockery. The preparations being all completed, the boatmen were in the very act of pushing from the



shore, when a young soldier, flushed and panting, forced his way through the crowd ; plunged into the water, seized the prow of the boat, and cried out loudly, " Hold ! I am not too late. I choose that girl for my wife." The object of his choice shrieked on seeing him, and as he held forth his arms to receive her, she sunk fainting on the floor. The guards, the prisoners, the lookers on, were all for a moment mute. The scene was so quick, and the choice so inexplicable, that no time was given for comment, conjecture, or opposition. A moment more and the boat pushed off—but lightened of its wretched freight, for the insensible Jeannette was borne triumphantly to land, in the nervous arms of the grateful and generous La Coste.

' I must not now linger on my narrative, the interest of which I know to be nearly over. Little remains to be told, and that little shall be shortly despatched. La Coste hastened to explain to his astonished Jeannette, who soon recovered her senses, on his bosom, that on the morning after their parting, he had succeeded in safely making his way to the outposts of the republican army, where he arrived just as the battle began.'

The interest of this scene is powerfully worked up, and far superior to all the other parts of the volume. La Coste bears her away as his wife :

' He kept the girl with him under this title for three months, but no ceremony had made them one. He treated her, however, with a tenderness and respect more than is to be found in many a legitimate union ; but Jeannette clearly perceived that gratitude was the only spring which actuated his bosom with regard to her. She had never hoped for more, nor reckoned on so much ; yet, satisfied and even happy, she had some moments of alarm when she reflected that stronger feelings might sometime or other break the ties which thus bound them together. Her apprehensions, and the strength of his attachment, were soon put to the test, for invasion just then advanced on every side ; and his regiment, among others, was ordered to the frontiers at a notice of one day. Jeannette feeling that she had no further claim upon him ; that he had overpaid the service she had rendered him ; and that such a wife as she was could be but an encumbrance to such a man as he ;—told him frankly, that miserable as it would make her, she wished him to consider himself perfectly free ; and, that being now able to work her own way in the world, she hoped that no delicacy to her would make him risk the ruin of his own prospects in life. La Coste *was* delicately and difficultly placed. I have said that he was handsome and pleasing. His figure and his manners were, in those days of equality, a certain passport to the best—that was the richest—society in Nantes. He was very generally admired, and had been particularly distinguished by the daughter of a wealthy and violent republican. She was beautiful and accomplished. She had solicited his attentions, and he had even a regard for her person. Had he married her, he was certain of both rank and riches ;—but, if he did so, what was to become of Jeannette ? He summed up in one of those mental moments, which can grasp at a glance such multitudes of calculations, the manifold advantages of such a match.—He then

turned towards Jeannette, and though I cannot say that looking on her face made him 'forget them all,' I may safely assert, that picturing to himself her forlorn and desolate perspective, he felt some spell strong enough to make him renounce the mighty temptations to abandon her.—The struggle was short, for he married her on the moment, and the next morning they marched off together for the seat of war.—How many ready mouths will exclaim, "He only did his duty!" Would that such duties were more commonly performed.

'For twenty-one years La Coste served as a private soldier. He was brave and well conducted, but he had not the good fortune of promotion. For this entire period Jeannette was his faithful and affectionate wife. She earned, by her industry, sufficient to add some scanty comforts to his barrack-room or his tent. Through Germany, Italy, and Spain, she attended him in many a bloody campaign, and stood unflinching by his side in many an hour of peril and distress; and, at length, after all, watched by his death-bed in his native town when peace gave him time to die. They had one daughter, beautiful and good. She, too, married a soldier, who was discharged when war became out of fashion; and following his trade of gardening, he now supports with comfort his wife and five children, and gives refuge to his mother-in-law, whose declining years do not prevent her from usefully exerting her talents as a washerwoman.

'I have seen the whole group in a cottage, which I thought happier than some homes of prouder dimensions, or sporting in their garden, which is as fragrant and flourishing as others surrounding less enviable, though more refined, societies. Jeannette, or, if the reader should prefer the title, Madame La Coste, has not lost her appellation of *La vilaine tête*, and, perhaps, her claim to it is somewhat strengthened by the ravages and wrinkles of increasing age, and the deep bronzing of the southern sun. This tale was given from her own recital, and most likely the reader requires not to be told that my old washerwoman, of the village in Medoc, was herself the identical heroine. If I have sometimes enlarged on the details, or substituted my own language for that of the narrator, I have probably done mischief, when I thought I was embellishing. The effect produced on me was, perhaps, too overrated in my estimate of its possible power on others—while sitting before me in my inn bed-room, my old and ugly washerwoman broke suddenly off from counting my linen to the subject of her own eventful story; and carelessly lolling on her chair, commenced, with the naiveté of a peasant, and in the untranslatable idiom, of La Vendée, to tell her simple tale; interrupted often by sighs for her husband, her grandmother, and her native village, whose name now hardly exists but in her memory.'

If all the author's tales were equal to this, we should wish for more; but, as it is, he has presented a very amusing volume to the public; and one which, *longo intervallo*, may be said to approach the works of his friend to whom they are dedicated, 'Washington Irving, Esq.'

## HAZELWOOD HALL, A VILLAGE DRAMA.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

NATURE makes men poets, but they become authors artificially; it is by no means the same quality that enables them to write verses and to appear before the public to advantage in any other form. Mr. Bloomfield is an example of this: while he confines himself to warbling 'his native wood-notes wild' he is delightful; but when he assumes any other tone he is quite out of that track to which his powers are limited. His *Hazelwood Hall* is, at the best, puerile: there is nothing in it to deserve criticism; and, if there were, the author's simplicity would disarm it. He says, in his preface:

'I make no pretensions to a knowledge of the "dramatic unities," or of what is called "stage effect." It may be like twenty plays, which I have never seen. The characters are exclusively villagers, with the exception of *Jack Whirlwind*; through whom I have endeavoured to censure the horrible vice of seducing unguarded females, and then leaving them to scorn and misery.'

Now, having premised that there is no plot, we shall give our readers a scene to show what the poet, with a simplicity which says nothing for his knowledge of the world, but a good deal for the purity of his heart, calls 'the horrible vice of seducing unguarded females:' it means nothing more than attempting to run away with a young lady, like the felon giants of old, *vi et armis*.

'*The cross Road in the Avenue—WHIRLWIND forcing MARY into his Carriage.*

*Whirl.* Come along, my little charmer—I'll make you happy as a princess—splendid apartments—drive a curricule—have a box at the opera every night—come along.

*Mary.* Unhand me, you robber!—you miscreant! O if Joel were here!

*Enter JOEL, who knocks him down.*

*Joel.* What game are you at, you tallow-faced ruffian? Answer when you get up; I'll give you time.

*Whirl.* Why I say, that you are an uncivil brute, and I'll prosecute you for an assault.

*Joel.* And I say, if you have nothing better to urge, I'll pound your head into pepper.

*Mary.* Dear Joel, don't put yourself in a passion, and venture your life against such a man.

*Joel.* Venture my life! what, my life against that farthing candle! I say, Mr. Dastard, Mr. Thief, or whatever name you may be, take yourself off as quick as possible.

*Whirl.* I have lost my hat.

*Joel.* Are you sure it is not your head? that loss would be a blessing to your family.

*Whirl.* Where's my carriage?

*Joel.* O here's your carriage, as you call it: be nimble, be nimble, be nimble, I tell you.

*Whirl.* Don't murder me, and I will go as fast as I can get the reins; but you are a—

*Joel.* Come, no preaching, or I'll put my shoulder against your butter-basket, as father calls it, and turn you all into the ditch in half a minute—be nimble.

*Whirl.* Well, I am going—but you are a set of country brutes all together, and don't know how to behave to a gentleman.

*[Exit Whirlwind.]*

*Joel.* Well, mayhap it may be so, for I have but just begun to learn. Now, my dear Mary, the field is our own, as a soldier would say. How do you feel yourself? Were you very much frightened?

*Mary.* Not very much, though he came upon me here when I was taking my sun-set walk, as I call it; but when I knew my enemy, I turn'd angry, and then good by fainting and affectation; I have none of them.

*Joel.* Then you wanted a cudgel.

*Mary.* Yes, but I would not have used it so unmercifully as you did: I wonder you did not knock his brains out.

*Joel.* Poh! there was no fear of that: it was only a single rap—nothing but a bit of a taster.

*Mary.* But really we must part; we are not far from the house, and I would rather go in alone. I'll give a true account of the adventure to Emma and my lady; it shall be all to your credit.

*Joel.* Well, but no reward before we part?

*Mary.* Why I am not a queen, to dub you a knight on the field of battle!

*Joel.* No, but you can give me a reward of much greater value.

*Mary.* There, there, dear Joel, don't be so foolish: let me go.—  
Farewell.

*Exit Mary.*

*Joel.* There's a girl for you now;—who would not break a cudgel in her defence? I would say so to half the world, if it was here to hear me; but my heart says so, and that's all the same.'

' Here first I met the lovely maid,  
When Hope was young, and dared not soar;  
And round my heart a flame has play'd,  
That binds me to these shades the more.

Touch'd by the breeze, with graceful swing,  
The tow'ring branches mingling play,  
When the sap dances up in spring,  
And when their autumn leaves decay.

What joys may rural conquerors prove,  
Far from the dreadful conflict's roar!  
I've rescued her, the maid I love;  
Dear shades, I prize you still the more.'

We cannot examine more minutely such a production as this; it is more like a Sunday-school tract in dialogue than a drama. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with selecting some of the songs, which it will be seen are not so good as many of the author's former lyrics, but they are full of virtuous and pure sentiment:

' Twas where the Indian billows roll,  
And frightful lightnings spread dismay,  
Where serpents twine, and tigers prowl,  
My prime of manhood pass'd away!

Yet even there to fate resign'd  
 My heart would kindle to a flame,  
 At thoughts of one I left behind,  
 Left her to grief—but not to shame.  
 She's dead!—and I, a childless man,  
 Seek solace in the field and grove;  
 And think on life;—(how short the span!)  
 On blighted hopes and blighted love!

AIR.

'Peep, from thy covert, noble antler'd stag,  
 Nor fear me.  
 List'ning hare, enjoy thy food,  
 I spread no snare for thee.  
 Sing, lovely Philomel,  
 Midst the shady branches near me;  
 Till my wandering lover comes,  
 O tune thy lay to me.  
 Hark! from the deep dell,  
 The mingled voices swelling.  
 Hark! what sweet echoes  
 Are through the forest borne!  
 Welcome thou, brave youth;  
 Welcome sounds of rapture telling  
 Charming echoes.  
 Here he comes;  
 'Twas Donald's bugle horn.'

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES—MORRISON, EMMA, AND MARY.

'Love in a show'r safe shelter took  
 In a rosy bow'r beside a brook,  
 And wink'd and nodded with conscious pride  
 To his votaries, drench'd on the other side;  
 "Come hither, sweet maids, there's a bridge below,  
 The toll-keeper, Hymen, will let you through—  
 Come over the stream to me."

Then over they went in a huddle together,  
 Not caring much about wind or weather;  
 The bow'r was sweet, and the show'r was gone,  
 Again broke forth th' enlivening sun;  
 Some wish'd to return, but the toll-keeper said,  
 "You're a wife now, lassy, I pass'd you a maid;  
 Get back as you can for me!"

AIR.—MORRISON.

'Thus thinks the trav'ler journeying still,  
 Where mountains rise sublime;  
 What but these scenes the heart can fill,  
 What charm like yonder giant hill?  
 —A molehill clothed with thyme.  
 What can exceed the joy of pow'r?  
 —That joy which conquerors prove.  
 In sceptred rule—where all must cower;  
 What can exceed that mad'ning hour?  
 —Why, peace—and home—and love!

We have the least possible inclination to speak with severity of so unpretending a trifle; but we fear Mr. Bloomfield will add little to his reputation by Hazelwood Hall.

*Men and Things in 1823, in Three Epistles.* By JAMES SHERGOLD BOONE, M. A.

This is in all respects a very singular publication, both as regards the performance and the author. It professes to have for its object no less than to give advice, on 'Men and Things, in 1823,' to Mr. Canning, which advice the author, as modestly as sensibly, supposes would, if followed, set all men and all things perfectly right. Coming from any man, so presumptuous, so arrogant an announcement must of necessity excite much surprise, and much more contempt, because this lavish giving of advice is always a proof of great conceit and of a plentiful lack of wit; but proceeding, as it does in this instance, from a person whose talents and whose station in the country do not authorize his intrusion, any more than his experience can qualify him for Mr. Canning's instructor, all the bitterness which we might feel under any other circumstances passes away, and we look upon it only as the puerile attempt of a youth whom college praise has made mad.

The unfortunate author distinguished himself at that early age when distinction is a baneful poison to all future hope by a satire upon the University of Oxford. This production was very clever; and (at a place where wit does not abound, as it never did, and never can, at Oxford or any other school,) it was highly applauded. The author flattered himself that his fortune was made; and, having displayed so much skill in pointing out the abuses of Oxford, he thought he was gifted with a peculiar faculty of setting right all that was rotten in the state. He has since published in London multifarious works, in all of which it needs no uncommon powers of discernment to see that the author's aim has been to enlist himself on that side of the prevailing politics where most is to be gained. Taking just such a tone as should convey a high notion of his impartiality, he has been the painful and indefatigable praiser of the powers that be, while he would establish a reputation of being a merely indifferent and uninterested censor. This artifice is so shallow a one that it serves no other purpose than to display the motive which prompted, and will, as this young gentleman will find out, defeat itself. Pamphlets, and newspapers, and periodicals, by turns were adorned with the effusions of his pen. Emulating the admirable Crichton, of whose vanity and *charlatanerie* he has a portion, although he may have no other of the qualities of that *enfant gaté* of genius, he wrote *The Council of Ten*; and, as Crichton played all the characters in his own comedy, so the author thought, and spoke, and wrote, for the whole of his decemviri. A wonderful unanimity prevailed in the opinions of this council, which, like the present poem, was *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*; and yet the public did not seem to appreciate it. The classical severity of the *Umpire* was too much for Sunday readers; and *Life in London*, or the *Weekly Dispatch*, although more ignorant than dirt, and filthier than St. Giles's, beat it out of the field. The last attempt has now been made in the poem before us; and, unlike the others, it avows its object rather more plainly than any one of the preceding ones. It is directly addressed to Mr. Canning, and can be regarded



in no other light than as a specimen of what the author could do if he were so fortunate as to be employed—a sort of taste of his quality; and, if his Majesty's ministers are deaf to this, we really do not know how Mr. Boone will accomplish his purpose.

To leave, however, the policy of the author, and to turn to his poetry, we are compelled to say that it is of the most ordinary description. There is no novelty in the topics which he urges, and still less in his manner of treating them. From the war between France and Spain down to the conduct which Mr. Canning ought to pursue, every sentiment and every opinion which has been expressed has already been seen in public speeches or in newspaper essays. It is in this respect alone that we can see any thing like impartiality in the author. He borrows indiscriminately from Sir James Mackintosh to the *Morning Post*: he is never above turning into rhyme whatever they may have said applicable to his theme. In short, his poem is rather a summary of some of the last months' newspapers put into smooth verse than an original essay. The versification is easy; but, like the verse of all such persons as have been taught to rhyme, it is utterly destitute of poetic fire. The best expressions are those of modern poets; and if Moore, Campbell, Byron, and Scott, were to take away all that belongs to them, the author would have little left that he should care to call his own. The following extract is smooth and pretty, but who does not recognize old acquaintances in every line—nay, in every phrase?

‘ The Gallic force

Provokes its fate, and rushes to remorse.  
 Fools! let them march; and still, as they advance;  
 Speed the proud tidings to vain-glorious France:—  
 While Spaniards keep aloof from fraud, not fear,  
 And forts uncaptur'd threaten in the rear;—  
 Vaunting with pompous tale, or storied arch,  
 The triumphs of their unobstructed march!  
 Fond men! their foes with joy behold them come,  
 And wait the ripening moment to strike home.  
 Not victors yet!—*then*, while in fair Madrid  
 They deem to raise their fame's proud pyramid,  
 For them, like beasts the hunter's toils within,  
 The strife, the rout, the peril shall begin:  
 Then, like thy terrors, Conscience, ever near,  
 Shall flash the light of the Guerilla spear;  
 Then, girt with dangers, shall they stand at bay,  
 And each sell life as dearly as he may.

Or when, returning, worn and faint they go,  
 From height, vale, wood, shall start th' expectant foe;  
 Lo! every mountain pass, and steep ravine,  
 Teems with stern warriors, sooner felt than seen!  
 Lo! they who 'scap'd the firm embattled field,  
 Now die unstruggling, or ignobly yield!  
 Stand—and the bayonet drinks their tide of life!  
 Fly—and they sink beneath the peasant's knife!  
 Sad choice! where each is death, and each disgrace—  
 While fear and famine stare them in the face;  
 And on the broken rear, o'er hill and plain,  
 Bursts the wild vengeance of insulted Spain.

France, I must weep for thee ! should such dark fate  
 Thy sons, the brave, the gay, the gallant, wait.  
 What ! must they fall,—nor think, through years to come,  
 That free-born men shall bless their martyrdom ;  
 Nor view their father-land with failing eye,  
 Nor feel the patriot's triumph when they die ?  
 No kindred friend the stiffening hand to clasp,  
 But foes—*wrong'd* foes—to hail their life's last gasp :—  
 No dirge—save where the wind, with fitful moans,  
 Howls, as it bleaches their unburied bones !  
 Near, and more near, must shrieking ravens skim,  
 And wild wolves revel on the festering limb ;  
 Nor beauty weep, nor fond remembrance pause,  
 O'er them who died in that unholy cause ?'

Now, if the author will say, upon his honour, that he wrote the following verses before he read Lord Byron's *Age of Bronze*, then we will believe, with Mr. Puff in the play, that two great men may hit upon the same thoughts. It is all very good sense, and not bad verse ; but, for the originality of it, there is as little as in one of his own Sunday newspapers, which contains all the intelligence of a past week :

' Thou Russian Czar, more fit, through life's brief day,  
 To woo the fair, and glitter with the gay ;  
 Whom Nature with endowments rather stor'd  
 To grace the ball-room, than the council-board ;  
 As yet not hated—since whate'er thy faults  
 At least the ladies like thee—thou canst waltz,—  
 Why must thou leave the joys thy lot commands  
 To trample on the rights of other lands ?  
 Less form'd to lead an army than a dance,  
 Why must thou burn to try war's fearful chance ?  
 Why must thou bid indignant Spaniards bow ?  
 Ah ! what are they to thee—to them art thou ?  
 But if from pomps and pleasures thou canst spare  
 Some hours, when graver objects claim thy care ;  
 Look, Autocrat, at home ! look there, and see  
 The glorious work design'd by heav'n for thee !  
 Go : o'er an empire, like thy wishes, vast,  
 Spread comfort wide—the light of knowledge cast ;—  
 Bid the poor serf, depress'd by slavery's plan,  
 Rise from his bonds, and feel himself a man !  
 Go : civilize a realm—with arts adorn—  
 Bless breathing millions—millions yet unborn !  
 Then, while thy generous toils—as well they may—  
 A people's love, a people's thanks repay ;  
 Rear thine own pow'r on adamantine base,  
 And leave a name which time shall not efface !'

Our small poet can occasionally be bitter ; and, in abusing Cobbett, he almost emulates Cobbett's ferocity, save that he wants not only such force as Cobbett, but even such force, low as it is, as that which distinguishes the illustrious personages mentioned in the sixth line :

' Here Cobbett brandishes his potent pen,  
 The Delphic oracle of desperate men—  
 The bashful Cobbett, who might bear the bell,  
 If writing shamelessly were writing well.

Next him—bright names together doom'd to go—  
 Hunt, Wooler, Waddington, Carlile, & Co.—  
 Pure precious souls, who fondest zeal betray,  
 And would do mischief—if they knew the way.  
 There ultra-Tories struggle 'gainst the tide,  
 And sin as grossly on the other side.  
 The people these neglect, abuse, scorn, hate :  
 Those fool with words, and catch with flatt'ry's bait.  
 While British commerce spreads her thousand sails,  
 And hope reviving agriculture hails,  
 Some croak of ruin, and half talk you dead,  
 To prove that England ne'er shall lift her head.  
 With some, kind optimists ! all, all is right—  
 A pension sets things in the proper light.  
 Shall men, cry these, be driv'n to ruin's brink,  
 For thinking, or for saying what they think ?  
 Knowledge, roar others, spread through field and town,  
 Drives the world mad, and turns it upside down.'

To our poor thinking nothing can be more impertinently fulsome than the following address to Mr. Canning: the bombastic stuff of the lines in italics is almost too much even for so sad a poem as this *Men and Things* :

' So far my verse has rang'd, with general view  
 O'er men—and principles or old or new.  
 Now, with intense, as concentrated, thought,  
 And all her wishes to a focus brought,  
 Canning ! to thee, on whom the public eye  
 Is fix'd with keenest, strictest scrutiny :—  
 Europe's best hope in these portentous days ;  
 The mighty mark on which her millions gaze—  
 Millions well pleased, that mainly in thy hands  
 Rests the wide welfare of her hundred lands :—  
 To thee the Muse presents her fearless strain,  
 Not to request—remonstrate—sue—complain—  
 But show thee to thyself, and bid thee see  
 What now thou art—what more thou yet mayst be.

Start not ; but hear me ! hear and bear the truth,  
 Though told with artless zeal in strain uncouth.  
 No flatt'ring strain, no homage insincere,  
 Shall fall with honied cadence on thine ear ;  
 But if some idler moments thou canst spare  
 To aught so trivial as these verses are—  
 Moments unclaim'd by sterner toils of state,  
 And the dull task to lead the long debate—  
 Here look—the people's voice here echoed find,  
 And the faint image of their gen'ral mind.  
 I speak to thee—not for thy single sake—  
 More than thy fame or fortune is at stake :  
 England with thee must triumph or repine,  
 And the world's welfare half depends on thine !

*" There is a tide in the affairs of men"—*  
*Thou know'st the rest—thou know'st it—and what then ?*  
*I tell thee :—at this hour 'tis thine to ride*  
*Safely and proudly on that risen tide,*  
*Led on to fortune ;—but, if fears prevail,*  
*See bolder rivals stretch th' adventurous sail,*

While bound in shallows thou shalt sigh in vain ;  
For ne'er that tide shall flow for thee again !'

We envy Mr. Canning the hearty laugh he must have had at the following passage :

'Canning ! while myriads wait on thy resolves,  
Come, be the centre round which earth revolves !  
Come, be the guardian spirit of the storm !—  
'Mid Europe's noblest rise the foremost form,  
Not like th' Athenian in the pictur'd strife,  
But in the very crowd and heart of life !  
Come ! smile 'mid envious taunts, and bitter spleen,  
Firm to thy purpose, and, while firm, serene :  
Appear, while woes and perils start around  
From ev'ry side, like some opposing mound,  
Or rocky isthmus, which the indignant main,  
Raging on either hand, assaults in vain !  
Come ! raise the structure of man's weal on high ;  
Yoke beauteous order to fair liberty ;  
And lift to heav'n, with undisputed claim,  
On Europe's love, the fabric of thy fame.'

He would not flatter, honest soul ! but he has unfortunately hit upon the course pursued by parasites : he happens to praise all those who have any thing to give ; while his abuse or his scorn are unsparingly dealt upon those who are not ' i' the giving vein ;'

'See, then, what various toils thy mind demand,  
And ask thy saving or directing hand :—  
The glorious chance, the great occasion, see—  
Earth looks to England—England looks to thee !  
Yet hard thy task—for thou must fret and fume,  
Night after night, at stale advice from Hume—  
Must baffle rivals—manage friends—conceal  
The mischief made by well-intended zeal—  
Must spur the dull, the fiery must restrain :—  
'Tis thus, methinks, with e'en the wrongs of Spain  
All feel with Spain—with Spain—regret, rejoice,  
And millions speak with one indignant voice :  
There too, where silent rows attentive sit  
To drink thy words of eloquence and wit,  
Not Brougham, though loudest, fiercest in debate,  
Pours singly forth the torrent of his hate ;  
Nor Whigs alone the stern invective cheer,  
Or shout at Tierney's jests th' applausive " hear ;"  
But sober Banks, as still to *shame* advance  
Through conquest or defeat the hosts of France,  
Lifts 'gainst oppressive force his voice on high,  
And saintly Wilberforce gives back the cry ;  
While gallant Wortley, foe to factious art,  
Vents the warm feelings of a British heart !  
Yet 'tis not thine, though despots all abhor,—  
Precipitate to plunge a realm in war ;  
'Tis thine, while peace with honour may accord,—  
To guard our peace ;—should kings no choice afford,  
*Then* in the scales must England cast the sword.'

We think abusing his rival—his respected rival, Mr. Brougham—is not the way to win such a temper as we would fain believe Mr. Canning possesses. We conclude with a most amusing passage :

' The foremost figure on ambition's height,  
 Whom all must gaze on with intensest sight,  
 Canning ! thou stand'st the mark for ev'ry dart—  
 Envy and slander—flatt'ry—malice—art—  
 Begirt with thousand libellers and spies,  
 And foes avow'd, and hidden enemies.  
 Yet let the zealot raise his shout insane,  
 And hireling scribblers swell the cry amain ;  
 While loftier rivals cheer th' impatient pack,  
 With hint oblique, and indirect attack :—  
 Let foul-mouth'd spouters in the senate chafe—  
 For in the senate it is very safe—  
*While skulking scoundrels, whom 'twere vain to seek,*  
*Publish their nameless lies from week to week :*  
*Let the young fry, who too readily disport*  
*In club-rooms, college-halls, or inns of court,*  
*Who know affairs—and whisper in your ear*  
*Some wondrous secret which the world might hear ;*  
 Who with a sapient nod, or scornful smile,  
 Utter their dogmas in most pompous style ;  
 Who, with important tone and sage grimace,  
 Deal out their desperate loads of common-place,  
 And give, on ev'ry scheme, begun or plann'd,  
 Opinions monstrous wise—at second hand :  
 Let these—all these—howe'er events may run—  
 Most kindly show how things *should* have been done.  
 Let malice choose thee for its constant mark,  
 And calumny stab boldly in the dark :—  
 Sad charge, which genius ever must defray !  
 Hard tax, which talent must to dulness pay—  
 Success to disappointment, wit and sense  
 To foil'd attempts and angry turbulence !—  
 Yet, still unmov'd midst clamours loud and long—  
 The jest of fools, the menace of the throng—  
 Th' insidious rival's treachery of praise,  
 The prying foe with ever-watchful gaze—  
 The friends, who injure thee a thousand ways,  
 Not link'd by love or sympathy to thee,  
 But the stern bonds of strong necessity ;  
 Who dread that sense, in worthiest words array'd,  
 Must cast their puny honours in the shade.  
 Midst compliments that mock—and, worse than blame  
 In any shape, th' applause that would defame ;—  
 Still—nor involv'd in mazes of intrigue,  
 Nor chain'd by int'rest in some hurtful league—  
 Thy fate—thyself—upon the country throw,  
 Careless who else may be thy friend or foe !  
 Scorn the weak, wavering, undecided part ;  
 But act the very dictates of thy heart !  
 If difficulties come—as come they may—  
 As come they must—thou shalt not shrink away,  
 And aggravate their load against a future day ;  
 But firm, at once, or in the conflict fall—  
 Or fairly meet—and bravely conquer all :  
 Till bigotry shall weep o'er errors past,  
 And stern intolerance, blushing, yield at last—  
 And anarchy turn pale, and faction pine—  
 Struck dumb and wither'd by one word of thine.'

'Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder!' Who could think that he who is so angrily loud against weekly newspaper editors was himself one; that he is one of 'the young fry' he so eloquently describes; that, having quitted the 'college hall,' he is waiting to be called to the bar in an 'inn of court;' and that this boy-dictator has thus designated himself under his own hand?

We have finished our disagreeable task: if the poetry should answer its end, Horace's maxim of *Non homines, non dii*, will not be worth two straws, for this is mediocrity in its worst shape; and, if Mr. Canning can be so gulled by a device 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable,' as to extend his patronage to the author, then the minister is not the man we take him for.

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REGINALD DALTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF VALERIUS, AND ADAM BLAIR.

ANOTHER volume has recently issued from the press of Mr. Blackwood, bearing the above title. It is by the best of the three industrious persons who have of late adopted this style of composition; and it is also better than any of his former productions. Perhaps one reason, and not the least, for our liking it, is that it contains less Scotch than we have of late been drenched with from the manufactory of Edinburgh. Scotch brogue and Scotch characters have so beset us, that our daily thoughts were polluted and our nightly dreams troubled with them; we began to wish there was such a by-law in *the Row* as exists in the direction of the Bank of England, viz. that no Scotchman should be admitted. It may be want of taste (which defect we pray may never be removed), but we have no predilection for the chaste Doric of the Land of Cakes. We cannot understand Scotch humour (Scotch wit is a thing the existence of which is yet to be proved), except that it is so low as to be intolerable in our less fortunate and more southern land; and, to crown all, we have no reverent notion of 'The Modern Athens,' as Edinburgh is called by those good-natured friends who ridicule while they affect to praise. We cannot therefore but feel sensibly relieved that there is a comparatively small portion of Scotch in this novel.

Its best character is its simplicity; the style is unpolished, and sometimes laboured: the comic parts are rude, clumsy, and pointless, and the interest is feeble. These are its faults. On the more favorable side we must say that the story is ingeniously told; some of the characters are agreeably sketched; the consequences of youthful dissipation, of hot blood and college irregularities, are displayed, but not in such a light as to enforce that which was evidently the design of the author, a contempt and disgust for them: the hero gets too easily out of his scrapes. Still we think that the book may do good in this respect; and, as this is its aim, we regret it has not been done better.

We proceed to give our readers a sketch of the tale. The hero is the only child of the Vicar of Lannwell, a widower of scanty fortune, but the next heir after the death of a sickly lady to the large estates of his ancestors. It is impossible not to contrast this character with the Vicar of Wakefield, and it is unlucky for the author that we are compelled to do so. The Vicar, having been in early life rejected by the



lady whom we have mentioned, married the daughter of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of his vicarage. She died soon after giving birth to Reginald; and her death was believed to have been hastened by the disappearance of her younger sister. It is after many years that the Vicar, whom the rejection of his suit had induced to withdraw from all intercourse with his family, meets his former love, Miss Barbara Dalton, now of course not young, with her father and his sister, a very comfortable old maiden lady. Reginald is now about to go to college, and visits the hall of his ancestors on his road. His father cautions him against indulging any hope that these possessions may one day be his, Miss Dalton, in whom the right of disposing them is vested, after her father's death, being entirely under the influence of her half-brother, Sir Charles Catline, to whom the Vicar has a dislike—a thing so uncommon with a man of his mild temper, that Reginald's curiosity is excited to learn the cause of this feeling. His companion to college is Mr. Frederick Chisney, a rattle-brained young man, who undertakes to initiate him. Among the passengers on the journey is a Mr. Ralph Macdonald, a Scotch attorney, by whom, on stopping at the inn at Oxford, he is introduced to a Mr. Keith, a Popish priest, whom he afterwards rescues in a riot in the streets. This old gentleman is living in great retirement, and has under his care a beautiful young orphan, a Miss Ellen Hesketh, with whom the hero falls in love.

The description of the college habits of Oxford is true, and we dare say may prove amusing to many readers, because they have never been described in this manner before: the rows between *gown* and *town*, the bacchanalian parties, and all the wild revels in which those Oxonians who have money enough indulge, are painted with considerableunction, but evidently by the same hand as the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Blackwood's Magazine. The best specimen of this style is to be found in the following extract: it is a fine *gourmand* rhapsody; and, from its insulated nature, will serve admirably for an extract, as well as because it is really one of the most ingenious things in the work:

"From the days of Athenæus to those of Dr. Johnson," says the philosophic D'Israeli, "the pleasures of literature have ever been heightened by those of the table;" and indeed, long before I read the sentence, it had often struck me, that such a man as D'Israeli himself might compose a very edifying octavo 'On Books and Cooks, or the Connexion between the Love of Learning and the Love of Eating.' A great Encyclopædia 'Sale-Dinner' in The Row, by Cruikshanks, would certainly form the most appropriate of frontispieces.

'Our ingenious and estimable "*detector curiositatum*" might begin with the ancients. The Mæonian has, from time immemorial, been christened "*Vinous Homerus*;" but the delight with which he seizes upon every opportunity of singing solid dinners and savoury suppers might have safely warranted an epithet of more extensive meaning. Pindar's charioteering heroes always go home to a smoking table, when the race is over; Euripides half tempts one to sympathize even with the barbarous raptures of the cannibal Polyphemus; the great Kitchener himself might borrow a thousand phrases depictive of the most fervid, and at the same time refined, gluttonous enjoyment from Aristophanes: Lucian cannot *allude* to such subjects—he pauses in

his most aerial flight, and *expatiates*;—nay, even Plato himself commences many of his most sublime Dialogues with elaborate and *con amore* descriptions of the delicious shell-fish which were consumed ere the conversation had leisure to flow.—It is the same with all the Romans worth mentioning. That man is little to be envied who can read Horace with a dry mouth; Cæsar, as Cicero commendably observes, “*Post cœnam evomere solebat, ideoque largius edebat*.” Juvenal never denounces a luxury until he has made one wish to have dined with the sumptuous subject of his satire; and as for Petronius, the most learned Petronius, does not that one simple, nervous, exquisite, and conclusive expression, “*Gula ingeniosa mihi et docta*,” show how well he merited to be revered as the “*Arbiter Elegantiarum*,” by the eating as well as the reading public of his elegant time?

“The Spaniards have got the character of being the most abstemious of European peoples; but their books are enough to prove that this is quite a mistake. All their vocabulary is saturated with an intense exalted spirit of gormandizing; and every one must feel, upon the very threshold, how much more is expressed in their stately, solemn, and musical *golotoneria*, than in the coarse and cacophonous term which our own language has borrowed from it. In Lazarillo de Tormes, there is a whole page upon one slice of bacon. The rigid and austere style of the author of Guzman d’Alfarache is at once swelled and softened when a luscious melon, or a cold partridge-pastry, is the theme. Cervantes, had he not been a keen lover of good things, could never have thrown so pathetic an interest over the abstracted dainties of the Governor of Barataria; doubtless his own soul breathes in the eloquent eulogies of the rich Camacho’s wedding-feast, and still more so in Sancho’s solitary adorations of the never-to-be-forgotten leveret-pie.—There are no entertainments on record more delicious than the little Florentine suppers sketched by Boccaccio and his followers. Berni is more than himself when he paints the luxury of eating a nice dish *alone and in bed*; and whenever there is a tid-bit in Ariosto, it seems to refresh himself as much as his heroes.—What ideas of passionate ecstatic devouring does not the very name of Rabelais recall! Moliere—that name, too, is enough. A weekly dinner at M. Conrart’s was the origin of the Academie Française! Le Sage (see Dr. King’s Anecdotes) was the most delicate of epicures. The whole of the French literature of the last age is woven through and through with *petits soupers*, as well as *petites maisons*. Fontenelle, when his friend, who liked butter to his asparagus, fell down in an apoplexy just as dinner was announced, ran, “the first thing,” to the head of the stair-case, and screamed, “*toute a l’huile!—toute a l’huile!*” The suppers of Julie and St. Preux are as *voluptuous* as any other incidents in their history; and yet imagination yields the *pas* to fond memory, where Rousseau confesses those with which the Warens nurtured himself,—

“When first he sigh’d in woman’s ear  
The soul-felt flame,  
And blush’d at every sip to hear  
The one loved name.”

It is no matter of what sort the eatable that is dwelt upon may be. The principle is safe when Goethe's Charlotte spreads the bread and butter—when Schiller's Wolff raves about the fried tripe of the Bandidi—when the enormous boar smokes with half his bristles about him on the table of Biorn The One-eyed in Sintram—but indeed, as for these Germans, it would be quite absurd to go into any particulars about them. Their whole ideas are penetrated and suffused with the fumes of fat things; and their language has as many affectionately accurate and precise epithets to denote the charms of individual greasy dishes, as ever were invented by the poets of any other nation under the inspiration of Almighty Love himself. Nor, to say the truth, are we ourselves much better than our Teutonic kindred. From Chaucer to Burns, gulosity floats buoyant on the British Castalia. We are more especially rich in songs about good eating. There is more true serious nature in “Great chieftain of the pudding race,” than in fifty “Alexander's feasts,” where not one single dish is immortalized. Butler died for want of the thing he liked best in the world—a dinner. Pope's great favorite was a veal cutlet, with lemon sauce, stewed in a silver pan. Swift endured all the Achesons on account of my lady's having a good cook;—even the homely legs of mutton and turnips at poor Sheridan's are described by him in a tone of unusual tenderness. Thomson borrowed more from Berni than “the Castle of Indolence,” for he was fond of eating in bed, and always did so when visited by the Muse. Lady Mary Wortley Montague says that Fielding's spirits could at any time be raised from the lowest depths of melancholy by the sight of a venison-pasty; and accordingly all his heroes are gourmands;—the cold round of Upton beef takes precedence of Mrs. Waters with Tom Jones; and Parson Adams is as fond of stuffing as Parson Trulliber. I should suspect that the author of *Guy Rimering*, *The Antiquary*, and *Nigel*, is fond of grouse soup, friars' chicken, and eockey-leekie—and, to jump at a conclusion, where nature and art have made none, John Wilkes—the “dog,” the “rascal,” the “scoundrel” John Wilkes—won Samuel Johnson's heart, by helping him to the brown part of Mr. Strahan's roasted veal. In fact, there is something in the substantial nature of eating that has always harmonized in the most perfect manner with the character of English genius. Our literature is that of an eminently dining nation—it is such as befits a people accustomed in all its transactions to consider a sirloin as the *sine quâ non*—whose hypocrites cannot harangue, whose dupes cannot subscribe, whose ministers do not consult, and whose assassins scarcely dream of stabbing—elsewhere than at a dinner. The ruling passion is strong even in our superstitions—A seductive steam rises from the caldron of a British witch—and the ghosts of other people are contented with ruined houses, churchyards, and solitary midnight—but with us they are not scared by bells or chandeliers—they heard laughter and lackeys, and “push” supping usurpers “from their stools.”

But the last and most consummate union of the love of cooks and letters was reserved for that “little, plump, round oily man of God,” the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin. His “Tour” should have been called “Daitographical” as well as “Bibliographical;” for it is

at least as full of rich dishes as of rare editions. He dallies in the same style with *dindons* and *dumdecimos*—he fondles *folios* and *fowls* with equal fervour. He describes an Aldus as if it were an Omelet, an Omelet as if it were an Aldus. We hear of a “crisp fiftener” in the one page, and of a “crisp fricassee” in the other. His admiration hesitates between Caxton and Kitchener—between Valdarfer and Very: and when, on leaving Paris, he gave a dinner at his favorite restaurateur’s to a dozen of the prime French bibliomaniacs, an illuminated representation of old Wynken de Worde gleamed behind the chair of the Amphytrion Eruditus, and every flask of chambertin on the festal board was flanked by “AN UNCUT EDITIO PRINCEPS.”

Yet it is perhaps in the descriptions of his visits to some of the old monasteries on the Danube, that his double enthusiasm is at the highest pitch. He arrives, *un beau matin*, within view of the convent of Molk—he breakfasts leisurely at the foot of the hill on which it stands—he ascends and delivers his credentials—he is conducted by the hospitable fathers through all their venerable cloisters, and is at length received beneath the vaulted roof of their library. With what a flow of eloquence does he retrace the beautiful illuminated MSS., the *Libri Rarissimi*, the unique etchings and wood-cuts, the peerless missals! Suddenly the clock strikes twelve, and the *Frater Bibliothecarius* whispers, “dinner!”—Instantly springs up a new, but kindred train of recollections—the hasty walk to the refectory, the antique splendour of that noble hall, the assembled brethren, the presiding Abbot, the solemn Grace, the beautiful boar’s-head, the bursting haunch, the long-necked cobwebbed bottles, the tall old glasses with arsenic ornaments within the stalk, the balmy Johannisberg, the mild Markbrunner, the heavenly Hockheimer, the friendly ring of the saluting bumpers, the joyous stave of the old chaplain, the crafty bargain about the Boccaccio negotiated *inter pocula*, the western sun staining with admonitory glories the painted window over against the successful negotiator, the sudden half-sorrowful, half-ecstatic departure.—There is a life and truth about the whole affair that must send their charm into every bosom, and force, even from the man that prefers a book to a title-page, a momentary echo of

“I should like to dine with this Nongtong-paw.”

His animated view of what a dinner is at Molk may furnish one, it is probable, with no inadequate notion of what a dinner was in the good olden time, beneath the long dismantled arches of our own Sweetheart, or St. Alban’s. The external features of an old English monastery are still perceived in our academical *hospitia*, but, alas! a dinner there is now shorn of much of its fair proportion, and presents, at the best, but a faint and faded image of the “glories of old.”

The description of the sensible and affectionate manner in which the Vicar of Lannwell educates his son is very interesting; but all the good impressions which this amiable old gentleman has taken so much care to inculcate are thrown away: Reginald’s good heart and firm principles are unable to stand against the temptations which assail him; and, being without adviser or friend, he plunges into all the

debaucheries of Oxford. Riding in a fox-chase, he takes a desperate leap, and kills the horse on which he rode : to pay the price of the animal, which he resolutely does, he leaves himself almost penniless : his debts increase, and he returns to Lannwell almost distracted at the thought of the pain which the news of his imprudence must inflict upon his father. Before, however, he quits Oxford, he pays a visit to Mr. Keith and his niece. Here he adds to the imprudence of getting into debt that of falling in love ; and, still worse, that of imparting his passion to Miss Hesketh. Upon this occasion the old priest imparts to him what he knows of the young lady's birth. He says that, being at St. Andrews with his sister, a young widow, Mr. Macdonald, the stage-coach companion of our hero, had requested his assistance :

‘ He told me, sirs, that he had for several months been acquainted with a very beautiful young Englishwoman, of my religion, who had come to live in St. Andrews in the autumn of the preceding year. Her husband had come down with her, and they had lived together in great retirement, he said, for some little time—three or four months I think—but early in that spring he had been called away to England upon necessary business, and left instructions with Macdonald to supply her with money, and overlook her concerns during his absence. That, Macdonald said, had been protracted so much beyond what the young lady expected, that she, being in a very delicate situation, had begun to droop very much in her spirits. In short, he gave me to understand that it had been some run-away marriage, or rather that they had never been married by any clergyman, but only in the Scotch fashion, of a declaration before witnesses—one of whom he himself had been—that the young lady was afflicted with some fears of being altogether deserted by her man—and that it had occurred to him that I might be of great use in comforting and consoling her. I saw very well, from the manner in which he expressed himself—and even if that had been more cunningly guarded, I think I should have gathered from his looks—that there was some mystery, of which Mr. Macdonald knew more than he chose to express ; but I considered that perhaps his professional duty might engage him to this reserve ; and I saw no reason, at any rate, why I should refuse to offer any consolation that might be in my power to a person in the situation he had described.

‘ Macdonald called on me, therefore, the same evening, and carried me to see the stranger.

‘ I said all I could to cheer and compose her. She was the gentlest soul in the world, and kindness, to which for some time she had been, I fear, but little accustomed, soothed her very much ; but I soon saw that there was a something which kindness could not reach, and, although my sister went with me next day, and continued to visit her constantly from that time forwards, neither I nor she were ever able to draw from the unfortunate lady any exact account either of what had happened between her and her husband ere they parted, or of what she imagined to be the reason of his persisting in leaving her alone. Some things I heard, indeed, which perhaps I should not even now speak of ; but, after all, it was rather from putting together involuntary hints,



than from any direct statement of hers, that we both became satisfied, first, that Mrs. Hesketh had to reproach herself with having quitted the protection of her friends in an improper manner; and, secondly, that she had been induced to pledge herself for keeping silence as to the true character and (such at least was our strong impression) the true name of her lover. I say lover, because, my dears, although a marriage of the kind that had taken place, according to Macdonald's account, be really quite good and legal, according to the Scotch law, yet she had been brought up in principles—no doubt she had for a certain time, in so far, lost sight of them—that taught her to undervalue, in a certain sense, the merely civil ceremony that had passed; and, in short—for why should I hesitate to speak it out?—to consider herself as in reality scarcely entitled to look upon herself as the wife of the man who had abandoned her. This was a notion, my dears, which, in one point of view, it must have been very difficult either for myself or my sister to controvert; but yet we were neither of us so bigotted as to look on it only in that one light, and you may be sure we left no argument unused to convince our poor young friend (for such indeed we both ere long considered her), that what the law of the country she was living in had pronounced to be a binding marriage, should, at least, be enough to rid her mind of the severer reflections from which, it was too plain, she had never been able to preserve herself; but it was all in vain. Days and weeks passed on, and no word came from Mr. Hesketh, at least none that we could hear of; and at the end of two months, or better, we were just as much as ever in the dark as to what was at first mysterious.

‘There is an old Scots saying, and a very true one it is, that “the blade wears the scabbard;” and it proved so, my love, with your poor mother. Her mind, pure and good as it was, wanted that consolation which God and nature have appointed for the help and sustenance of those in her situation; and religion itself, my dears, could not supply this want. The more calm her distress became, the more keenly, perhaps, did it consume; and we soon found that all our kindest offices were of but little avail to a spirit wounded so deeply as hers had been.

‘Mr. Macdonald was called from St. Andrews upon some affairs of business, and he remained absent for two or three weeks, during which we were the only visitors Mrs. Hesketh saw. Now and then we prevailed on her to come and spend the day in our house; but this was comparatively rare, and, in common, we were the best part of the evening in her lodgings. One afternoon, however, as it happened, she was with us: a beautiful afternoon it was; ay, I shall never forget it—a fine bright evening in the last week of August: we were all sitting together by the open window, looking out upon the sea, and it seemed to us that Mrs. Hesketh herself could not help in some measure enjoying the scene. She had never appeared so placid, so perfectly composed; I had been reading to them, and she had seemed to listen without distraction. My sister had exerted herself to be gay and cheerful; and, indeed, it was just one of those evenings when it is almost impossible for the heaviest human heart not to shake off something of its load. The servant brought in some letters and a news-



paper. My sister and I were reading our letters, and Mrs. Hesketh had taken the paper into her hand, After a little time I happened to look towards our friend. Oh! my dears, what a change from a few moments before! Never was such a settled, cold, deadly paleness—such a look of utter hopeless misery. Not a word, not a tear—not the least motion of eye or lip—but the withered, stone-like, steadfast gaze of utter woe. We threw water on her face—we spoke—we entreated—we prayed; but nothing could bring a single syllable from her lips. I ran out for the doctor, and when I came back I found that my sister had had her put to bed in her own room. In short, my dear little Ellen was born within two hours of that time; and so sickly an infant did it seem, that I was fain to comply with my sister's request, and I baptized you, my love, by your mother's bedside at the dead of night. She was sensible of what we were doing: we saw that, although she had not spoken a word, and my sister stooped over her, and whispered a question, what name we should give her? for, indeed, my dear, we did not even know what her own Christian name was. At the mention of *name*, the poor lady's tears flowed, gushing over her cheek, and it was some time ere my sister had an answer. At last she whispered, "Not my name, my friends—no, no, not mine. Give her a better name; let her be *Ellen*." When she had said so, her tears flowed again; but while the service was performed she became perfectly calm and composed. But why should I vex you and myself with all these sad particulars? There was another service which soon became more necessary than that has proved to have been, and at six in the morning our little stranger was an orphan in our home.'

The Vicar pays Reginald's debts, which are so large that he is compelled to part with his books to raise the money. Reginald is ignorant of this until he learns it by accident. He returns to college, and laboriously and parsimoniously endeavours to atone for his former prodigality. His friend, Mr. Chisney, so far abuses his confidence as to make a dishonorable and violent attempt on Miss Hesketh, whom Reginald rescues. A duel ensues, in which Chisney is severely, and Reginald slightly, wounded: the former is put to bed, the latter committed to the castle.

Mr. Dalton has died shortly before, and his daughter, Miss Barbara Dalton, who had a right to dispose of the estates, follows him to the grave at this period. Upon examining the will, it appears that Sir Charles Catline's daughter, being constantly with that lady, has exerted her influence so as to defeat her own father's hopes, and has procured a will to be made by which the Dalton property is all bequeathed to *Sir Charles Catline's eldest daughter*. The Vicar of Lannwell, who is not disappointed at this disposition, hastens to Oxford, to his unfortunate son. Mr. Chisney recovers; and Reginald, resolving to bid adieu for ever to Oxford, proposes to go to India, under the advice of Mr. Ward, an old friend of his father's family, and who has amassed a large fortune there. In pursuance of this determination he comes to London, where he meets Mr. Macdonald, his son, a Cornet, Sir Charles Catline, and his family. A match is proposed by the parents between the young heiress and the younger Macdonald, but

this scheme is defeated by Mr. Chisney running away with the lady. The story now draws near to a close: old Macdonald discloses to his son that Ellen Hesketh is the daughter of Sir Charles Catline, by the sister of the Vicar's wife, with whom he had eloped into Scotland, where, as mentioned in Mr. Keith's relation, Ellen was born. She is, therefore, *the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Catline*, and, of course, entitled to the Dalton estates. The young Cornet loves Ellen; but, having learnt that her affections are fixed upon Reginald Dalton, he, with an honourable and true generosity, writes to him just in time to prevent his voyage to India, and requests him to hasten to his father's house, where Ellen is. Sir Charles comes thither also, and, when old Macdonald tells him that he means to marry his son to Ellen, Sir Charles turns upon him, and acquaints him with a discovery he has made of a deed, by which the estates are so limited that the deceased Miss Dalton had no power to alienate them, and, therefore, Reginald would be entitled as the next heir. They propose, however, to accommodate the affair; but the plan of the Cornet disturbs their arrangement. Sir Charles is affected by the sight of Ellen: his heart, seared as it is by worldly craft, is not proof against the feelings of nature. Macdonald proposes her health—

“O, Macdonald,” says Sir Charles, “what a day—what an evening—what an hour! O, sir, I am weary of myself and of the world. To see her!—and to see her as a stranger! O, Macdonald, my heart is ———.” And he sat down in his chair, and bowed his head upon the board, and sobbed.

Macdonald was endeavouring to sooth him, whispering in his ear, when the Cornet burst abruptly into the room. He would have withdrawn on the instant, but his father beckoned him on. “Sir Charles, my dear Sir Charles,” said he, “here is your friend Thomas. Will you not speak to him?”

Catline started, and gazed with a burning blush upon the young man, whose countenance also was covered with a glow of confusion.—“Young man,” said he, “advance. Here is no time for long stories—you see me—you see all, young man. It is you that must speak to Ellen—to my daughter. Alas, my poor girl! will she ever look upon her father?”

“Nay, nay,” says old Macdonald, “we must not take things thus. All's well that ends well. We shall all see very happy days together yet; it will all be as it should be. Shake hands; now, shake hands, and be composed, and let us a' understand ilk other.”

“Young gentleman,” said Catline, taking the Cornet's hesitating hand, “I fear you will scarcely do me justice; indeed, I can scarcely expect it.”

“You recognize your daughter?” says Thomas, solemnly.

“I do,” says Sir Charles—“I do.”

“And her rights as such?”

“Surely, surely. Oh, sir, spare me many words. I am in your hands; spare me.”

“I will join you again on the instant,” said the young man, and darted out of the room.

‘He remained absent for perhaps a quarter of an hour; it seemed to them as if an age had passed ere he returned.

‘He led Ellen by the hand. Sir Charles rushed forward—the pale girl fell upon his breast.

‘The Cornet stood still for a moment; and then, clasping his hands together, ran up to his father. “O, sir,” he whispered fervently, “you enjoy this—I see that you enjoy it!”

“My dear callant!—my dearest Thomas,” was the answer, whispered as fervently as the address. He added, after a moment, “Every thing is right now, my dear lad. Leave them to themselves; let them take their time; no wonder if their hearts be full.”

“Mine is full, too, sir,” said Thomas. “Oh, sir, will you forgive me for having in some sort deceived you?”

“You deceive me, Tom?—’Tis impossible!”

“I *have* deceived you.”

“When? how?”

“Ellen—O, sir, she could not love me. She loves Dalton—she was betrothed to him ere we met.”

“Ha! mad boy, then all is undone,” and the old man shrunk back from his son, and a deadly paleness crept over his countenance. Thomas seized his hand, and pressed it to his lips.

“Be yourself, sir—be generous—be just—be a man—Dalton is here.”

“Here!”

“He is here—he knows all—I have told him every thing.”

‘The old man groaned, but withdrew not his hand from his son’s grasp. The father and the son stood gazing upon each other’s faces. “Let me go for him,” says Thomas—“let me bring him in. Do the whole at once. Give him his bride and his birthright.”

‘The old man’s hand relaxed its hold. Thomas ran out of the room, and the next moment Reginald Dalton was within it. The Cornet drew him towards Ellen, and, while her face was yet buried in her father’s bosom, placed his hand in hers.

‘Sir Charles raised his head, and uttered a single sharp cry, and would have sunk on the ground, had not Dalton propped him up.

“Enough,” said Sir Charles, with a voice of struggling agony—“Enough, enough; ’tis all over. What is the world to me? I have deserved nothing, and I have nothing. Mr. Dalton, I see how it is. Ellen, my child, look up,” and he yielded her; and Dalton, kneeling, received her from his hands.

“May God bless you!” said Catline, crossing her face with his hand—“May you be happy in the world, as you deserve to be. I shall not see it, but I shall know it—that, even that, is more than enough. Mr. Macdonald, will you have the goodness to give all these papers to Mr. Dalton?”

‘Macdonald drew very slowly a large parcel from his pocket, untied the strings with which it was fastened, and, unfolding the copy of Miss Dalton’s will, placed it in Reginald’s hand, saying, “Read it at once, sir—Read it, and be satisfied.”

‘Reginald took the paper, and, making Ellen sit down by her

father, advanced to the table, where the lights were, and began to read. He went over the whole while every body kept silence. Every now and then, as he was reading, he threw a glance upon the Cornet, as if to intimate that there had been some discussion between them, and that what he was now reading confirmed him in his own opinion. At last, when he had come to the end, he deliberately folded up the packet again, and delivered it to Sir Charles.

"Why, sir?—why do you give this to me?"

"To whom else should I give it, sir? Mrs. Chisney is not here."

"Mrs. Chisney!—Why do you trifle so?" interrupted old Macdonald—"Don't you see the omission of the name? Did not Tom tell you how it stood?"

"I did," says the Cornet.

"'Tis true," says Reginald—"I heard my friend's account of this matter; but he will bear me witness, that, from the first, I said it could not be as he thought it was. I can easily understand how *he* should have overlooked what I cannot."

'There was a pause for a moment.

"Come, gentlemen," Reginald resumed, "I have no wish to make speeches; you *must* understand all this at least as well as I do. Miss Dalton leaves her estate to Sir George Catline's daughter: she omits to mention the name indeed; but that was, and must have been, a mere clerical blunder. She says expressly, that the motive of her bequest is 'the particular love and favour for her dear niece.' What more need be? She meant Mrs. Chisney; and I am sure I told you so, Tom, from the beginning; I am sure that my Ellen would rather die than interfere with such a right upon such a quirk."

"A quirk?" says Mr. Macdonald, senior.

"Yes, a mere quirk," resumes Dalton—"a most visible quirk. Sir Charles Catline, speak to your daughter—ask herself. We have all our old hopes entire, and they are neither less nor less dear than they used to be."

'Sir Charles sprung from his seat, cast a glowing eye upon Mr. Macdonald, and, taking a roll of parchment from his bosom, said, "Young man, generous young man, you have been tried abundantly. Read this, and be happy."

'Reginald hesitated. Macdonald whispered, "Ay, ay, 'tis all one thing—take it, man—take it, and be thankful."

'Reginald shook his head, but obeyed, and unfolded the scroll. It fell from his hand ere he had read many lines. He took it up again, and read it to an end; and then, clasping his hands together, said, "Now, indeed, am I happy. My father, my dear father, has his right at last. Who discovered this deed?"

'Sir Charles bowed. "I—I myself—very recently; and, once more, may God bless you!"

'Reginald laid the scroll on Ellen's lap, and Sir Charles laid her unresisting hand within her lover's.'

Thus the tale concludes: it is by no means a first-rate production; it is, perhaps, unworthy of the powers of its author; but it is amusing, and is rather calculated to produce a good effect than many of the similar works which have proceeded from the same quarter.

## ITALY, A POEM. BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

A new edition of this very pleasing poem affords us an opportunity, of which we gladly avail ourselves, of directing the attention of our readers to it. The author has put in a most agreeable shape the feelings which were excited, and the remembrances which have been left, by his journey from Geneva to Florence; interspersing them occasionally with tales and anecdotes. Without aiming at the higher walks of poetry, the volume is interesting and delightful; and we shall prefer putting our readers in a way of judging for themselves to occupying them with our own remarks.

The gate of Geneva is thus remembered :

‘ Day glimmered in the east, and the white moon  
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky,  
Yet visible, when on my way I went,  
Thy gates, Geneva, swinging heavily,  
Thy gates so slow to open, swift to shut ;  
As on that Sabbath-eve when he arrived,\*  
Whose name is now thy glory, now by thee  
Inscribed to consecrate (such virtue dwells  
In those small syllables) the narrow street,  
His birth-place—when, but one short step too late,  
He sate him down and wept—wept till the morning ;  
Then rose to go—a wanderer thro’ the world.

’Tis not a tale that every hour brings with it.  
Yet at a City-gate, from time to time,  
Much might be learnt; and most of all at thine,  
London—thy hive the busiest, greatest, still  
Attracting more and more. Let us stand by,  
And note who passes. Here comes one, a youth,  
Glowing with pride, the pride of conscious power,  
A Chatterton—in thought admired, caressed,  
And crowned like Petrarch in the Capitol ;  
Ere long to die—to fall by his own hand,  
And fester with the vilest. Here come two,  
Less feverish, less exalted—soon to part,  
A Garrick and a Johnson; Wealth and Fame  
Awaiting one—even at the gate, Neglect  
And Want the other. But what multitudes,  
Urged by the love of change, and, like myself,  
Adventurous, careless of to-morrow’s fare,  
Press on—tho’ but a rill entering the Sea,  
Entering and lost! Our task would never end.’

His adventure at Bergamo, first with the little itinerant songsters, and then with the poet, is well told, and the latter with quiet humour which is very delightful :

‘ The song was one that I had heard before,  
But where I knew not. It inclined to sadness;  
And, turning round from the delicious fare  
My landlord’s little daughter, Barbara,  
Had from her apron just rolled out before me,  
Figs and rock-melons—at the door I saw  
Two boys of lively aspect. Peasant-like

---

\* ‘Rousseau.’

They were, and poorly clad, but not unskilled ;  
With their small voices and an old guitar  
Winning their mazy progress to my heart  
In that, the only universal language.  
But soon they changed the measure, entering on  
A pleasant dialogue of sweet and sour,  
A war of words, and waged with looks and gestures,  
Between Trappanti and his ancient dame,  
Mona Lucilia. To and fro it went ;  
While many a titter on the stairs was heard,  
And Barbara's among them.

When 'twas done,  
Their dark eyes flashed no longer, yet were speaking  
More than enough to serve them. Far or near,  
Few let them pass unnoticed ; and there was not  
A mother round about for many a league,  
But could repeat their story. Twins they were,  
And orphans, as I learnt, cast on the world ;  
Their parents lost in the old ferry-boat  
That, three years since, last Martinmas, went down,  
Crossing the rough Benacus.\*

May they live  
Blameless and happy—rich they cannot be,  
Like him who, in the days of Minstrelsy,  
Came in a beggar's weeds to Petrarch's door,  
Crying without, " Give me a lay to sing !"   
And soon in silk (such then the power of song)  
Returned to thank him ; or like him, way-worn  
And lost, who, by the foaming Adigè  
Descending from the Tyrol, as Night fell,  
Knocked at a city-gate near the hill-foot,  
The gate that bore so long, sculptured in stone,  
An eagle on a ladder, and at once  
Found welcome—nightly in the bannered hall  
Tuning his harp to tales of Chivalry  
Before the great Mastino, and his guests,†  
The three-and-twenty, by some adverse fortune,  
By war or treason or domestic malice,  
Reft of their kingly crowns, reft of their all,  
And living on his bounty.

But who now  
Enters the chamber, flourishing a scroll  
In his right hand ; his left at every step  
Brushing the floor with what was once a hat  
Of ceremony ? Gliding on, he comes,  
Slip-shod, ungartered ; his long suit of black  
Dingy and thread-bare, though renewed in patches  
Till it has almost ceased to be the old one.

At length arrived, and with a shrug that pleads  
" 'Tis my necessity !" he stoops and speaks,  
Screwing a smile into his dinnerless face.

" I am a Poet, Signor :—give me leave  
To bid you welcome. Tho' you shrink from notice,

---

\* ' Lago di Garda.'

† ' Mastino della Scala, the Lord of Verona.'



The splendour of your name has gone before you ;  
 And Italy from sea to sea rejoices,  
 As well indeed she may ! But I transgress.  
 I too have known the weight of Praise, and ought  
 To spare another."

Saying so, he laid  
 His sonnet, an impromptu, on my table,  
 (If his, then Petrarch must have stolen it from him)  
 And bowed and left me ; in his hollow hand  
 Receiving my small tribute, a zecchino,  
 Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.

My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,  
 " The very best in Bergamo !" had long  
 Fled from all eyes ; or, like the young Gil Blas  
 De Santillane, I had perhaps been seen  
 Bartering my bread and salt for empty praise.'

The following apostrophe to Italy is highly beautiful :

' O Italy, how beautiful thou art !  
 Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,  
 Low in the dust ; and they who come admire thee  
 As we admire the beautiful in death.  
 Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of Beauty.  
 Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,  
 Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee !  
 —But why despair ? Twice hast thou lived already ;  
 Twice shone among the nations of the world,  
 As the sun shines among the lesser lights  
 Of heaven ; and shalt again. The hour shall come,  
 When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,  
 Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,  
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again  
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess  
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame  
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,  
 And, dying, left a splendour like the day ;  
 That like the day diffused itself, and still  
 Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,  
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,  
 God-like example. Echoes that have slept  
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,  
 Since men invoked " By Those in Marathon !"   
 Awake along the Ægean ; and the dead,  
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,  
 And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen  
 Moving as once they were—instead of rage  
 Breathing deliberate valour.'

The description of his travelling servant, Luigi, is true and whimsical : such adroit varlets abound in all the towns of Italy, and may be bound to you with the sincerest fidelity for a very moderate recompense :

' He who is on his travels and loves ease,  
 Ease and companionship, should hire a lacquey,  
 Such as thou wert, Luigi. Thee I found,  
 Playing at Mora on the cabin-roof  
 With Pulcinella—crying, as in anger,  
 " Tre ! Quattro ! Cinque !" —'Tis a game to strike  
 Fire from the coldest heart. What then from thine ?

And, ere the twentieth throw, I had resolved,  
 Won by thy looks. Thou wert an honest lad :  
 Wert generous, grateful, not without ambition.  
 Had it depended on thy will and pleasure,  
 Thou wouldst have numbered in thy family  
 At least six Doges and twelve Procurators.  
 But that was not to be. In thee I saw  
 The last of a long line of Carbonari,  
 Who in their forest, for three hundred years,  
 Had lived and laboured, cutting, charring wood ;  
 Discovering where they were, to those astray,  
 By the re-echoing stroke, the crash, the fall,  
 Or the blue wreath that travelled slowly up  
 Into the sky. Thy nobler destinies  
 Led thee away to juggle in the crowd ;  
 And there I found thee—by thy own prescription  
 Crossing the sea to try once more a change  
 Of air and diet, landing, and as gaily,  
 Near the Dogana—on the Great Canal,  
 As tho' thou knewest where to dine and sleep.

First didst thou practise patience in Bologna,  
 Serving behind a cardinal's gouty chair,  
 Laughing at jests that were no laughing matter ;  
 Then teach the Art to others in Ferrara  
 —At the Three Moors—as Guide, as Cicerone—  
 Dealing out largely in exchange for pence  
 Thy scraps of knowledge—thro' the grassy street  
 Leading, explaining—pointing to the bars  
 Of Tasso's dungeon, and the Latin verse,  
 Graven in the stone, that yet denotes the door  
 Of Ariosto.

Many a year is gone  
 Since on the Rhine we parted ; yet, methinks,  
 I can recall thee to the life, Luigi ;  
 In our long journey ever by my side,  
 O'er rough and smooth, o'er apennine, maremma ;  
 Thy locks jet-black, and clustering round a face  
 Open as day and full of manly daring.  
 Thou hadst a hand, a heart for all that came,  
 Herdsman or pedlar, monk or muleteer ;  
 And few there were that met thee not with smiles.  
 Mishap passed o'er thee like a summer-cloud.  
 Cares thou hadst none ; and they who stood to hear thee  
 Caught the infection and forgot their own.  
 Nature conceived thee in her merriest mood,  
 Her happiest—not a speck was in the sky ;  
 And at thy birth the cricket chirped, Luigi,  
 Thine a perpetual voice—at every turn  
 A larum to the echo. In a clime,  
 Where all the world was gay, thou wert the gayest,  
 And, like a babe, hushed only by thy slumbers ;  
 Up hill and down, morning and noon and night,  
 Singing or talking ; singing to thyself  
 When none gave ear, but to the listener talking.'

His visit to Arqua, the residence and burial-place of Petrarch, is made the subject of a chapter (if we may call it so), and is full of beautiful allusions :

' There is, within three leagues and less of Padua,  
 (The Paduan student knows it, honours it)  
 A lonely tomb-stone in a mountain-churchyard ;  
 And I arrived there as the sun declined  
 Low in the west. The gentle airs, that breathe  
 Fragrance at eve, were rising, and the birds  
 Singing their farewell-song—the very song  
 They sung the night that tomb received a tenant ;  
 When, as alive, clothed in his canon's habit,  
 And, slowly winding down the narrow path,  
 He came to rest there. Nobles of the land,  
 Princes, and prelates, mingled in his train,  
 Anxious by any act, while yet they could,  
 To catch a ray of glory by reflection ;  
 And from that hour have kindred spirits flocked  
 From distant countries, from the north, the south,  
 To see where he is laid.

Twelve years ago,  
 When I descended the impetuous Rhone,  
 Its vineyards of such great and old renown,  
 Its castles, each with some romantic tale,  
 Vanishing fast—the pilot at the stern,  
 He who had steered so long, standing aloft,  
 His eyes on the white breakers, and his hands  
 On what at once served him for oar and rudder,  
 A huge misshapen plank—the bark itself  
 Frail and uncouth, launched to return no more,  
 Such as a shipwrecked man might hope to build,  
 Urged by the love of home—when I descended  
 Two long, long days, silence, suspense on board,  
 It was to offer at thy fount, Valclusa,  
 Entering the arched Cave, to wander where  
 Petrarch had wandered, in a trance to sit  
 Where in his peasant-dress he loved to sit,  
 Musing, reciting—on some rock moss-grown,  
 Or the fantastic root of some old fig-tree,  
 That drinks the living waters as they stream  
 Over their emerald-bed ; and could I now  
 Neglect to visit Arqua ; where, at last,  
 When he had done and settled with the world,  
 When all the illusions of his youth were fled,  
 Indulged perhaps too long, cherished too fondly,  
 He came for the conclusion ? Half-way up  
 He built his house, whence as by stealth he caught,  
 Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,  
 That soothed, not stirred.—But knock, and enter in.  
 This was his chamber. 'Tis as when he left it ;  
 As if he now were busy in his garden,  
 And this his closet. Here he sate and read.  
 This was his chair ; and in it, unobserved,  
 Reading or thinking of his absent friends,  
 He passed away as in a quiet slumber.

Peace to this region ! Peace to all who dwell here !  
 They know his value—every coming step,  
 That gathers round the children from their play,  
 Would tell them if they knew not.—But could aught,  
 Ungentle or ungenerous, spring up  
 Where he is sleeping ; where, and in an age



Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down for ever !

We cannot close this volume without expressing our thanks for the delight which it has afforded to us. Mr. Rogers' poetical powers are so well known, and so properly appreciated, that we are sure our readers join us in the wish that he would write oftener. *Italy* is a beautiful dition to the stores of English poesy.

#### THE CAMBRIDGE TART.

In emulation of the *Oxford Sausage*, a volume called the *Cambridge Tart* has been published. It is an amusing compilation of the good things in poetry which have been produced at Cambridge ; and, if it is not so entertaining as, coming from that seat of learning, might have been expected, the fault lies not in the editor. There are some pieces by Porson which are extremely humorous ; but none more so than the following :

#### EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, ASCRIBED TO THE LATE PROFESSOR PORSON.

‘ FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,  
The devil’s a walking gone ;  
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,  
And see how his stock there goes on.  
And over the hill and over the dale  
He rambled, and over the plain ;  
And backwards and forwards he switch’d his long tail,  
As a gentleman switches his cane.  
“ And pray now, how was the devil drest ? ”  
Oh, he was in his Sunday’s best ;  
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,  
With a hole behind, which his tail went through.  
He saw a lawyer killing a viper  
On a dunghill by his own stable ;  
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of Cain and his brother Abel.  
He saw an apothecary on a white horse,  
Ride by on his vocation ;  
And again he smiled, for it put him in mind  
Of death in the revelation.  
He went into a rich bookseller’s shop,  
Says he, “ We are both of one college ; ”  
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once  
Hard by the tree of knowledge.”  
He saw school-boys acting prayers at noon,  
And naughty plays at night ;  
And, “ Oho, Mr. Dean,” he shouted, “ I ween  
My own good trade goes right.”  
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house ;  
A cottage of quality :  
And the devil did grin ; for his darling sin  
Is pride that apes humility.  
He saw swim down the river, with wind and tide,  
A pig, with vast celerity ;  
Oh, it cut its own throat, and he thought the while  
Of England’s commercial prosperity.

He pass'd Cold-Bath-Fields, and saw  
A solitary cell ;  
And the devil he paused, for it gave him a hint  
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice  
Fetter a troublesome blade ;  
Nimbly, quoth he, do the fingers move  
If a man be but used to his trade.  
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man  
With but little expedition ;  
Which put him in mind of the long debates  
On the slave-trade abolition.

He saw General ——'s burning face,  
Which put him into a consternation ;  
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mistake,  
He thought 'twas a general conflagration.  
Sir Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail  
With joy and admiration ;  
For he thought of his daughter Victory,  
And her darling babe, Taxation.'

The Greek professor's song on the play of *Pizarro* has also a place in the collection :

' As I walk'd thro' the Strand so careless and gay,  
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow :  
Choice fruit, Sir, said she, and a bill of the play ;  
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried, Dear me,  
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow ;  
At last I got in, and found every one near me  
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.——

Lo! the hero appears ; what a strut and a stride !  
He might easily pass for a Marshal to-morrow ;  
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,  
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.

But Elvira, alas ! turn'd so dull and so prosy,  
That I long'd for a hornpipe by little Del Caro ;  
Had I been 'mong the Gods I had surely cried Nosy,  
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.

On his wife and his child, his affections to pay,  
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow ;  
Of him I have only this little to say,  
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,  
Walk'd solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,  
And politely informed the whole house they were going  
To intreat Heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and grammar,  
As must sure raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow ;  
It would sell for five pounds were it brought to the hammer,  
For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.

Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's my delight,  
Where history's trac'd with the pen of a Varro ;  
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,  
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.



I have finish'd my song, if it had but a tune—  
 Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the sweet Banks of Yarrow—  
 I vow I would sing it from morning till noon,  
 So much I am charm'd with the play of Pizarro.'

The dialogue between Mr. Hayley and Miss Seward is a very fine piece of satire, and richly deserved:

'MISS SEWARD *loquitur*.  
 Tuneful poet! Britain's glory!  
 Mr. Hayley, that is you.

HAYLEY *respondet*.  
 Ma'am, you carry all before you;  
 Trust me, Lichfield swan, you do.

MISS SEWARD.  
 Ode didactic, epic, sonnet,  
 Mr. Hayley, you're divine.

MR. HAYLEY.  
 Ma'am, I'll take my oath upon it,  
 You yourself are all the nine!'

From the works of Randolph, one of the brightest men of his time, and who, if he had lived, promised fairly to have added to the number of our best dramatists, there are several selections. Of these the *Parley with his Empty Purse* is the best:

'PURSE, who'll not know you have a poet's been,  
 When he shall look and find no *gold* herein?  
 And what respect, think you, will there be shown  
 To this foul nest, when all the birds are flown?  
 Unnatural *vacuum*, can your emptiness  
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these?  
 How shall my *debts* be paid? or can my *scores*  
 Be clear'd with *verses* to my *creditors*?  
*Hexameters* no sterling, and I fear  
 What the brain coins scarce goes for current there.  
 Can *measure* cancel bonds? Is there a time  
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?  
 Or, if I now were hurrying to the jail,  
 Are the nine *muses* held sufficient bail?  
 Would they to any composition come  
 If we would mortgage our *elysium*?  
*Tempe*, *Parnassus*, and the golden streams  
 Of *Tagus* and *Pactolus*, those rich dreams  
 Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move  
 Those rocks and stones with his best strains of love?  
 Should I, like *Homer*, sing in lofty tones  
 To them *Achilles*, and his *myrmidons*?  
*Hector* and *Ajax* are but sergeants' names,  
 They relish bay-salt, 'bove the epigrams  
 Of the most season'd brain, nor will they be  
 Content with ode, or paid with elegy.  
 Muse, burn thy bays, and thy fond quill resign,  
 One cross of theirs is worth whole books of mine.  
 Of all the treasure which the poets hold  
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;  
 And mine's return'd to th' *Indies*, and hath swore  
 Never to visit this cold climate more.  
 Then crack your strings, good purse, for you need none;  
 Gape on, as they do to be paid, gape on.'

*The Bear and the Bishop*, we believe, is nearly true, and is not an unhappy imitation of the late Peter Pindar's doggerel :

When Byron was at Trinity—  
 Studying classics and divinity—  
 He kept a rugged Russian Bear,  
 Which Bear  
 Would often scratch and tear,  
 And dance and roar,—  
 So much so, that even men in the adjacent college  
 Said, “ within the sphere of their own knowledge,  
 They never knew so great a bore !”  
 Indeed the master, then a bishop, was so baited,  
 He ordered that the beast should quick be sold ;  
 Or if not sold at least *translated*.  
 “ What,” said Lord Byron, “ what does the master say ?  
 Send my friend away !  
 No—give my compliments to Doctor Mansel,  
 And say, my Bear I certainly can sell ;  
 But 'twill be very hard—for tell him 'Gyp,  
 The poor thing's sitting for a *fellowship*.”

This collection is really amusing, and does not provoke criticism so much as to induce us to attempt to cut up the Cambridge Tart. The only grave fault that can be alleged against it is, that some pieces have been inserted without a due regard to decency. What might be relished in the time of Chaucer or of Randolph is not to be endured in the days in which we live.

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JOSEPH NOLLEKEN, R.A.

*Painted by Sir W. Beechey R.A. Engraved by J. Cooper*

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THE  
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AUGUST 1, 1823.

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, ESQ.

THE late Mr. Nollekens' life was of such a character, that, if the materials could be found, it would present most amusing details and not unsatisfactory examples. He was any thing but a common man. He had successfully triumphed over such difficulties as often discourage persons of no less genius, but with less persevering courage; he worked with his own hands the path by which he climbed to fame; and he did more, for he overcame propensities to enjoyment and pleasure which were stronger than those of most men, and which seemed at one period of his life to have almost mastered his good resolves.

Joseph Nollekens was born in London, in the year 1737. Neither of his parents were English; his mother was a native of France, and his father was a Dutchman. The latter was an artist of more ingenuity than original talent. He gained a certain sort of reputation by copying Watteau's pictures, and imitating his style,—a thing of all others the most easy; but, as might be guessed, he failed altogether in infusing that graceful and *spiritual* air which makes Watteau's pictures so delightful. To look at them is like being an actor in the charming little musical or drinking parties which he loved to paint. The elder Nollekens, however, did not get rich by his labours. His son Joseph was placed under Scheemakers, who was then one of the best sculptors England possessed, and so bad that any nation might have been justly ashamed of him. Under this artist young Nollekens learned to perform the more laborious and mechanical parts of his profession. The drudgery of the tasks to which he was doomed, and the slender hopes which then presented themselves to his ambition, seem to have aided his natural inclination for pleasure, and his enjoyments were as coarse and as violent as his fate seemed unpromising. The inconvenience and necessity which resulted from his indulgences seem first to have had the effect of bringing him back to habits of industry, and, although he was still as much inclined to pleasure as before, he found himself compelled to labour. He did this with such assiduity that he began to save money, and, when the period of his engagement with Mr. Scheemakers had expired, he had acquired a sum of money which he thought sufficient to bear his expenses to Rome. He had long discovered that England was not the place in which he could hope to gain the knowledge necessary for his professional advancement; and having at this period the good fortune to obtain two premiums from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, one for a drawing, and the other for a clay model, on the subject of *Jephtha's Vow*, with this addition to his finances he set out in 1760 for Rome.

The effect of his studies in that city, where the very air seems to be



favorable to the nourishment of the arts, soon became perceptible. Cavacetti, a man at that time of considerable note, behaved very kindly to him, not only in giving him the instruction and advice of which he stood so much in need, but by introducing him to the society of the artists and literati of Rome; and Nollekens justified this kindness by obtaining a gold medal from the Roman Academy—an honour then for the first time accorded to an Englishman. With that acuteness which distinguished him through life, he very soon found out that the ignorance and vanity of the greater part of his countrymen who repaired to Rome might be turned to good account, and he became a dealer in antiques, and in the modern productions of Roman art. Many reasons concurred to make his assistance eagerly sought, as well by the needy Italian artists as by the wealthy English nobility; and, while these his clients were well satisfied with his manner of dealing, he was rapidly improving his fortune, and did not neglect the prosecution of his professional studies.

His company was solicited by his countrymen, who found in his taste and intelligence resources which were highly serviceable to them; and he made extensive and valuable acquaintances, which, upon his return to England, kept up his importance here, as it had done on the Continent. Some of his most valuable busts were executed on the Continent. The only one known of *Sterne*, and a very fine one of *Garrick*, both in the collection of Lord Yarborough, are good specimens of his ability at this period. Now that the means of indulgence were within his reach, his reason seems to have restrained him from using them frequently; although, from some stories which are told of him, and of Barry, who was in Rome with him, his early tastes seem to have remained.

Upon his return to England he found himself a rich man, and his reputation in his art was established by some works which, if they were not of the highest description, were as far better than any other English artist could then have produced as they are inferior to the labours of Flaxman, and Chantry, and Bailey. His busts, however, cannot be surpassed for correctness, and we are indebted to him for the perpetuation of the features of many men whom England may be justly proud of.

Mr. Nollekens married one of the daughters of Mr. Justice Welch—a lady who had the reputation of a blue-stocking, and whose personal beauty was a matter which could not be discreetly enlarged upon. She was, however, a sort of toast among the literary lions of that day, and even Dr. Johnson is said to have felt a tender attachment for her. This lady had no children, and died in 1817. The latter part of Mr. Nollekens' life presented nothing very remarkable. He had outlived nearly all the friends of his earlier years, and had attained an age at which most of the pleasures of the world cease to be attractive. He had, besides, contracted habits of seclusion, and of rigorous economy, which seemed hardly to belong to his character and to his extensive means. He is, however, said to have distributed considerable sums for charitable purposes. It would be invidious to doubt the truth of this fact, but the secrecy with which his donations were made must deprive him of the public credit which is really due to them. Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, he was a good deal respected by his acquaintance; and, although he was known to have no children, and an overgrown fortune, we would not seem to ascribe the assiduity with which his acquaintance was cultivated to any other motive

than the natural affection which the young, the beautiful, and the gay, of both sexes—for such were among his visitors—must feel for a gentleman turned of eighty years, whose suavity and good breeding were not quite so remarkable as the frankness with which he expressed his opinions. If it were otherwise—if we thought the persons to whom we allude were actuated by any but the most amiable motives—we should rejoice that the will of Mr. Nollekens has disappointed their expectations.

Having attained the advanced age of 86, Mr. Nollekens died on the 23d of April, in the present year. Mr. Douce, an antiquary, and one of the commentators on Shakspeare, takes a large portion of his great wealth (greater than ever artist had before) as residuary legatee.

Of his merit as an artist little is to be said. It never soared above mediocrity, and is characterized by that stiffness and old-fashioned style which distinguish the best productions of the age of Louis XIV. If the ancients are models of excellence, and if modern sculpture is good in proportion as it approaches them, then Mr. Nollekens' productions (not excepting his *Venus and the Sandal*, which is said to have cost him twenty years' labour) are very far from excellence; and we have little doubt that his reputation as a sculptor must entirely depend upon his busts, where to the importance of the original a large share of the interest must always be attributed.

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#### ALVA: A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

THIS tragedy is evidently the production of a man having a very slender acquaintance with the rules of composition; and yet it possesses some poetical merit, and is remarkable for a simplicity, as well of fable as of style, which is by no means common. The Duke of Alva, who gives name to the tragedy, has been outrivalled in the king's favour by the Duke de Guzman, and is entirely occupied by his desire for vengeance on that nobleman and all his race. He has an only daughter, whom he has promised to a youth named Pedro, upon the condition that he shall aid his revenge—a condition which Pedro very willingly embraces, on account of some supposed wrong which Guzman has done his late father, and the memory of which Alva keeps up; he hates his name.

The opening scene, in which Alva's thirst for vengeance is described, is a favorable specimen of the author's style:

*Saltina.* Has not the lapse of nine successive years  
Worn from thy heart this sting? The maid who lov'd,  
And would have sacrificed her very soul  
To gain its object, oft has coolly looked,  
Nay, turn'd disgustful from the dear lov'd youth,  
In half that counted space. Our friends drop off  
In quick succession, and we shed a tear—  
Then wipe our eyes, and smile on some new face;  
For on the heart, light are the traces made  
By Sorrow's pencil.

*Alva.* Saltina, long thou'st known  
Each hearing of my soul:—when we in youth  
Mingled our joys together, I was not captious;  
Within this bosom love of human kind  
Held a full empire, and a playful joy

Mark'd this now worn visage. Have I e'er been  
 Unto my friend a traitor? Would I sell  
 My soul's fix'd purpose for Columbia's wealth?  
 And now, that justice calls me to avenge  
 Myself and slaughter'd friends, shall I give up,  
 Like a weak girl, the vengeance I have cherished  
 Against my foe? Saltina, if you love me  
 You will not damp the fire, but let it burn;  
 It thaws the joys congealed round this poor heart,  
 By the cold breath of an ungrateful sovereign,  
 Whose frowns have blighted all my soul's best prospects.

*Saltina.* Some new face  
 May yet start up, and win him from that rival,  
 Plugging him, from his sudden elevation,  
 Into a deeper vale of wretchedness  
 Than he has seen you fall. Gods, how I gladden  
 In this fond prospect!

*Alva.* Did the heavens  
 Open their gates of light, and to my soul  
 Display their brightest glories, I'd resign them  
 To see that day: but age, that slowly creeps  
 On other men, chases, with tiger's speed,  
 My footsteps to the grave; and then shall Guzman,  
 In safety, glory in his deeds of malice.

I would kill the hopes  
 Of Guzman in his son: fame speaks of him  
 As of a youth endowed above the lot  
 Of common men. Each purpose of the father  
 Tends to his exaltation, and his name  
 Has no hope but him to bear it down  
 With honour to posterity. I would tear  
 This hope from his dark bosom. My revenge  
 Would, like some dreadful opening of the earth,  
 Close darkly round it, leaving to mankind  
 But the remembrance that it had a being.  
 You understand me;—let no price retard  
 The consummation of my soul's desire;  
 Stand not for gold, for could I coin my soul  
 I'd spend it for this purpose.'

Guzman's son has saved the life of Castiana, the daughter of Alva, and become enamoured of her: he meets her in secret, but is discovered by the father, who resolves to make his passion the means of his destruction. As Guzman retires from his mistress, he sees a man attacked by two braves, whom he rescues, and changes swords with him as a pledge of friendship. Alva, pursuing his vengeance, makes Castiana write a letter, by which Guzman is lured to her father's house. Alva, having spirited Pedro up to the murder, enters while the lovers are together, and the following scene ensues:

*Alva.* Let me feed  
 E'en for a moment my long cherished hate  
 On this lone sapling, severed from the trunk;  
 Which then shall rot away in lonely anguish.

'Tis pity so fair a form should ever die ;—  
 But die it shall :—die in the bloom of youth,  
 While rapture blazes, and while joy entwines him.  
 I'll prove to Guzman that the power I hold  
 Of life and death did not entirely cease  
 With the bright honours that his hand tore from me.

*(Comes forward.)*

My son, let us embrace. Girl, give me thy hand—  
 Be this the pledge of future love between us.  
 Why this reluctance, girl ?—Thy father's presence  
 Sure need not shame thee. All things are prepared,  
 And sadness ill-befits this happy time.

*Castiana.* Oh, father ! Spare me—spare me ! *(Faints.)*

*Guzman.* Life of my soul,  
 Look up, open again thy lovely eyes—  
 'Tis Guzman presses thee to his fond heart.  
 Awake, fair angel.

*Alva.* Bear her to yon couch ;  
 Her flurried spirits will subside to peace,  
 And life revolve to its forsaken spring.

*(Guzman bears her off in his arms—retires through folding doors.)*

Now all my hopes are brightened to a flame !  
 This moment all shall end. *(Stamping.)*

*Enter Pedro, disguised as a priest.*

There—there's the spoiler !

*Pedro.* This—this shall give thee all thy hopes at once,  
 And pay the ruffian for his entrance here.

*(Draws a dagger, and runs towards the chamber as if listening, and returns,)*

No, no ;—I cannot act the mard'rer's part—  
 The cool hired bravo—my inmost soul shrinks at it.

*Alva.* Why hesitates your hand ?—strike, strike !

*Pedro.*

My soul,

My heart, my hand, all shrink ! I cannot do it !  
 I'll meet him in the strife on equal terms,  
 And honour, justice, jealousy, and vengeance,  
 Shall nerve my arm, and direct my sword  
 Unto his heart. He ! Guzman !

*Alva (preventing him.)* Hiat ! You're mad,  
 To give your foe the 'vantage. If his arm  
 Prove luckier, you'd part the world in grief,  
 That he would triumph on the wrongs you suffered,  
 And in the love of her whom you adore.  
 Rixana's wrongs are black upon his name !

*(Draws a curtain from before a large picture.)*

There—there behold thy noble father's image !  
 It calls on thee aloud to avenge his blood !  
 I saw him lie a corse, drenched in his gore :  
 And shall his son let Guzman joy to see it ?

*Pedro.* Oh, Nature, why within the breast of man  
 Didst thou plant any thing possessed of feeling ?  
 His father smiled upon thy headless trunk !  
 Now he shall draw his heart's blood into tears.  
 No more—'tis past—he dies !

For now no beam of joy can light my soul,  
 But thro' the gap his death will leave in nature. (*Rushes off.*)  
*Alva (looking after him.)* Prosper thy arm.'

Pedro discovers that he has murdered the man who had saved his life; Castiana goes distracted, and dies; and, in a fierce altercation, Pedro stabs Alva, and is himself delivered up to justice.

The author could not have given a greater proof of his inexperience than in attempting to write a tragedy—the very highest achievement of human intellect. He unquestionably possesses talents, and in some other style of composition would, we think, not fail to succeed; but in the present instance he has essayed an eagle's flight upon the pinions of a wren.

#### CHARACTERISTICS.

We opened this volume with a strong predilection in its favour: its title, the imitation of Rochefoucault, at which it confesses to have aimed, led us to suppose that it would have considerable claims to our notice; but really we have been egregiously deceived, and for the ten thousandth time we made a vow never again to believe in a name. The preface is the only part of the volume which appears to be the writing of a sensible man; and even here, while he shows that he is well enough aware in what style the species of composition which he affects ought to be executed, he proves, beyond question, that it is out of his reach. He says:

'There is only one point in which I dare even allude to a comparison with Rochefoucault—I have had no theory to maintain; and have endeavoured to set down each thought as it occurred to me, without bias or prejudice of any sort.'

Now this is a piece of insincerity, which it is less easy to pardon than the weakness with which the work is written. Are we to be told now-a-day that Rochefoucault had no theory to maintain? That the author of the *Characteristics* has none we are very willing to believe.

It is extremely difficult to select from such a bundle of crudities as lies before us. The best things are common-place, and the worst are insignificant. We wonder at the folly of any man who could write such stuff. We wonder still more at the temerity of publishers who thought the world would read it.

It is impossible to imagine any thing more false or childish than some of the *Characteristics*, or more common-place than others. For example:

'Hope is the best possession. . . None are completely wretched but those who are without hope; and few are reduced so low as that.'

This certainly never was said before. In the next:

'Death is the greatest evil; because it cuts off hope,'

There is an obvious falsehood. It may be true as applies to infidels, to deists, or to atheists, but is it true of mankind in general? Let the universe reply: whether creeds be right or wrong, at least hope, the hope of a future existence, is exactly that thing, and that alone, which death cannot destroy.

But we should lose time if we were to select instances for the purpose of showing their falsehood. Let our readers take them in a lump, good and bad, for as much as they are worth :

‘ It makes us proud when our love of a mistress is returned : it ought to make us prouder that we can love her for herself alone, without the aid of any such selfish reflection. This is the religion of love.’

‘ An English officer who had been engaged in an intrigue in Italy, going home one night, stumbled over a man fast asleep on the stairs. It was a bravo who had been hired to assassinate him. Such, in this man, was the force of conscience !’

‘ An eminent artist having succeeded in a picture which drew crowds to admire it, received a letter from a shuffling old relation in these terms, “ Dear Cousin, now you may draw good bills with a vengeance.” Such is the force of habit ! This man only wished to be Raphael that he might carry on his old trade of drawing bills.’

‘ Mankind are a herd of knaves and fools. It is necessary to join the crowd, or get out of their way, in order not to be trampled to death by them.’

Among other proofs of good sense which the author gives is the contemptible opinion he entertains of women :

‘ A coxcomb is generally a favorite with women. To a certain point his self-complacency is agreeable in itself ; and beyond that, even if it grows fulsome, it only piques their vanity the more to make a conquest of *his*. He becomes a sort of rival to them in his own good opinion, so that his conceit has all the effect of jealousy in irritating their desire to withdraw his admiration from himself.’

‘ Nothing is more successful with women than that sort of condescending patronage of the sex, which goes by the name of *general gallantry*. It has the double advantage of imposing on their weakness and flattering their pride. By being indiscriminate, it tantalizes and keeps them in suspense ; and by making a profession of an extreme deference for the sex in general, naturally suggests the reflection, what a delightful thing it must be to gain the exclusive regard of a man who has so high an opinion of what is due to the female character ! It is possible for a man, by talking continually of what is *feminine* or *unfeminine*, *vulgar* or *genteel*, by saying *how shocking such an article of dress is*, or that *no lady ought to touch a particular kind of food*, fairly to starve or strip a whole circle of simpletons half-naked, by mere dint of impertinence, and an air of common-place assurance. How interesting to be acquainted with a man whose every thought turns upon the sex ! How charming to make a conquest of one who sets up for a consummate judge of female perfections !’

There is some naiveté in the following :

‘ Livery-servants (I confess it) are the only people I do not like to sit in company with. They offend not only by their own meanness, but by the ostentatious display of the pride of their masters.’

Now we confess there are a great many persons besides livery-servants with whom we should not like to sit in company, upon the same principle that we do not like to haunt dirty places, or touch reptiles.



The contents of this volume display occasionally acuteness, some knowledge of the world, and great facility of style; but there is one predominant fault in it—the author is always mistaking his own feelings for those of the generality of mankind, from whom he seems to differ in no ordinary degree.

*Illustrations, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of the Novels by the Author of Waverley.* By the Rev. RICHARD WARNER.

A volume bearing this title has just fallen into our hands. The author is well known to the public by some useful and amusing works. This volume is only a part, as we understand, of a much larger work which he means to publish on the subject, and is merely in illustration of *Ivanhoe*. We cannot say much for the taste with which the selection is made, nor for the rarity of the materials. The *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Antiquarian Repository*, and other equally humble sources, are those from which Mr. Warner has drawn his knowledge.

We select the illustration of the character of Robin Hood, which will give the reader a fair specimen of the style and quality of the whole volume:

“The character of Locksley, or Robin Hood, in the novel we are considering, is drawn so admirably, and with so much picturesque effect, that we should be sorry to consider it as a mere fanciful sketch, and are anxious to find in recorded history the archetype of so interesting a personage. The slight foundation for it, however, which history affords, serves only to manifest the creative power of our author's genius, who, from a few detached and almost shadowy materials, could produce a form of such complete and palpable beauty. The utmost diligence of some of our most patient antiquaries has collected for us only the following particulars of this celebrated outlaw.

“The legend of Robin Hood,” says Sir John Hawkins, “is of great antiquity; for in the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, written by Robert Langland, or Longland, a secular priest, and a fellow of Oriel college, and who flourished in the reign of Edward III. is this passage:

“I cannot perfitly my Pater-noster as the prist it singeth;  
I can rimes of Robinhod and Randal of Chester,  
But of our Lord or our Lady, I lerne nothing at all.”

Yet Ames takes no notice of any early impression of his songs. He mentions one only, intitled ‘King Edward, Robin Hood, and Little John,’ printed by Caxton, or at least in his house, about the year 1500; the last edition of his *Garland* of any worth is that of 1719:

“The history of this popular hero is but little known; and all the scattered fragments concerning him, could they be brought together, would fall short of satisfying such an inquirer as none but real and well-authenticated facts will content. We must take his story as we find it. Stow in his *Annals* gives the following account of him.

““In this time (about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.) were many robbers and outlawes, among which Robin Hood

and little John, repowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

“The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoiles and thefts as he got; upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore men’s goods he spared, abundantlie relieuing them with that which by theft he gat from abbies, and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft; but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe.”

—*Annals*, p. 159.

‘Bishop Latimer, in his Sermons, tells the following story relating to him.

“I came once myselfe to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word ouer night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was on holidaye’s work. The church stode in my way, and I took my horse and my company and went thither, (I thought I should have found a great companie in the church;) and when I came there the church-doores was fast locked. I taryed there halfe an houre and more; and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me, and sayes, Syr, this is a busie day with us. We cannot heare you, it is Robinhoode’s day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robinhoode; I pray you let them not. I was fayne there to giue place to Robinhoode. I thought my rochet would have been regarded, though I were not; but it would not serue, it was fain to giue place to Roinhoode’s men.”—*Sermon VI. before King Edward VI. fol. 75, b.*

There is one other passage relating to the favorite sport of hunting, which having extracted, we shall forbear to give any more:

‘The melioration of forest law afforded to all the privileged classes of our ancestors an opportunity of enjoying a sport for which all felt a strong propensity; and hunting and hawking (for they were frequently associated together) became at once the most popular as well as fashionable of all amusements. They had already availed themselves of every occasional relaxation in the laws against hunting, or of any period in which they were not rigidly enforced, to indulge their ardour for the chase; but relieved, as they now were, from cruel restrictions and dangerous consequences, not only the higher classes of laymen, but *ecclesiastics* and *ladies*, also, sought and formed their chief delight in the “mad tumult and discordant joy” of this favorite sport. That the fair sex pursued it with frequency and ardour is manifest from many descriptions of, and allusions to, the subject, in our early writers; and, especially, from delineations which remain to this day of hunting matches in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. From the latter we find that the ladies were sometimes accustomed to go to the field in the most independent way; with no male attendant, armed with bows and arrows; provided with dogs and horns; and we must add (though loth) mounted on horsebrck, in the manner of the rougher sex. This masculine practice, however, was not general or

long continued. They appear usually as companions of the rougher sex ; riding in a litter or chair, which was either borne by men, or carried on a horse ; and as being rather spectators of the sport, than actually engaged in pursuing the objects of it. Not such, however, was the hunting practised by the clerical Nimrods. Bishops, and abbots, and priors, and deans, mingled in the chase ; and carried, if we may credit their contemporaries, a far greater activity in its occupations, than in the exercise of the functions of their profession. A few examples will justify the assertion.

‘ Walter, Archdeacon of Canterbury, who was promoted to the see of Rochester in 1147, spent the whole of his time in *hunting*, to the utter neglect of all the high duties of his office. He lived to a very advanced age ; and, when eighty years old, was as keen a sportsman as ever.

‘ Of the same character and habits was Reginald Brian, translated to the see of Worcester, in 1352. In an extant manuscript epistle of his, addressed to the Bishop of St. David’s, Reginald reminds the holy father of a promise which he had made, to send him six brace of excellent hunting dogs : the best (as the sportsman confesses) that he had ever seen. Of these, Reginald says, he had been in daily anxious expectation ; and he declares that his heart languished for their arrival. “ Let them come then (he entreats), oh ! reverend father, without delay : let my woods re-echo with the music of their cry, and the cheerful notes of the horn ; and let the walls of my palace be decorated with the trophies of the chase.”

‘ William de Clowne, whom his biographer celebrates as the most amiable ecclesiastic that ever filled the abbot’s throne of St. Mary’s in Leicestershire, was a deep adept in all the mysteries of hunting. That his kennel might always be well supplied, he requested Richard II. to grant him a market or fair, for the sale and purchase of sporting dogs ; a request which the king complied with, seeing the abbot *passionately* desired it. He was, continued his eulogist, the most famous and knowing sportsman after a hare in the kingdom ; insomuch that the king himself, Prince Edward his son, and most of the grandees in the realm, allowed him annual pensions, for his instructions in the art of hare hunting.

‘ Chaucer, the admirable and faithful painter of the manners of his age, has given us a very particular and amusing portrait of a sporting monastic of the fourteenth century ; the original (probably) from which the abbot in *Ivanhoe* is copied.

‘ A monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,  
An outrider that loved venerie :  
A manly man to ben and abbot able :  
Ful meny a dainte hors hadde he in stable,  
And when he rode, men might his bridle here  
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere  
And eke as loud, as doth the chapell bell  
Whereat this lord was keeper of the cell.  
The reule of St. Maure and of St. Beneit,  
Because that it was old, and somedele streit,  
This ilke (*same*) monke lette olde thinges to pace,  
And helden after the new world to trace.

He gave not of the text a pulled hen  
That saith that hunters be not holy men.  
Ne that a monke when he is rekkeless  
Is like to a fish that is waterless ;  
That is to say, a monk out of his cloistre  
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre  
And I say his opinion was good.

Greihoundes he hadde, as swift as foul of flight :  
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare  
Was all his lust, for no coste wolde he spare.

I saw his sleeves purfiled at the hande  
With grys, and that the finest in the lande.  
And to sustene his hode under his chin,  
He had of gold wrought a full curious pin ;  
A love-knotte in the greater ende there was.  
His head was bald, and shone as any glass ;  
And eke his face, as he had been anynt :  
He was a lorde ful fat, and in gode point.  
His eyen stepe (*deep*), and rolling in his hed,  
That stemid (*smoked*) as a forneis of led.  
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat :  
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.  
A fat swan loved he best of any rost  
—His palfry was as brown as is a bery.

‘ The popularity of the amusement of hunting among our forefathers gave rise to a variety of treatises on the subject ; in which the art was considered in all its branches, the most approved modes of pursuing it described, instructions given to the tyro, hints suggested to the more advanced sportsman, and rules laid down for the observance of those who filled the various offices of the forest or park, the kennel or the stable. One of the most curious of these treatises extant is a MS. written at the beginning of the fourteenth century, in Norman French, by William Twici, grand huntsman to Edward II. An ancient translation of it into English is preserved among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum.

‘ The treatise begins thus, for it is a motley composition, partly verse, partly prose :

‘ Alle such dysport as voydeth (*prevents*) ydilnesse,  
It sytteth (*suits*) every gentilman to knowe,  
For myrthe anexed is to gentilnesse ;  
Wherefore among alle other, as I trowe,  
To know the crafte of hunting, and to blowe,  
As this booke shall witnesse, is ove (*of*) the beste,  
For it is holsium, pleasaunt, and honest.’

‘ It then enumerates and describes the different beasts that were objects of the chase in England ; and proceeds, in the manner of a dialogue, to inform the huntsman how he ought to blow his horn, at the different points of the hunt.’

This volume contains about three hundred and fifty pages, and is exclusively devoted to Ivanhoe. If the future Illustrations should be of the same extent, compared with the greater light which is thrown upon more recent histories, we shall have illustrations much larger than the novels themselves. If this is our inevitable doom, we shall only have to pray that they may be better than the present.

## THE KING OF THE PEAK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CAVALIER.

Mr. Lee Gibbons approaches nearer to the Great Unknown, in style as well as in the nature of his subjects, than any other living novelist. We hardly need say that he is vastly inferior to that popular author; but it is probable that some further practice in his *metier* will bring him to a respectable competition with his rival.

The story of the *King of the Peak* is founded upon one of the many plots which were begun and defeated against Queen Elizabeth. The chief personage in the novel is Edward Stanley, the youngest son of the Earl of Derby. This character is not only better drawn than any other in the novel, but it is also so well drawn that every other of the personages is thrown entirely in the shade, and plays a very subordinate part. He is a young soldier of a violent temper, courageous, and rash; and, to all the good qualities of a soldier, he adds the unrelenting sanguinary rage of a bravo. Ever ready to engage in quarrel, and to spill blood to obey the impulses of his own passions, he disregards all ties of humanity, loyalty, and religion.

At the opening of the novel he arrives at Liverpool, accompanied by a Jesuit priest and a German mercenary officer, who are his coadjutors in an attempt to raise a revolution in England. He first attempts his own father, the Earl of Derby, who, indignant at his proposal, orders him and his companions into close custody, and purposes to carry them to the Isle of Man, of which he is sovereign, in order to get them out of the kingdom. On the voyage he is attacked by a Spanish captain, who is also an agent in the plot; and, by the superior strength of his ship, rescues the German and the Jesuit, and carries them off. Both the ships are afterwards wrecked, and the Earl of Derby's life is saved by the exertions of his son. This young man falls in love with the Lady Margaret Vernon, who is betrothed to his elder brother Thomas, and is one of the two daughters of Sir George Vernon, commonly called the King of the Peak. He makes an attempt upon this lady, and she has every thing to fear from his violence, when she is rescued by a sort of maniac and fanatic who has lived upon her father's estate, and who, by his cries, brings persons to her rescue. Her fears lest she should be the cause of a deadly quarrel between the brothers induce her to keep this adventure a secret; and she contents herself with taking such precautions as shall in future protect her from Edward Stanley's violence. Her father is a Catholic, and not well inclined towards the government: on him Edward Stanley resolves to renew his attempts; and, visiting him in his castle, he succeeds in enlisting him in the plot, and in engaging the hand of his youngest daughter, the Lady Dorothy. Some reports have got abroad respecting a person who haunts the forest in the neighbourhood, who is called the Outlaw, and who is said to be a lover of the Lady Dorothy's. To this mysterious personage Stanley is accidentally introduced on his road to Haddon, Sir George Vernon's seat, whither he repairs with a foolish knight, Sir Simon Degge. Calling at the

cottage of a poaching forester, Gilbert Ollerenshaw, his overbearing audacity disgusts every one against him." At length the son of the forester, and a stranger, who proves to be the outlaw, arrive :

"They were both men of large proportions ; but one of them, who soon denoted himself to be the son of Gilbert Ollerenshaw, by calling the pretty Rose sister, was at least six feet and a half in height, with a remarkable breadth of shoulder and squareness of joint. He was of a dark and savage countenance, with an eye that beamed as much of fierceness as his sister's did of love, and seemed in every respect well adapted to the active and precarious occupation which his father and himself were engaged in. The other man was of a frame less bulky and herculean, but which still showed an ample quantity of muscle and sinew. He was apparently a year or two older than Edward Stanley, and his countenance was as comely as his form was stalwart and muscular. They were both clad in forester's green, and were armed with short swords, the usual weapons of woodmen. On entering the cottage, the son of Gilbert eyed Stanley and the rest with great scrutiny ; but the young soldier, too eager after his game to mind aught beside, bestowed all his attention upon Rose, without deigning one glance to her brother or his companion. Sir Simon, still fearful of the poacher's sincerity, regarded their entrance with suspicion ; and, careful not to draw their vengeance upon himself by giving offence, he sat silent, edging in a glance now and then at the new comers from the corners of his eyes. At length, when their quiet deportment assured him that they did not meditate any evil purposes towards himself and his friends, he recovered his spirits, and took courage to ask if the storm had abated : but the younger Ollerenshaw and his companion were too busily engaged in devouring their supper to hear this interrogatory.

"Dost thou not hear, Anak ?" said Rose ; "the gentleman asks thee if the storm is by."

"No, marry, it winna be this hour, I trow," answered Anak ; "its e'en now got up ; we shan ha' Wye in a flood, an its o'er."

"What, above the bridge ?" said Sir Simon, anxiously.

"Yea, 'tis like it will," replied Anak. "Last year a summer fresh carried away one of the arches, and the rain fell here yesternight as though the sea had been sucked up, and were let out on us."

Stanley, who has been fascinated by the charms of the forester's daughter, proposes to stay :

"I would not quit this rose of the wood for some hours to come if the sun were shining, and thou wouldst give me a thousand crowns."

"My wench does na detain ye, sir," said Gilbert Ollerenshaw. "If you deem her a wanton that hawks about for stray gentry, I must be bold enow to tell ye your shot rambles."

"Thou art bold enough for aught, I'll be sworn," replied the soldier with contempt ; "but I shall tarry here or go as befits my pleasure, not thine, churl."

"It shews na much courtesy," said Anak, rising from his seat, "for a sheltered man to despise his host."

"Sheltered, villain !" exclaimed Stanley.



"Ay, sheltered," returned Anak, "and yet no villain of thine, or I should own a sorry lord."

"By my faith, good fellow," cried Stanley, laying his hand upon his sword-hilt, "if thou hadst not called this wench sister, I would have slain thee on thine own hearth."

"I would not have thee let thy hand for that," replied Anak, laughing. "Rose will not blench while I have a sword at my thigh. Thou art over dainty to have such a swaggering tongue."

"Rest thee, Anak, rest thee, my lad," said his father, pulling him by the sleeve, "thou dost na know this man—he will slay thee."

"He wears too fine a doublet," said Anak, with a sneer, "to trust himself within the cross of my weapon."

"Dog!" cried Stanley, striking him a fierce blow upon the head with his left hand, and drawing his rapier with his right, "I will cut thee into mince meat."

"Then thou shalt eat me thyself," replied the undaunted woodman, drawing his shabble."

As it had before happened with his father, however, Anak was disarmed in a few moments by his foe, at whose mercy he stood naked and defenceless; and, so little gifted was Edward Stanley with humanity, that he would have slain the unfortunate rustic on the spot had not his sword-hand been arrested by the stranger that came into the cottage with the fallen Anak, and who now proved his protecting angel. Edward Stanley struggled violently to release his sword, but he could not shake off the powerful grasp which withheld it.

"You would not slay him?" said the stranger, in a calm but resolute voice: "he is conquered, and at your mercy."

"I will shew none to him or thee," cried the enraged soldier, "if thou dost not release my sword."

"I am no party in this broil, sir," returned the stranger, "as you may perceive; but your own insolence hath brought it on. Be it as it may, I will not stand by and see a man murdered."

"Murdered!" cried Stanley. "Hath he not opposed me point to point, as a fair foe? I have vanquished him, and I may save or slay him at my pleasure."

"He was no match for a skilful swordsman, like the soldier Stanley," returned the stranger; "as well might an ox attack a lion, as this untutored lad oppose you in combat."

After this encounter Stanley resolves to proceed on his journey; and, rashly endeavouring to cross the swollen river, he narrowly escapes drowning. He is carried into Haddon castle, where he soon recovers, and is warmly greeted by Sir George Vernon. Soon after he has disclosed his project of a rebellion to the knight, he is joined by the German soldier and the Jesuit. The latter discovers, in the wife of Ollerenshaw, his own sister; and, in the fanatic Ashby, his brother. They are received with open arms by the credulous knight, who enters into their schemes, and dispatches his confidant and physician, Dr. cian, Dr. Probus, to London, to further the design.

In the mean time Stanley urges his suit to the Lady Dorothy, who calmly repulses him, being apprized by her sister of his villainy, and

her heart being occupied with her love for the outlaw. The anger which he felt against the latter, for having rescued Anak from his sword, is inflamed to the most violent rage by knowing that he is his rival. In this mood is he when he encounters the unknown in the wood, leaning against a tree, and deeply ruminating. Stanley has lost his sword:

‘Finding that the cogitations of his rival were likely to be of some continuance, Edward Stanley advanced close to him, and with a gentle blow on the shoulder cried, “Ho, Sir Outlaw, what have ye done with that mad-brained fanatic, Ashby?”

‘The stranger turned round at this familiar application, and looked upon Stanley, but made no reply.

“What!” continued the soldier; “thou hast been dreaming of a saint, and now thou dost fancy the devil hath marred thy pleasure.”

“If thou art not the devil, Stanley,” replied the outlaw, with the like familiarity, “thou art a devilish impudent fellow. Thy peer is not to be found in the Tennis-court or Bear-garden.”

“Can the swains of Arcadia talk of the Bear-garden?” said Stanley, with a sneer; “I thought they were all simplicity; that their pleasures were unsophisticated, and their loves as pure as those of angels. But it seems the follies of this vicious world will sometimes break in upon guileless hearts.”

“It were well for you, sir,” returned the stranger, “if you shared a portion of this simplicity. The deeds I have seen you attempt savour little of innocence or honour.”

“Honour, quotha!” continued the soldier with a sarcastic laugh; “how high does thy honour reach? canst measure it? is it as high as this tree under which thou hast been playing the satyr, and peeping at yonder nymphs? or is’t as broad as the Wye, in which, Narcissus like, I trow thou dost survey thine exquisite face? Canst grasp thy honour in thy hand, or stuff it into thy pocket?—Honour in an outlaw!”

“Wert thou armed I would tell thee, Stanley, I wear my honour in my scabbard,” said the stranger; “and though I confess it hath not so wide and so bloody a name as thine, though I am no genius of carnage”—

“Ha, hell seize thee!” shouted Stanley, laying his hand on his dagger; “I will tell thee, miscreant.”

“Rest quiet, sir,” replied the stranger, with a calm smile, “I am armed above your match; at present I will take, at least I will resent, no offence.”

“Thou resent!” continued Stanley, in the same desperate ironical mood; “thou art the veriest daw my eyes were ever curst withal; a lamb without gall, a lion filled with a honey-comb stead of a heart, a gallant mould informed by a villain spirit. I would fight with thee, though I brandished no weapon against thy rapier but a bullrush from the river;—thou resent! thou mayest resent the fisticuff of a clown, or a broken head when thou dost catch one from his quarter-staff; but if thou dost not throw by that gentle steel by thy side, I will draw thy belt over thy ears, and break the weapon above thy head.”

‘With that contemptuous spirit for which Edward Stanley was remarkable, he seized the outlaw by the throat, with the intention of making good his degrading threat, but his adversary received his im-

petuous attack with the same unbroken firmness which he had constantly displayed, and, being a man of much greater strength than his rival, held him as fast, at arm's length, as if he had been bound to the spot.

"Your life, sir," said the Outlaw, calmly, "is in my hands, and it is well for you, despite your gallantry, that I am not now in the humour to take it."

"My life in thy hands, rascal!" cried the soldier, breaking from the grasp of his adversary with a violent effort, and plucking out his dagger; "if thou art what thou dost profess to be—a man of blood and courage—throw down thy sword, and come to the dagger-stroke. 'Tis the way of duel in France, where, 'tis like, thou hast been."

"It is a way of settling disputes, sir," replied the Outlaw, "which, I am proud to say, has never disgraced my countrymen. I wear no dagger."

"Then break thy sword to my dagger's length," cried the desperate ruffian; "and if thou fearest I shall have more point than thou, give me thy weapon, and take thou mine."

"The matter is none so pressing," returned the stranger; "besides I have no skill in the use of such a murderous instrument."

"By my life's blood," cried Stanley, "I do thee too much grace; thou art unworthy to combat with me—a fellow as destitute of courage as of reputation."

"Whatever be my courage, sir, of which I will some time give you proof," said his rival, "I thank heaven that I am without such reputation as yours. The world may count it to thee for honour to be the most savage soldier that ever disgraced the annals of warfare; but thy career must damn thee in the opinion of every good man."

"Let me be damn'd then in the opinion of such good men as thou art," said Stanley; "the world will not count it to me for dishonour."

"At least that part of it, the mad and brainless fools that gape at all things extraordinary, though even in evil," said the stranger, "They will still stand by thee, and the more brutal and inhuman thou art, the more devilish and sanguinary is thy course, the more will they applaud and resound thy praises. Do but show a frantic valour, an insensible fierceness, and hedge it round with the slaughter of a thousand of thy brethren, and the Christian mob will cry thee up for a miracle of virtue—a compound of all that is great and good in human nature."

"Peace hath commonly its apology from a coward," said Stanley; "war his anathema. But before I will chop my battle sword into a pruning hook, may I go upon crutches, and sell sticks to the learned apprentices at the pervis."

"Thou hadst better do so," replied the Outlaw, "than sell thy soul to hell for the lust of a blood-stained glory."

Upon another occasion, however, he triumphs more effectively over the Outlaw. His love of mischief is not less than his courage, and, as there are no dangers he would not affront, so there is no contrivance to which he would not resort to carry his point. He infuses suspicions into the mind of Sir George Vernon respecting his daughter, and leads him one night to a window, whence he hears a man's voice singing to

his daughter. This song is rather pretty, and is distinguished by that ballad simplicity which is so rarely hit :

' Around me his arms twining,  
My true love said to me,  
When the summer sun is shining,  
I will come again to thee ;  
When the summer sun is shining,  
And the birds are whistling free,  
Oh ! then, my own dear true love,  
I'll come again to thee.  
When the mist is rising high, love,  
And the lark sings o'er the lea,  
I'll watch the dappled sky, love,  
And come again to thee ;  
I'll rouse the moorcock early,  
And drive the pheasant from his tree,  
And then, my own dear true love,  
I'll come again to thee.  
I love the deep-mouthed hound, love,  
With dewlap hanging low ;  
I love with wind and stream, love,  
In merry bark to row ;  
When I've chased the noble hart, love !  
And sail'd upon the sea,  
Oh ! then, my own dear true love,  
I'll come again to thee.'

The old knight soon hears enough to convince him that the singer is his daughter's lover: an alarm is raised ; Stanley assaults the outlaw, who, off his guard through his anger, is overthrown, and at Stanley's mercy, when he is rescued by the wife of Ollerenshaw. This serves as some clue to Stanley, who now burns more than ever to know who the outlaw is. From his demeanour and language he is satisfied of his nobility ; and, to discover his name, he proceeds to the cottage of Ollerenshaw, where he tries, by means of rewards, threats, and terror, to extort the secret from the old woman. She is, however, proof against his attempts ; and, in the end, he carries her off with him in his search after the outlaw. At one moment he fancies he sees him, and pursues him hotly : when he arrives near him he fires ; the object of his pursuit falls, and he discovers that he has murdered the fanatic, Ashby. This gives him little care, and he returns to the castle. The Lady Cavendish, a kinswoman of Sir George Vernon, comes to Hadden, and exerts her influence to induce him to break off the match between Edward Stanley and his daughter, but in vain.

Dr. Probus now returns from his mission, and gives the conspirators a very flourishing account of the encouragement he has received from Sir William Peto, an emissary of the Spanish court, who is also in credit with Queen Elizabeth. Just at this time Dame Ollerenshaw sends for the Jesuit to perform the last rites of the church over the body of his murdered brother, Ashby : Stanley, learning he is gone, follows him : a scene of outrage ensues, which ends by Stanley's firing the cottage of the forester. The wretched inhabitants rush out, and are proceeding to seek a shelter at the castle, when the whole party is met by the outlaw and some of his companions. They immediately

make prisoner of Stanley, and are bearing him off, when they are set upon by Sir George Vernon, and the outlaw, in his turn, becomes a prisoner. He is taken to the castle; and Edward Stanley exerts all his influence over the old knight to induce him to have the outlaw hanged without trial, a measure to which Sir George Vernon's fiery temper more than inclines him. Sir Thomas Stanley, at the instigation of his betrothed wife and her sister, who assure him that the outlaw is a nobleman, resolves to prevent so great a disgrace and injustice. The scene in which the outlaw is brought into the hall of Haddon Castle is one of the most powerfully drawn in the book:

'Sir Thomas Stanley, on his entering the hall, found the knight of Haddon seated in the midst of his domestics and retainers, and more immediately surrounded by his brother Edward, the German colonel, the Jesuit, Sir Simon Degge, and the Galenical ambassador, Probus. Most of these had been summoned by Sir George, but some were drawn thither by curiosity, or by the anxiety which any one within the precincts of Haddon naturally must feel to know the issue of so novel and interesting a scene as was about to take place. At the moment Sir Thomas Stanley entered, the hall was in deep silence. The lord of Haddon was delivering to his assembled retainers and friends his reasons for dooming the outlaw to death, which he seemed resolutely bent should be his fate.

"Hath not this burglar done me wrong?" said Sir George, with great vehemence. "Hath he not despited me to my teeth, destroyed my deer, and lorded it over my keepers, as well as planned the robbery of that which is dearer to me than my life, my daughter; and of that which is dearer still, my honour and reputation? Ye will say, is he not punishable by the laws of the forest? No, friends; it is said this thief, this poacher i'the dark, is a man of blood and quality. May I put him to the common forms of Justice? he will slip through her fingers like an eel. Yes, loving friends and kinsmen, this suborner of my house, this robber of my fame, will 'scape my vengeance, and openly laugh me to scorn."

'A murmur of approbation, began by Edward Stanley, buzzed through the hall.

"I see," continued the knight, "ye have too much love for my house, too dear affection for the fame of my fathers, to bid me sit down with this indignity. If the law will not burnish my soiled honour, wherefore, kinsmen, should not I, when I have the means, scour away the defilement in the blood of my foe? Shall my reputation rest on quilllets and chicane? Shall I dance attendance on the courts, when I wear a sword, and can right myself? Shall I stoop to beg and to pay for that which I can take for nothing? Shall I make another man the arbiter of my fame and shame, when I can be my own judge, and write the record in the memory of my own countrymen, my kinsmen and my friends? Never shall this be till the glory of the Vernon be veiled in the dust—never, till the name be worthless, worthless as this base outlaw."

'The knight paused again, and pulled his hat over his brow. His eyes lightened with indignation; and he frequently grasped the hilt of his dagger, as if to indicate more plainly his remorseless resolution.

“If this foul traitor deserved not his doom,” continued Sir George, “I would not bring his blood on my head for the worth of England. But ye know that he hath been the cause of innocent blood being shed; nay, since this devil hath haunted our country, the time hath teemed with mischances. He hath braved all ventures, and now must bide his doom. Bring him forth.”

‘Attended by a guard of Sir George Vernon’s domestics, the outlaw now entered the hall, and, as he was brought in front of the knight of Haddon, Sir Thomas Stanley pressed through the crowd, and took his station beside his intended father-in-law. Sir George surveyed the handsome and careless countenance of the outlaw with a fierce and angry scowl, which betokened him no good, and the mood of Edward Stanley, Sparandam, and some of the other friends of the Vernon, would have afforded him little comfort, if he had been inclined to seek it in their regards. But his eye wandered freely over the assembly, and his spirit was not checked at the sight of his enemies’ rancour. He stood as firm and as calm before the proud King of the Peak as Mutius Scaevola before the tyrant of Hetruria. But with this undaunted spirit no jot of insolence was mingled. He was soberly brave, not contemptuously hardy; and rather seemed disposed to pay to Sir George Vernon the respect that was due to his rank and his age, than to dare him to further mischief by an open disregard of his power. All the domestics, indeed all present, pressed as nigh to him as possible, that they might have a close view of the man that had made Haddon woods so famous; and as he unbonnetted on taking his station before Sir George, a murmur of admiration at the manly beauty of his features ran through the hall. Even the eye of the Vernon appeared to relax somewhat of its ferocity, as he gazed on the ingenuous and noble countenance of his foe, and Sir Thomas Stanley was his friend before a word had dropped from him.

“Is the outlaw disarmed?” said Probus, wishing to ingratiate himself with his patron by an eager severity towards his prisoner; “I thought I spied a dagger beneath his cloak.”

“Search him,” said Sir George; “not that we fear him, but a felon has no title to bear honourable weapons.”

“A felon!” exclaimed the outlaw, while deep blushes covered his cheeks; “Sir George Vernon, you are an ancient man, and I have reason to hold you respectfully, else by the worth of my honour—”

“What dost rate it at?” said Edward Stanley, with a sneer; “if thou wert to turn it adrift, I trow there are few that would give it harbour. A thief’s honour, indeed; nay, sir outlaw, an ye will, bite your lips off. I say thief, robber, jack o’ the dark, cut-purse, and draw-latch, thou art all of these and each in particular.”

“Ned Stanley,” said his brother, plucking him by the sleeve, “cease thy railing. Thou doest neither show thy blood nor courage in thus using thy tongue like a bully or a bawd.”

“Tush!” cried Edward, impatiently, “I marvel Sir George forgot to lock thee up with the women, so should we have been spared a pestilent overflow of gall, and a villainous assortment of ill names.—Get thee gone.”

“How, sirrah? you forget yourself,” said his brother.



“No; I am well advised how I speak,” replied the traitor, “tempt me no farther: out of my sight.”

He spoke in a low tone, but so fiercely, that Sir Thomas was for some moments struck dumb with astonishment.

“Brother as thou art,” at length replied Sir Thomas, with a groan which the libertine’s unkindness drew from him, “thou shalt answer me for this.”

“Thou shalt answer me,” said Edward Stanley. “If I had not feared the sight of a sword would quail thy silken courage, I had sought thee long ago—thou art my father’s son, tempt not my mood.”

“To me thy mood has little danger,” said Sir Thomas.

“’Tis well for thee then,” answered his brother; “but if thou wouldst not that my angry words should mean somewhat fatal to thee or me, keep thyself clear of what is about to follow. Do thou step in between the knight’s anger and this outlaw’s life, and thine own shall pay his forfeit.”

“Thou shalt see what I will do anon,” replied Sir Thomas.

While this fearful dialogue passed between these brothers, the outlaw was deprived of his cloak and dagger, which, indeed, he gave up without resistance; and Sir George, waving his hand for silence, said, “Were I to do even justice, I should hang thee up on the next tree; for thou hast been caught in the very act of thy trespass—nay, I myself have seen thee and heard thee do that, which to most men would be an ample apology for taking thy life. Hear’st thou me, sirrah?”

“I hear, sir knight,” replied the outlaw.

“Well, what hast thou to say in thy defence?” said Sir George, “what apology for having abused my house, and stained my honour?”

“Sir, I have done neither,” replied the outlaw. “That I have loved—that I do love your daughter, I would not deny, though the confession itself brought me death. I protest that the reputation of your house is as sacred to me as my own life. Had it not been unstained, I had not sought the love of your daughter. Both her honour and your’s, for me, are as pure as heaven.”

“For thee, Sir Vanity;” cried Sir George, “and who art thou? What man of note whose love would be no dishonour to the Vernon’s daughter?”

The outlaw remained mute.

“As I live,” continued the knight of Haddon, “thou art a false dissembler—a pretender to that thou art not. If thou wouldst convince me that thou art not a cheat, a bold and saucy pilferer and vagabond—if thou wouldst save thine own life, declare openly thy name and quality.”

He paused, but the outlaw did not speak.

“What, knave,” continued Sir George, “not a lie ready?”

“A lie!” exclaimed the outlaw, burning with passion.

“A lie, ay!” continued the knight of Haddon, “do not hold it strange. I say a lie—thou hast spent thy wit, and thou canst not coin so readily as is necessary. Villain, have not thy associates been liars ever? thieves and reprobates, dogs of plunder, wolves hungry and savage? Thou hast a person truly from which one would expect better

things ; but it is not the first time that a low-born rascal has been coaxed in a comely carcass."

"Before high heaven," cried the outlaw, laying his hand upon his breast, "I am none of those characters your bounty hath lavished on me. What I am, and who I am, will I not tell to any here ; but he that in this presence says I am beneath him, lies."

"So shalt not thou for this fortnight," cried Sir George, mightily enraged at his bold bearing, "so long shalt thou whistle in the wind. Lay hands on him."

"Nay, stand off, what would ye?" said the outlaw, looking round him with a determination of countenance that awed the followers of the Vernon.

"Seize him," cried Sir George, "and hang him on one of the trees opposite the window where he talked with his mistress."

"By my life, not so," cried the outlaw, striking down the man nearest him, and seizing hold of Sir Simon Degge who stood next, and whose sword he disengaged from the scabbard in a moment, though the owner had lately endeavoured to draw it without effect.

"Murder ! murder !" cried Sir Simon, who feared he was about to fall a prey to the rage of the outlaw, "I am none of your foe, sir outlaw—unloose me—pray ye, unhand me."

"Now let any man advance upon me," cried the outlaw, fiercely throwing on his hat, and brandishing the heavy sword of Sir Simon around his head, "and I will cut him shoulder from shoulder."

As he uttered this threat, which all present seemed to respect, Edward Stanley with great coolness drew a pistol from his belt, and levelled at the breast of his rival ; but, before he could discharge it, Sir Thomas Stanley grasped the weapon, and, though he failed to wring it from the hand of his brother, he held it so much aloof, that if it had gone off, the ball would not have taken effect.

"Do him no wrong," cried Sir Thomas aloud ; "I will be engaged for him, he is of noble blood."

"Son Stanley !" cried Sir George Vernon, "thou didst not know this fellow but lately ; thou canst have no better knowledge now."

"I can, I have," answered Sir Thomas, "I pledge ye my knightly word, that he is what I say—of noble birth—of a race that will work woe upon that hand that scathes him."

"Be it on mine," cried his brother, struggling to free himself ; "loose thy hold, Tom Stanley ! he shall die."

"He shall not die," replied Sir Thomas, "wherefore should he ? His lineage doth give him pretension to the hand of my fair sister, and Sir George's fancied dishonour is done away—I will engage for him, he shall wed the fair Dorothy within this hour."

"False villain !" cried Edward, gnashing his teeth, "thou would'st cheat thine own brother of his love and right. Noble Vernon ! there is a conspiracy against us, and this brother of mine—brother no longer—is leagued with this felonious thief against our party. You that love the Vernon, our holy faith and me, draw out your weapons, and down with these traitors."

At these words, Sparandam, Probus, and some others among the retainers of Sir George drew their swords, whilst Stanley, finding he could not extricate his pistol from the grasp of his brother, abandoned

it to his hand and bared his rapier. Sir Thomas instantly availed himself of the weapon he had acquired, and, springing towards the outlaw, he exclaimed aloud—

“ I have said I will guard this gentleman’s life—you that regard your own keep aloof from this weapon ; for by my honour, the first man that levels a blow at the outlaw’s head, shall have its contents in his breast.”

‘ This threat, and the valiant countenance of the outlaw himself, caused a pause among the assailants, and Sir George Vernon, unwilling that his hall should become a scene of blood, called for silence. “ Hold, and put by your weapons. Will ye turn this house into a den of thieves ? Ned Stanley, and you of my party, put up, or ye are no longer friends of mine. Let my own servants secure this royster.”

“ Nay, on my life,” cried Edward Stanley ; “ he is my own foe, and I will assault these twain traitors, if there be no one will second me.”

“ I fear me, Ned Stanley,” cried his brother, “ thou art the vilest traitor here—give back, sirrah ! I will not spare thee, though thou art my own blood—advance not a foot—thou art hardly fit to die.”

“ I say desist, Ned Stanley, or thou art my foe,” cried Sir George ; “ for shame, are ye in the wood ? Is this my hall that ye riot in, as if it were the common room of a brothel ? We came here to do judgment gravely, not to engage in a rout and skirmish.”

“ Let them go forth of the house,” cried Edward Stanley, whose passion was nigh irrepressible, “ and meet me point to point on the sward—both of ’em—come rascals, brace on your valour for once and turn out—I will teach ye a measure without music—I will lesson ye in the sink-a-pace—out dogs—curs—scoundrels that ye are.”

Sir G. Vernon thinks fit to let the outlaw go free, and orders moreover that no man shall follow him. The tale now draws nigh to a conclusion. The day appointed for the marriage of the two brothers, the Stanleys, to the daughters of Sir G. Vernon, arrives, and, in the middle of the masked dance, a band of the outlaw’s adherents carry off the Lady Dorothy ; while her lover, whose disguise has enabled him to be present during the whole of the festival, accompanies her. At the moment the flight is discovered, the Lord Rutland arrives, commissioned by the queen to crush the embryo plot. The sagacious Dr. Probus had met in London, instead of Sir William Peto, Sir William Saint Lo, the queen’s favorite, and the betrothed husband of the Lady Cavendish. By their means the plan of carrying off the Lady Dorothy by the outlaw has been effected ; the outposts of the Lord Rutland, however, stop the fugitives, and they are compelled to return. Lord Rutland has the queen’s authority to pardon the traitors, upon condition that the foreigners depart the realm, and that Edward Stanley takes a command in her majesty’s army abroad. To this he agrees, but not before it is explained that the supposed outlaw is the gallant son of the Lord Rutland, who, fearing that family feuds would prevent his ever gaining her father’s consent, had taken more clandestine means of winning the Lady Dorothy’s love. Those feuds are composed by this union, which has the consent of the parents on both sides. Every body is made happy but Edward Stanley : he goes into the Low Countries, where he again becomes a traitor, by delivering up a fortress to

the Spaniards, and is rewarded by their contempt, by poverty and misery.

The story is well told, the interest kept up in a most satisfactory manner, and the characters and incidents strongly marked and strikingly effective. The novel is, on the whole, extremely clever, and its author stands among his modern rivals second only to the author of *Waverley*.

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*For the Oracles of God, four Orations. For Judgment to Come, an Argument, in nine Parts.* By the REV. EDWARD IRVING, M.A. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden.

THE popularity of Mr. Irving as a preacher is so great at this moment, and his sermons have become so universal a topic of conversation, that, putting aside the solemn and important nature of their object, we should feel it incumbent upon us to lay some notice of them before our readers as mere novelties. The publication of the volume mentioned above enables us to do this without even a seeming departure from that merely literary road in which it is our duty to tread. But, as we have also heard Mr. Irving preach, and as the public curiosity is highly excited with respect to him, we shall not think it foreign from our purpose to say a few words on that subject also.

The preacher is a man of tall commanding person; his face is strongly marked, and very expressive: when its features are in repose, it is not handsome; but, when they are called into action by the emotions of his mind, they assume an appearance rather agreeable than otherwise: he has curling black hair, of a very considerable length, and a remarkably white long hand. Having finished so engaging a picture, we are sorry, for the ladies' sakes, to add that he squints. Some of his warm partisans would perhaps say, as the mob said of John Wilkes, that he does not squint more than a gentleman should; but, for ourselves, we think his personal appearance is much impaired by this blemish. The manner of his preaching is, however, so energetic, and he has the faculty of engaging so entirely the attention of his hearers, that his features are soon forgotten, and the matter of his discourse more regarded than his manner of delivering it. His gesticulation is sometimes violent, but it is always graceful; and, if we could approve of violence at all on such occasions, it would be for the reasons which impel Mr. Irving to exercise it. It must be allowed to be consistent with his end, which is to awake the attention of his hearers to what they have forgotten; and it should be added that he is not always violent: on the contrary, there is an affectionate persuasive calmness occasionally in his manner, which is well judged and highly effective. We now turn to his volume.

Mr. Irving's object is announced explicitly: it is merely to persuade men to consult the oracles of God—to 'search the Scriptures.' He has been, he says, induced to this task from observing the ignorance of both the higher and lower orders of religion, and has seized upon the press as a means of removing that ignorance; and, as preparations are specifically made for teaching men of all denominations, 'why

not,' he asks, 'train ourselves for imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and medical men?'

'Moved,' he says, 'by these feelings, I have set the example of two new methods of handling religious truth—the *Oration* and the *Argument*: the one intended to be after the manner of the ancient oration, the best vehicle for addressing the minds of men which the world hath seen, far beyond the sermon, of which the very name hath learned to inspire drowsiness and tedium; the other after the manner of the ancient Apologies, with this difference, that it is pleaded not before any judicial bar, but before the tribunal of human thought and feeling.'

Now the design thus avowed by the author seems to us so rational, so properly belonging to his own particular function, to say nothing of its holy nature, that its execution might for those reasons alone have been exempted from captious censure or any severe criticism. A very different result has, however, ensued: the author has been exposed to sneers and abuse for which he has personally given no cause, as far as we can see; and from which ordinary conventional courtesy, as it shields other men, ought to have shielded him. For ourselves, we feel bound in candour to say, that the world are indebted to Mr. Irving for a very zealous endeavour to call their attention to a subject which all men agree in deeming important. We think, too, that he is entitled to no ordinary respect for the talent which he has displayed in handling that subject, and giving to it a new, but not a different, form from that in which it has too often been presented, and the antiquity and familiarity of which had, perhaps, ceased to inspire, in some minds, all the veneration which it should command.

The style of these discourses is quite different from that of most modern authors; but it is often distinguished by that powerful and nervous simplicity which are the characteristics of the elder English writers. Jeremy Taylor and Barrow have evidently been objects of the author's sedulous study: he has adopted their quaint phrases, and their antiquated, but always correct, forms; he has even caught up occasionally some of their obscurity. But he has also added a passionate and fervent vein—an exalted tone—which those writers had not, because his object seems to be rather to wake the sleepers than to exhort those who have only been supine. In some passages his writing is unquestionably fine; in others it is less so; but in all it is striking and popular; and these last characteristics are those he has most laboured to impress upon his work, as being best calculated to answer the purpose for which it was undertaken.

The volume before us consists of Four Orationes for the Oracles of God; of an Argument, divided into nine parts, for Judgment to Come. It is in the first that we think he has shown most skill, although, as we gather from his preface, he is of a different opinion. The importance of the Scriptures, and the necessity of consulting them, has not often been insisted upon more eloquently nor more fervidly than by Mr. Irving; perhaps never with greater skill. In the Oration on the Preparation necessary for consulting the Oracles an appeal is made to the most common and favorite propensities of human nature, in which the following passages occur:

‘ Why is not curiosity, curiosity ever hungry, on edge to know the doings and intentions of Jehovah King of kings? Why is not interest, interest ever awake, on tiptoe to hear the future destiny of itself? Why is not the heart that panteth over the world after love and friendship, overpowered with the full tide of the divine acts and expressions of love? Where is Nature gone when she is not moved with the tender mercy of Christ? Methinks the affections of men are fallen into the yellow leaf. Of your poets which charm the world’s ear, who is he that inditeth a song unto his God? Some will tune their harps to sensual pleasures, and by the enchantment of their genius well nigh commend their unholy themes to the imagination of saints. Others, to the high and noble sentiments of the heart, will sing of domestic joys and happy unions, casting around sorrow the radiancy of virtue, and bodying forth, in undying forms, the short-lived visions of joy! Others have enrolled themselves the high priests of mute Nature’s charms, enchanting her echoes with their minstrelsy, and peopling her solitudes with the bright creatures of their fancy. But when, since the days of the blind master of English song, hath any poured forth a lay worthy of the Christian theme? Nor in philosophy, “the palace of the soul,” have men been more mindful of their Maker. The flowers of the garden and the herbs of the field have their unwearied devotees, crossing the ocean, wayfaring in the desert, and making devout pilgrimages to every region of Nature, for offerings to their patron muse. The rocks, from their residences among the clouds to their deep rests in the dark bowels of the earth, have a most bold and venturous priesthood; who see in their rough and flinty faces a more delectable image to adore than in the revealed countenance of God: and the political welfare of the world is a very Moloch, who can at any time command his hecatomb of human victims. But the revealed sapience of God, to which the harp of David and the prophetic lyre of Isaiah were strung—the prudence of God, which the wisest of men coveted after, preferring it to every gift which Heaven could confer—and the eternal Intelligence himself in human form, and the unction of the Holy One which abideth,—these the common heart of man hath forsaken, and refused to be charmed withal.’

The Orations are, first, on the preparation for—secondly, on the manner of consulting—and, thirdly and fourthly, on the manner of obeying—the oracles of God. They are more persuasive than argumentative; they rather display the advantages of obedience than set forth the penalties of disobedience, and yet in this latter part they are not deficient; but it is in the Argument that the pains of hell are so terrifically painted. The most novel feature in Mr. Irving’s discourse is his disapproval of catechisms, which have always been so much affected by Christians of every denomination: we think he is wrong in this respect, because catechisms do what else would remain altogether undone: that it might be done better no one can doubt. We believe very sincerely that the chief cause of the opposition which has been made to Mr. Irving, and the abuse which he has received, arises from the fearless and candid manner in which he has attacked the



darling vices of the age. He does not fear to 'mention hell to ears polite.' He sets plainly before his readers and his hearers the consequences of their vice, and does not scruple to tell them that judgment and punishment await them. Upon this subject we extract the following passage :

'Terror hath sitten enthroned on the brows of tyrants, and made the heart of a nation quake ; but upon this peaceful volume there sits a terror to make the mute world stand aghast. Yet not the terror of tyranny neither, but the terror of justice, which abides the scornors of the most High God, and the revilers of his most gracious Son. And is it not just, though terrible, that he who brooked not in heaven one moment's disaffection, but lanced the rebel host to hell, and bound them evermore in chains of darkness, should also do his sovereign will upon the disaffected of this earth, whom he hath long endured and pleaded with in vain.

'These topics of terror it is very much the fashion of the time to turn the ear from, as if it were unmanly to fear pain. Call it manly or unmanly, it is Nature's strongest instinct—the strongest instinct of all animated nature ; and to avoid it is the chief impulse of all our actions. Punishment is that which law founds upon, and parental authority in the first instance, and every human institution from which it is painful to be dismembered. Not only is pain not to be inflicted without high cause, or endured without trouble, but not to be looked on without a pang : as ye may judge, when ye see the cold knife of the surgeon enter the patient's flesh, or the heavy wain grind onward to the neck of a fallen child. Despise pain, I wot not what it means. Bodily pain you may despise in a good cause, but let there be no motive, let it be God's simple visitation, spasms of the body for example, then how many give it license, how many send for the physician to stay it ? Truly, there is not a man in being whom bodily pain, however slight, if incessant, will not turn to fury or to insensibility—embittering peace, eating out kindness, contracting sympathy, and altogether deforming the inner man. Fits of acute suffering which are soon to be over, any disease with death in the distance, may be borne ; but take away hope, and let there be no visible escape, and he is more than mortal that can endure. A drop of water incessantly falling upon the head is found to be the most excruciating of all torture, which proveth experimentally the truth of what is said.

'Hell, therefore, is not to be despised, like a sick bed, if any of you be so hardy as to despise a sick bed. There are no comforting kindred, no physician's aid, no hope of recovery, no melancholy relief of death, no sustenance of grace. It is no work of earthly torture or execution, with a good cause to suffer in, and a beholding world or posterity to look on, a good conscience to approve, perhaps scornful words to revenge cruel actions, and the constant play of resolution or study of revenge. It is no struggle of mind against its material envelopments and worldly ills, like stoicism, which was the sentiment of virtue nobly downbearing the sense of pain. I cannot render it to fancy, but I can render it to fear. Why may it not be the agony of all diseases the body is susceptible of, with the anguish of all deranged conceptions and disordered feelings, stinging recollections, present re-

morses, bursting indignations, with nothing but ourselves to burst on, dismal prospects, fearful certainties, fury, folly, and despair ?

‘ I know it is not only the fashion of the world, but of Christians, to despise the preaching of future woe ; but the methods of modern schools which are content with one idea for their gospel, and one motive for their activity, we willingly renounce for the broad methods of the Scripture, which bring out ever and anon the recesses of the future to upbear duty and downbear wickedness, and assail men by their hopes and fears as often as by their affections, by the authority of God as often as by the constraining love of Christ, by arguments of reason and of interest no less. Therefore sustained by the frequent example of our Saviour, the most tender-hearted of all beings, and who to man hath shown the most excessive love ; we return, and give men to wit, that the despisers of God’s law and of Christ’s gospel shall by no means escape the most rigorous fate. Pain, pain inexorable, tribulation and anguish shall be their everlasting doom ! The smoke of their torments ascendeth for ever and ever. One frail thread snapped and they are down to the bottomless pit. Think of him who had a sword suspended by a hair over his naked neck while he lay and feasted,—think of yourselves suspended over the pit of perdition by the flimsy thread of life—a thread near worn, weak in a thousand places, ever threatened by the fatal shears which soon shall clip it. You believe the Scriptures, then this you believe, which is true as that Christ died to save you from the same.

‘ If you call for a truce to such terrific pictures, then call for mercy against the more terrific realities ; but if you be too callous or too careless to call for mercy and ensue repentance, your pastors may give you truce to the pictures, but God will give no abeyance to the realities into which they are dropping evermore, and you shall likewise presently drop, if you repent not.’

Now that this is very frightful we do not deny ; but that it is also true no man believing in the Scriptures can doubt. If Mr. Irving be wrong ; the Holy Scriptures are wrong with him. Where, then, we are compelled to ask, is the justice or the sense in abusing him for such writing ? As writing merely, it is powerful ; as Scripture doctrine, it is true : with what show of honesty or candour, then, do they who would hold him up to scorn set about their task ? To Mr. Irving, we can willingly believe, the rough treatment he experiences is a matter almost of indifference ; but it is not so with men whose reputation depends upon the wisdom and moderation with which they use the authority which accident has placed in their hands. There is no light in which Mr. Irving or his book can be regarded, in which they do not command respect ; not the respect of partisans, or of his own particular flock, but that of every rational and impartial man, who, whatever be his sect, thinks religion a matter worthy of attention. The Orations are closed as follows :

‘ In such a manner we have endeavoured to conduct the discourse, which we now bring to a close. Whether it may gain the conviction of those to whom it is addressed, we leave in the hands of God, who giveth the increase, possessing within ourselves the satisfaction of having designed and endeavoured the best ; adding to all, this our

solemn conviction : That until advocates of religion do arise to make unhallowed poets, and undevout dealers in science, and intemperate advocates of policy, and all other pleaders before the public mind, give place, and know the inferiority of their various provinces to this of ours—till this most fatal error, that our subject is second-rate, be dissipated by a first-rate advocacy of it—till we can shift these others into the back-ground of the great theatre of thought, by clear superiority in the treatment of our subject, we shall never see the men of understanding in this nation brought back to the fountains of living water, from which their fathers drew the life of all their greatness.

‘ Many will think it an unchristian thing to reason thus violently, and many will think it altogether unintelligible ; and to ourselves it would feel unseemly, did we not reassure ourselves by looking around. They are ruling and they are ruled, but God’s oracles rule them not. They are studying every record of antiquity in their seats of learning, but the record of God and of him whom he hath sent is almost unheeded. They enjoy every communion of society, of pleasure, of enterprise, this world affords ; but little communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. They carry on commerce with all lands, the bustle and noise of their traffic fill the whole earth ; they go to and fro and knowledge is increased,—but how few in the hasting crowd are hasting after the kingdom of God. Meanwhile death sweepeth on with his chilling blast, freezing up the life of generations, catching their spirits unblessed with any preparation of peace, quenching hope and binding destiny for evermore. Their graves are dressed, and their tombs are adorned. But their spirits, where are they ? How oft hath this city, where I now write these lamentations over a thoughtless age, been filled and emptied of her people since first she reared her imperial head ! How many generations of her revellers have gone to another kind of revelry ; how many generations of her gay courtiers to a royal residence where courtier-arts are not ; how many generations of her toilsome tradesmen to the place of silence, whither no gain can follow them ! How time hath swept over her, age after age, with its consuming wave, swallowing every living thing, and bearing it away unto the shores of eternity ! The sight and thought of all which is our assurance, that we have not in the heat of our feelings surpassed the merit of the case. The theme is fitter for an indignant prophet, than an inspired sinful man.’

The Arguments are less efficacious, and have less of talent than the Orations. They are not conducted in the same spirit, and are sometimes disfigured by homely allusions and expressions—by, not a simple, (for that would be no fault,) but a coarse, style ; and this is strangely contrasted with other passages, which are needlessly florid. There are, however, many beautiful and useful parts in them ; and, while we point out those faults, we would not be understood to say that they pervade the whole of the argument.

The power of religion over nations, the benefits which it brings, the ameliorating and dignifying effect it has upon them, are illustrated by three instances, as follow :

‘ Our first instance is taken from the origin and first plantation of our faith in the most luxurious and vicious quarters of the earth—

Rome and Greece, and Jerusalem and the Lesser Asia. Where it broke the bands of personal interest, and made men generous to the highest pitch of selling all they had, and pouring the price at the apostle's feet; laid low and levelled the dear distinctions of rank and place, bringing the richest with the poorest, the highest with the lowest, to be served at the same tables, and supported out of the same common purse. It nerved afresh the Corinthian dissolved in pleasure, humbled the towering pride of the Athenian, tamed the boldness of the warlike Roman, straightened the crooked ways of the cunning Asiatic, opened the selfish heart of the vain-glorious Jew, and knocked off the fetters of superstitious idolatry from them all, unsealing the darkened eye, and restoring the abused mind of religion; in doing which it peacefully set fraud and opposition at naught, until it fairly overran the nations, and seated itself in the high places of their hearts, of their lives, and of their laws.

Our second instance is taken from the Reformation, when the divine constitution smote asunder religious and civil bonds, and set many nations free, as it were, at a single stride. In little more than the lifetime of a man restoring England, Scotland, Holland, half of Germany, and the Scandinavian nations, to a free use of the faculty of thought, which ten centuries of cunning arts had been employed to shackle. The nations shook themselves as from a sleep; the barbarous, ferocious people, took on piety and virtue, and the sacred sense of human rights. The Hollander roused him from his torpid life amongst his many marshes, and beat the chivalry of haughty Spain from his shores, defeating the conqueror of a new world. The German burgher braved his emperor, though followed by half the nations, and won back his religious rights. The English, under their virgin queen, offered up the Armada, most glorious of navies, a sacrifice to the Lord of Hosts. And of my beloved native country—whose sufferings for more than a long century do place her in a station of honour, second only to the Waldenses in the militant church, and whose martyrs (alas! that they should have been to Episcopal pride and Protestant intolerance!) will rank on the same file with those of Lyons and Alexandria in the primitive church—of her regeneration by the power of religion I can hardly trust myself to speak. Before that blessed æra she had no arts but the art of war; no philosophy, no literature, save her songs of love and chivalry; and little government of law. She was torn and mangled with intestine feuds, enslaved to arbitrary or aristocratic power, in vassalage or in turbulence. Her soil niggard, her climate stern, a desert land of misty lakes and hoary mountains. Yet, no sooner did the breath of truth from the living oracles of God breathe over her, than the wilderness and the solitary plain became glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose. The high-tempered soul of the nation—the “*ingenium perfervidum Scotorum*”—which had roused itself heretofore to resist invasions of her sacred soil, and spoil the invader's border, or to rear the front of rebellion and unloose warfare upon herself, did now arise for the cause of religion and liberty—for the rights of God and the rights of man. And, oh! what a demonstration of magnanimity we made. The pastoral vales, and upland heaths, which of old were

made melodious to the shepherd's lute, now rung responsive to the glory of God, attuned from the hearts of his persecuted saints. The blood of martyrs mingled with our running brooks; their hallowed bones now moulder in peace within their silent tombs, which are dressed by the reverential hands of the pious and patriotic people. And their blood did not cry in vain to heaven for vengeance. Their persecutors were despoiled; the guilty race of kings were made vagabonds upon the earth. The Church arose in her purity like a bride decked for the bridegroom; religious principles chose to reside within the troubled land; and they brought moral virtues in their train; and begot a national character for knowledge and industry and enterprise, for every domestic and public virtue, which maketh her children ever an acceptable people in the four quarters of the earth.

'Our third instance of the power dwelling in the divine constitution to renovate a people, and make them great and good, is taken from the present times, and may be seen in almost every missionary station over the earth. These, the apostles, the true dignitaries of the modern church, have addressed their undertaking to the lowest and most degraded of their species, the West-Indian slave, who is bought and sold and fed for labour, and differeth only from the ox, in that he is not stalled for the butcher's knife; the Greenlanders, in whose misnamed region the green of nature doth rarely bloom; the treacherous islanders of the South Seas; the Hottentots, whose name hath grown proverbial as the extreme limit of ignorance.—I speak to the dispassioned and well-informed, not to self-sufficient bigots, who will not stoop to peruse the narratives of such low-bred men, nor degrade themselves to turn the eye from magazines of wit and fashion to the magazines of methodism and religion,—I speak to honest-hearted men, who love the improvement of their species, however promoted, and crave of their justice to acknowledge how the constitution of divine truth, when adopted by these rudest people, hath brought out the thinking and the feeling man from the human animal, as pure metal is brought out of the earthy ore, or pearly honey droppeth from the waxen comb; how the souls of the converts become peopled with a host of new thoughts and affections, and the missionary village with a hive of industrious, moral, and peaceful citizens, dwelling in the surrounding wastes of idolatry and wickedness, like the Tabernacle of God in the wilderness of Sin. Also how the missionaries have come into contact with the high places of power, and reformed the palace of the king, and pacified the spirit of warriors, and made bloodshed to cease. Also how, in our colonies, the planters, whom long residence among slaves had dispossessed of British spirit, have come at length to acknowledge the humble missionary, and honour him for the sake of the good fruits of his labours. Thus, as in the first ages, this constitution which God hath given to the earth is still continuing to advance its subjects into a new sphere of being, from the animal to the spiritual, to disarm the opposition of its foes, and to triumph peaceably over the earth.'

And in these days, when religion has been exposed to the ribald attacks of such persons as Carlile, and those who openly abet or secretly support him; when the power of the laws to check those at-



tacks is disapproved of by many, and doubted of by more ; is the minister of religion who fairly and manfully comes forward to try the truths of that religion by the tests to which even sceptics cannot object ; by facts which cannot be doubted ; and which, independent of Revelation, prove its truth and efficacy : is such a man to be scoffed down, and himself and his attempt held up to scorn ?

It is not often that so open a liberality is displayed by men who are wholly religious : his strictness is the strictness of the Gospel, is not of his own invention, nor of his imposition ; his religion is of the most cheerful kind :

‘ For truly,’ he says, ‘ I abominate the spirit of ascetic and ignorant devotion, which, to make men spiritual, would deprive them of the recreations of sense, and spoil them of the high pursuits of intellect ; would make them crouch every noble part of manhood, disguise every high propensity of nature, school into slavishness every ardent imagination, and bind in shackles every high adventure ; in order to present unto God a minced and emasculated pigmy of that creature which he made a little lower than the angels, and a fraction of those talents which he made able to scan the highest heavens. Away with the notion to the cells of monks, and the grates of nuns and the caves of hermits—it is not for the honour of man, nor for the glory of God. Spiritual life is that which pervades every thing with a divine vigour—stirring up and awakening lethargic faculties, calling in roving and wicked thoughts, husbanding time, enlightening conscience, piloting all the courses, filling all the sails of action ; that we may make a demonstration for God ten times greater than the demonstration we were making for sense, for intellect, or for morals.’

We think that our readers will pardon us, as well on account of the subject as of the popularity of the author, for making one other extract. In point of composition it is one of the best in the volume, and its truth is exactly of that sort which comes home to men’s business and bosoms. Speaking of the disregard and contempt of the judgment to come which some men display, he says :

‘ There be those who confound the foresight of death with a fearfulness of death, and talk of meeting death like brave men ; and there be institutions in human society which seem made on purpose to hinder the thoughts of death from coming timeously before the deliberation of the mind. And they who die in war, be they ever so dissipated, abandoned, and wretched, have oft a halo of everlasting glory arrayed by poetry and music around their heads ; and the forlorn hope of any enterprise goeth to their terrible post amidst the applauding shouts of all their comrades. And ‘ to die game,’ is a brutal form of speech which they are now proud to apply to men. And our prize-fights, where they go plunging upon the edge of eternity, and often plunge through, are applauded by tens of thousands, just in proportion as the bull-dog quality of the human creature carries it over every other. And to run hair-breadth escapes, to graze the grass that skirts the grave, and escape the yawning pit, the impious, daring wretches call cheating the devil ; and the watch-word of your dissolute, debauched people is, “ A short life and a merry one.” All which tribes of wreckless, godless people, lift loud the laugh against the saints, as a



sickly, timorous crew, who have no upright gait in life, but are always cringing under apprehensions of death and the devil. And these bravos think they play the man in spurning God and his concerns away from their places; that there would be no chivalry, nor gallantry, nor battle-brunt in the temple of man, were he to stand in awe of the sequel which followeth death. And thus the devil hath built up a strong embattled tower, from which he lordeth it over the spirits of many men, winning them over to himself, playing them off for his sport, in utter darkness all their life long, till in the end they take a leap in the dark, and plunge into his yawning pit, never, never to rise again.

‘And here, first, I would try these flush and flashy spirits with their own weapons, and play a little with them at their own game. They do but prate about their exploits at fighting, drinking, and death-dèspising. I can tell them of those who fought with savage beasts; yea, of maidens, who durst enter as coolly as a modern bully into the ring, to take their chance with infuriated beasts of prey; and I can tell them of those who drank the molten lead as cheerfully as they do the juice of the grape, and handled the red fire, and played with the bickering flames as gaily as they do with love’s dimples or woman’s amorous tresses. And what do they talk of war? Have they forgot Cromwell’s iron-band, who made their chivalry to skip? or the Scots Cameronians, who seven times, with their Christian chief, received the thanks of Marlborough, that first of English captains? or Gustavus of the North, whose camp sung psalms in every tent? It is not so long, that they should forget Nelson’s Methodists, who were the most trusted of that hero’s crew. Poor men, they know nothing who do not know out of their country’s history who it was that set at naught the wilfulness of Henry VIII. and the sharp rage of the virgin Queen against liberty, and bore the black cruelty of her popish sister; and presented the petition of rights, and the bill of rights, and the claim of rights. Was it chivalry? was it blind bravery? No; these second-rate qualities may do for a pitched field, or a fenced ring; but when it comes to death or liberty, death or virtue, death or religion, they wax dubious, generally bow their necks under hardship, or turn their backs for a bait of honour, or a mess of solid and substantial meat. This chivalry and brutal bravery can fight if you feed them well and bribe them well, or set them well on edge; but in the midst of hunger and nakedness, and want and persecution, in the day of a country’s direst need, they are cowardly, treacherous, and of no avail.’

We have now concluded our notice of this work. It is in every respect a remarkable one. The design has something of novelty, and the manner of its accomplishment no mean share of excellence. If we had not seen and heard Mr. Irving, and read his book, we should, reasoning upon mere probability, have supposed that he possessed some merit: these are not times in which fanatics or impostors can command the attention of philosophers, and statesmen, and orators. Mr. Irving has done this, and, to our thinking, he has done it deservedly. No man unprejudiced can read his book without assenting to its truths; no man of taste without feeling its literary beauties; no reli-

arisen in a time of need ; and no candid man, without giving the author credit for talent and virtue in a very considerable degree.

We have little doubt that a short time will blow away the clouds which envy or prejudice have raised about him, and that the usefulness of his labours will become manifest by inculcating a more energetic style of preaching than has of late been customary even among men whose piety and worth are beyond all doubt.

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DON JUAN, CANTOS VI. VII. VIII.

THERE are few parts of the duty of critics so painful as that which compels them to mark the aberrations and failures of men whose genius is unquestionable, and whose powers, if properly directed, would be as far removed from error as truth is from falsehood. Lord Byron, after having achieved a rapid and glorious fame, has, by the publication of three additional Cantos of *Don Juan*, not only disgusted every well-regulated mind, and afflicted all who respected him for his extraordinary talents, but has degraded his personal character lower than even his enemies (of whom he has many) could have wished to see it reduced. So gratuitous, so melancholy, so despicable a prostitution of genius was never perhaps before witnessed. We do not propose to join in the common cry against every thing which may appear wrong to persons of contracted notions ; we can pardon if we cannot apologize for the eccentricities of genius ; but yet, much as we despise cant, we should despise ourselves still more if we did not express contempt and indignation for the heartless profligacy which marks the volume before us.

Licentious poetry is nothing new in the world ; it has been written in our own times, and still more in the times which have preceded us. Confined as it is in its nature, the greatest height to which it can soar has already been often reached by very insignificant persons, and is perfectly well known. Lord Byron has not even gained the reputation of doing as much as his predecessors in this unworthy style ; and, fond as he shows himself of it, he cannot write it more than ordinarily well. He has not only offended against decency and propriety, but he has displayed a ' plentiful lack of wit,' and most laborious efforts. We know that we ought to censure him, and we do so, but we cannot help pitying him still more.

The volume now before us is accompanied by a preface, written for no other purpose that we can guess but to show that the author cannot write English prose, and that his heart is full of mean envy. It is malignant, impious, vulgar, and slip-slop : he abuses the late Lord Londonderry with a peevish and impotent rage. It may be true that the dead have no claim to consideration, but no one ever yet doubted that they are entitled to truth and fair play in the scanning of their actions ; but neither of these does the statesman's character receive from the poet. He praises Mr. Canning with very bad taste, because he praises him at the expense of Lord Londonderry, and by means of a comparison with him. Now, whatever Mr. Canning's talents may be, (and our own opinion of them is at least as high as Lord Byron's,) we cannot but see that as a statesman his reputation is yet to be formed. Lord London-

deary was a statesman—or nothing ; what Mr. Canning is remains to be seen.

To proceed, however, with the poem : it opens with Juan's being conducted in women's clothes into the seraglio. In the first (sixth) canto there are one hundred and twenty stanzas, and nearly the whole of them are so offensive, so absurdly indecent, filled with such drunken, drivelling, old gentleman's after-dinner obscenity, that we must be spared the description of them. There are verses full of poetry, and among them are those in which is described the sleeping-room of the seraglio. These are quite beautiful, somewhat luxurious ; but that fault may be pardoned—and they would not be mischievous if they stood alone. The contrast which they present to the ribald stuff which disfigures the other parts of the volume is singular and striking :

There was deep silence in the chamber : dim  
 And distant from each other burned the lights,  
 And Slumber hovered o'er each lovely limb  
 Of the fair occupants : if there be sprites,  
 They should have walked there in their spriteliest trim,  
 By way of change from their sepulchral sites,  
 And shewn themselves as Ghosts of better taste  
 Than haunting some old Ruin or wild Waste.

Many and beautiful lay those around,  
 Like flowers of different hue and clime and root,  
 In some exotic garden sometimes found,  
 With cost and care and warmth induced to shoot.  
 One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,  
 And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit  
 Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath  
 And lips apart, which shewed the pearls beneath.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,  
 And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd  
 Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm ;  
 And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud  
 The Moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,  
 As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,  
 Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night,  
 All bashfully to struggle into light.

This is no bull, although it sounds so ; for  
 'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.  
 A third's all pallid aspect offered more  
 The traits of sleeping Sorrow, and betrayed  
 Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore  
 Beloved and deplored ; while slowly strayed  
 (As Night Dew, on a Cypress glittering, tinges  
 The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark fringes.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,  
 Lay in a breathless, hushed, and stony sleep ;  
 White, cold and pure, as looks a frozen rill,  
 Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,  
 Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will ;—  
 My similes are gathered in a heap,  
 So pick and chuse—perhaps you'll be content  
 With a carved lady on a monument.'

Gulbeyaz' passion at the disappointment she experiences from Juan's being carried into the seraglio, and her plot thus defeated, is powerfully described, and somewhat in the vein of the author's earlier productions :

' So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow ;  
Her cheek turned ashes, ears rung, brain whirled round,  
As if she had received a sudden blow,  
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly  
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,  
Baba thought she would faint, but there he erred—  
It was but a convulsion, which though short  
Can never be described ; we all have heard,  
And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"  
When things beyond the common have occurred ;—  
Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony  
What she could ne'er express—then how should I ?

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
Stands on her tripod, agonized, and full  
Of Inspiration gathered from Distress,  
When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull  
The heart asunder :—then, as more or less  
Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,  
She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,  
And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

Her face declined and was unseen ; her hair  
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,  
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,  
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,  
A low, soft Ottoman), and black Despair  
Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,  
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check  
Its further course, but must receive its wreck.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping  
Concealed her features better than a veil ;  
And one hand o'er the Ottoman lay drooping,  
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale :  
Would that I were a painter ! to be grouping  
All that a poet drags into detail !  
Oh that my words were colours ! but their tints  
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.'

' She stopt, and raised her head to speak—but paused ;  
And then moved on again with rapid pace ;  
Then slackened it, which is the march most caused  
By deep Emotion :—you may sometimes trace  
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased  
By all the Demons of all Passions, showed  
Their work even by the way in which he trode.'

The other two cantos are occupied with the details of the siege of Ismail, at which Juan and Johnson, whom our readers will recollect was Juan's companion in the fifth canto, are present on their escape from the seraglio, though how that escape is effected we are not in-

formed. We were deterred, by reason of their profligacy, from making any longer extracts from the sixth canto; we must follow the same course in these two, though for a different reason—that of their dulness. There are many attempts at humour, not one in ten of which tells. The following verses are happiest in the laugh (such as it is) upon the triteness of the English ones of Smith and Thomson:

‘ Then there were foreigners of much renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day brigadiers;  
Also to have the sacking of a town;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.  
’Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,  
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all the rest  
Had been called “*Jemmy*,” after the great bard;  
I don’t know whether they had arms or crest,  
But such a godfather’s as good a card.  
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the best  
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,  
Was *he*, since so renowned “in country quarters  
At Halifax;” but now he served the Tartars.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills;  
But when I’ve added that the elder Jack Smith  
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,  
And that his father was an honest blacksmith,  
I’ve said all I know of a name that fills  
Three lines of the dispatch in taking “Schmacksmith,”  
A village of Moldavia’s waste, wherein  
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt’s a God I  
Praise) if a man’s name in a *bulletin*  
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?  
I hope this little question is no sin,  
Because, though I am but a simple noddy,  
I think one Shakespear puts the same thought in  
The mouth of some one in his plays so doating,  
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young, and gay:  
But I’m too great a patriot to record  
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;  
I’d rather tell ten lies than say a word  
Of truth;—such truths are treason: they betray  
Their country, and as traitors are abhorred,  
Who name the French in English, save to show  
How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchman’s foe.’

And here we must break off; we feel that we should not amuse our readers by continuing to dissect the faults of this poem, and we are ourselves heartily sick of the task. The beauties with which it is thinly strewn give a sad air to the deformities which surround them; for the rest, bad English, bad rhymes, bad taste, spurious wit, and glaring obscenity, are the component parts of this monstrous offence against decorum and honesty—this opprobrium never to be removed from a once bright reputation.

## SKETCHES IN BEDLAM.

THE publication of this volume is a circumstance which we regard with high satisfaction, because it will have the effect of drawing the general attention to a subject which, for the interests of humanity and decency, ought to be watched with the utmost vigilance. The lot of the wretched inmates of Bedlam is sufficiently distressing by the infliction of Providence: it is, perhaps, too natural for the persons who have the care of them to feel occasionally the irksomeness of their disgusting task; and it requires therefore all the stimulus of a close and rigorous inspection, and an unremitting observation by persons without the walls of the building, to ensure a proper discharge of the duty.

The book of which it is now our business to treat professes to give some account of the persons confined in Bedlam. As we have no reason to doubt its veracity, we must confess that the relations it contains are highly interesting. Our chief objection is, that the author, whoever he may happen to be, treats with an unfeeling levity calamities which ought to excite very different sentiments, and is too much disposed to indulge mirth when the subject lies even 'too deep for tears.' This may, however, be pardoned: the writer is evidently an ignorant and a vulgar person, and only obeys the impulses of his own mind in scoffing or grinning, where solemnity and grief would better become him. His style is coarse and inflated, and so bad as to exempt him from all criticism. But, although we regret that this task should be performed by a person so unfit, we rejoice that it has been performed. The following very important extract from the Introduction will, we are sure, afford the highest satisfaction to every humane mind:

*'Treatment of Patients.*—The grand principle of this establishment is mildness; for it is now generally acknowledged that this mode of treating the maniac is much better calculated to restore reason than harshness or severity.

'No keeper has authority here to put a patient in confinement without first acquainting the superintendant, who inquires into the circumstances; and if it should appear to him necessary, the refractory person is put under restraint, which is invariably the mildest, and only kept so for a short time, unless it be absolutely necessary. Dr. Wright, whose vigilance is as unceasing as his mind is patient and humane, will allow no passionate confinement for trivial offences, being convinced that restraint, without urgent necessity, is injurious to the feelings and exciting to the irritation of patients, and considerably impedes their recovery. The good effects of this mild treatment have done wonders; for a refractory patient is frequently silenced and becomes tranquil at the mere threat of restraint; which if adopted for any trivial irregularity, he would become unhappy and mortified; besides, it would give him a practical specimen of prison discipline, which perhaps he knows only by name. They are generally confined, when refractory, to their own rooms for an hour or two, until they become cool and orderly. The name of the person, the nature of his offence, the length of his confinement, and the date, are regularly entered in a book kept for the purpose, which is read by the clerk to the next sub-committee of governors, who meet every Thursday,



upon which day also new patients are admitted to the hospital, leave of absence given or enlarged, and the cured discharged.'

The first and the most horrid case of madness is that of Patrick Walsh. He is almost the only patient in whom the extinction of the light of reason seems to have thrown back the creature to the state of the wildest beasts of the desert. The relation, while it makes one shudder for human nature, excites feelings of thankfulness that it is the only one of its kind :

' Patrick Walsh, a native of Castlebar, in Ireland, aged about forty-seven years, appears to have been admitted to this institution on the 6th of August, 1818, but was formerly in Old Bethlem Hospital; for some time at a madhouse at Hoxton; and has been confined altogether about twelve years.

' This ferocious maniac, from the first period of his confinement, has uniformly evinced a character of desperation, vengeance, and sanguinary cruelty, scarcely conceivable even under the deplorable frenzy by which he is afflicted; and more characteristic of a tiger than a human being, even deprived of the rational faculties.

' Indeed his history, previously to his confirmed insanity, has been marked by a disposition naturally fierce and cruel; and it is not improbable that the intolerable stings of a tortured conscience, reflecting on the sanguinary deeds in which he had been an active accomplice, formed the source of that frenzy, which neither length of years, the natural abatement of passion, coercion, or mild treatment, have been able to mitigate in the slightest degree.

' This wretched man was a ringleader of the mutinous and murderous crew of his Majesty's frigate the *Hermione*, commanded by Captain Pigott, who, with his officers, were massacred by that crew, in the year 1797. This lamentable catastrophe took place in the West Indies, on the 22d September, when Captain Pigott and all his officers (excepting the surgeon and master's mate), with most part of the marines on board, were murdered. One of the principal mutineers was Captain Pigott's own coxswain, who had sailed with him for four years; and this fellow found his way into the captain's cabin when he was asleep, and cut off his head, while his accomplices were at their bloody work in other parts of the ship. The miscreants afterwards carried the frigate into Lagaira, and sold her to the Spanish governor. In the course of the war, much the greater number of the mutineers were taken on board of other ships, and suffered the punishment justly due to their crimes.

' Walsh, the maniac, however, escaped that fate, and from the stories elicited from him, at intervals more lucid and less furious, it appears that he had been afterwards both in the British navy and army, and deserted several times from each. By his own account he has murdered with his own hand *nine* or *ten* persons. He acknowledges to have been a ringleader in the mutiny on board the *Hermione*: and being asked his motives, he says the treatment by his officers was so tyrannical that he and his shipmates could stand it no longer. The project was first started by a butcher on board, who belonged to the fore-castle: this man came and consulted with Walsh and a few others, who agreed on the horrible project; and one day the parties rushed

from between decks, seized the ship, effected the massacre, carried the frigate into Lagaira, sold her, and divided the purchase-money amongst them. After he had spent his share of the money he rambled about the colony; and when all was gone, he contrived to find his way to England, where he enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. He deserted from that, and enlisted in the 42d Highland regiment, and was with that corps under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. He deserted again from that regiment, and entered as a seaman on board one of his Majesty's ships, from which he was afterwards drafted on board the Victory, and was close to the immortal Nelson when he fell in the fight off Trafalgar.

From the first time of his confinement in Bethlem Hospital, it has been found necessary to keep him always strongly ironed; notwithstanding which, he found means to kill two persons in Bethlem and Hoxton, before he was removed to this establishment. For a long time after his admission here he conducted himself pretty calmly, and was under no very great restraint, until the month of April, 1820. About that time the Commissioners of the Roads had given to the governors of the hospital a large quantity of road-drift, for the purpose of raising the lower part of the airing-ground, which was low and damp. Amongst this rubbish were unfortunately brought in the blade of an old knife and one half of an old pair of scissors. These were discovered by Walsh; and he carefully concealed them until he found private opportunities of grinding the knife to a sharp edge and point, like the killing-knife of a hog-butcher; and watching a treacherous opportunity, when no one could have the slightest suspicion of his purpose, on Sunday the 30th of April, 1820, he sprang with fury upon a sickly patient named Dennis Leonard, while sitting down, and before he was observed or could be prevented, he inflicted upon the poor man twelve or fourteen wounds, many of which were mortal. The poor victim was carried into the house, but expired almost immediately.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body, who returned a verdict of wilful murder against Walsh; but agreed to add that he was in a state of frantic derangement when he committed the act. He was, however, taken to Guildford, in Surry, on the 4th of August following, to be tried at the assizes for the murder; but the grand jury of the county, on inquiring into the circumstances, ignored the bill, and the maniac was sent back to this hospital. This fatal occurrence was the first burst of his ferocity since he was admitted here, and he has been under constant restraint ever since. He is naturally a man of powerful strength, which is greatly increased by the paroxysms of his frenzy. He had put on him at first a pair of handcuffs of extraordinary strength, made purposely for himself, which he broke in a very short time. The keeper then put on him, by order, two pairs of the common handcuffs; but these, within two hours afterwards, he smashed into a hundred pieces. It was then found necessary to contrive other means for his restriction, consisting of an iron cincture that surrounds his waist, with strong handcuffs attached to it, sufficient to check his powers of manual mischief, but with liberty enough for all his requisite occasions of food, drink, taking snuff, &c. &c. Such are the

means for his restraint by day : not painful to him, but merely for the safety of others. At night it is found necessary to fasten him by one hand and leg to his bedstead, with strong locks and chains. He is never permitted to associate with any other of the patients. He goes out alone into the airing-ground every morning until breakfast-time ; in summer from six o'clock to eight, and in winter from seven to half after eight : afterwards he is kept alone in the dining-room from morning until bed-time ; excepting only when the other patients are there at meal times, when he is locked up in his own room ; the door of which, as well as that of the dining-room, are made of remarkable strength, with double bolts, and perfectly secure : for he would break through the common bed-room doors instantly.

‘ But bloodshed and massacre are the constant topics of his frenzied discourse, and seem to afford him high gratification and delight.

‘ After the murder of poor Leonard, he used to declare repeatedly, “ that he was better pleased at what he had done, than if he had all the riches of India, for that it made his mind happy and contented.” His vengeance against the poor victim was excited by some dispute about religion. Leonard, he said, had spoken profanely of the Almighty and the Virgin Mary (in a language not to be repeated). This was the cause of his anger, and he had waited for an opportunity of punishment until the fatal day in which it was accomplished. He rejoiced at what he had done : he told the coroner’s jury, that if he could obtain the king’s crown, and all the riches of the universe, he would not forego the pleasure of killing him, for all would be nothing to the ease of mind he felt in putting him out of the way.

‘ Yet he has sometimes said, but evidently in dissimulation, “ that he was sorry for killing the poor lad ;” hoping by his pretended contrition to obtain some snuff, of which he is passionately fond.

‘ But his propensity to mischief, malice, and personal abuse, are as incessant as his taste for bloodshed and slaughter. He has contrived, notwithstanding his restriction of hands and feet, to break above seventy panes of glass, within the last two years, in the dining-room windows, although guarded on the inside by a strong iron wire lattice-work. This amusement he contrived to effect by standing on a form placed at some distance from the windows, and taking the bowl of his wooden spoon in his mouth, he poked the handle through the meshes of the wire-work, and thus broke the pane. This has caused, for some time past, the seats to be still further removed from the windows.

‘ He is continually venting blasphemous imprecations, and the grossest abuse against his fellow-patients, whose names he knows, or adapts others to them. “ Stinking Lloyd,” “ rascally Jack Hall-wood,” “ thieving old Coates,” “ lousy Jenkins,” “ sneaking Pocock,” “ damned Welch,” “ black Dams,” and a poor Greek, whom he calls “ a lousy Spaniard.” Even his very dreams, when he sleeps, are occupied with scenes of fury and vengeance ; and he takes delight in detailing them the next morning. When he dreams of having murdered any, and sometimes all of the patients above named, he wakes quite pleased, and details the scene with much satisfaction ; and the manner in which he has gratified his vengeance, and what fine fun he had in seeing them die. He thought he had a sword, with which

he first cut all their throats, and then walked round them to see which should live the longest ; that when they were all dead, or nearly so, he split their skulls, and then transposed the brains from Hallwood's head into that of Lloyd ; Lloyd's into Coates's ; his to Jenkins's ; his again into the Spaniard's, and his again to Hugh Dams's. He then ripped up their bellies, and changed their entrails in like manner ; and then he hung and burned them all : but the only thing that grieved him was to hear them all talking in the gallery next morning. He stamps and raves most of the day, and nearly all night, with a piece of blanket crammed into his mouth, gnawing and tearing their souls out, as he imagines and terms it. He picks up pieces of glass, old nails, bones, and spoons which he grinds to a point, stones of a convenient size for flinging, and indeed every thing that is likely to enable him to do mischief, to which he is always inclined if he has an opportunity.

‘ He stamps on the ground like a cart-horse, which has rendered his feet almost as hard as hooves, and gladdens himself with the idea that he is trampling some of the persons before mentioned under his feet. He will at times turn with the wildest ferocity to some particular spot, where he pictures to his disordered fancy some of those objects of his vengeance prostrate, and then jumps and stamps with the wildest rage, exclaiming, “ die you rascals, die and be damned ! ” “ hang him up ! ” “ jump his soul out ! ” “ ha, you vagabond, die ! ” with numberless other expressions of rage and revenge : and this fit over, he comes away, seemingly quite pleased, and sings and whistles, elated beyond description, until he conjures up another imaginary group, on whom he repeats in fancy the same operations. Every voice he hears he supposes to be that of some one abusing him, and even the ducks in the pond he has charged with calling him abusive names, and abuses them in his turn, in furious terms, and tells the steward, with an oath, that if he could get at them he would tear out their windpipes. He swears and blasphemes most shockingly, talks most impiously, and uses the most indecent language : but any topic of murder or bloodshed is his chief delight. He is a strong, hardy fellow : his aspect wild, brutal, and terrific beyond description. He presents a hideous and appalling specimen of the human savage deprived of reason, and exposed to all the hurricanes of unbridled passions, and the delusions of a bewildered fancy.’

Some of the modes in which this dreadful malady affects the patients are so singular and so ludicrous, that it requires all one's philosophy and humanity to restrain an inclination to smile. Others are of the most touching description, and display the tragedy of real life in all the affecting horrors of truth. The case of Richard Pocock is of the latter description. The poor maniac has been servant to a gentleman at Guildford, and has served as a soldier in various parts of the world. After his discharge symptoms of madness appeared : he was put into confinement, and soon became incurably distracted. Amidst all the incoherent follies of his distemper, an idea haunts him that he has a daughter, young and beautiful, and who is not acquainted with her father's existence. Round this single and imaginary object all the affections of the poor wretch's heart are twined ; and, whenever the thought comes across him, he weeps violently, and cries out, “ Ah,

my poor dear girl, could I but once see you, I should die contented." For such a desolate condition, for a grief so far beyond human aid, who is there but must feel the deepest commiseration?

Among the curious speculations which Bedlam affords is the remarkable pertinacity with which some of the patients, being mad upon a particular point, turn to that point all the force of their imagination. Richard Jenkins, a mariner, fancies he has some ground of complaint against General England and Admiral Young for abuses in the application of provisions.

"Don't let them think," says the incorruptible Richard, "that they shall stop my mouth for a paltry bribe of twenty millions!" (then comes a hurricane of blasts, and damns upon eyes, limbs, and timbers, with appellations not the most delicate for the objects of his vengeance.) "No," continues he, "if they were to give me ten thousand of money I would not make it up with them: for law and justice I will have, from William Young, and that fellow they call General England."

'On being told that Admiral Young was dead: "It don't signify about that," continued he, "he must be up and answer for himself; and I will have his head off."

'His religious notions are of a piece with his other vagaries; for, although he declares his determination "to stand by the Old Books," he has never explained the points of doctrine they contain. He has, however, fixed on Wednesday as his sabbath, which he keeps with great strictness. He has seen very little of the world beyond his native village, and the ship he was on board of: but he believes his own home in Wales to be the garden of the world; and that at the last day God Almighty will come to Cardiff, to try all souls for their deeds: and when he goes to the Town-hall, he will tell him that he is not particularly obliged to him for his mercy, because he has promised to be merciful to all men; and why should one man in particular thank him? He says his prayers every night in Welsh and English; and, though his dialect in the latter is as bad as Briton can utter, he fancies that no man can excel him in the language.

'He partakes a good deal in the fanciful transmutation of persons so frequent with others; and by a sort of second sight, conceives that he sees persons totally different from those he looks at.

'He says, "that Sir George Tuthill, the physician, was a Jew dealer in watches, jewellery, and trinkets at Plymouth, and that his name was Johnson;" by which name he always calls him. He says that "Mr. Burgess," one of the governors, "is no other than Buggy Burgess, who was a parson's son at Cardiff, but ran away, and turned pirate in a privateer; obtained a large sum of money, and is now turned fine gentleman;" and in like manner of several others; probably substituting some faint traces of personal similitude in his memory for supposed reality.

'With all his vagaries, he is ingenious and industrious. He knits gloves, stockings, and his own jackets and trowsers, of worsted; and is constantly employed, either in this occupation, or in amusing himself with smoking or playing at hand-ball, which seems in a great measure to divert and relieve his mind.'



The following description refers to another and a very different description of madness—if madness it be. We fear if all men guilty of similar extravagances should be condemned to Bedlam, not only would many of our friends be found to take up their abode there, but the building must be made infinitely larger :

‘ Edward L——y, from Southwark, aged forty-six, admitted December 14th, 1820. This pleasant, cheerful, eccentric fellow, had been an inmate here before, for he was admitted the first time on the 11th of March, 1819, and was discharged well on the 20th of May following. He is one of those characters so often found in society to illustrate the poet’s description :

“ Great wits to madness nearly are allied.”

And he says, “ he was thought to be mad this time, only because nature had furnished him with more discernment, reflection, and fancy than his neighbours, and he had not prudence to conceal them : therefore he was found guilty of common sense, and sent to prison.” According to his notion, Bedlam was the only quiet and rational society in the country, for the people out of doors were ten times more mad than those within ; and all London should be a Bedlam, in order to restrain its mad inhabitants, one half of whom were too mad to perceive the madness of the other half.

“ Who,” says he, “ fit to live out of Bedlam, would spend half his life to gain one or two hundred thousand pounds, and then, instead of cutting with all risk and living like a lord upon his income, would dabble on to double it by new adventures, until he loses the whole, turns a bankrupt, and comes to dependence or beggary in his old age ? I have known twenty such fools. Who, fit to live out of Bedlam, would dash in the stocks, at the constant risk of ruin ? win a hundred thousand pounds one day, lose it the next by the same game ; and then perhaps hang himself or cut his throat for vexation. But the good old city of London has lost its wits, you may depend on it. Your aldermen are all turned baronets and members of Parliament, your citizens are all esquires, and your beardless boys all booted beaux or dashing bloods ; your city wives and daughters are all ladies of fashion and luxury ; nothing like plain joints and puddings, now a-days ! Oh, no : cookery and cuckoldom go together ; banquets and deserts, and all the wines of the world ! And then comes your bankruptcy. Up to-day, down to-morrow. This year a villa, a chariot, or a curricule : the next a shabby lodging, broken shoes, and the top of the stage coach. Well, then, what would be said in the time of our grandfathers, to a projector who would offer to light all the lamps and shops in London with the smoke of pit-coal ? Would people then think a man sane, who should not only say he could make mills to spin and looms to weave, but ships to sail against wind and tide by the steam of hot water ? or cause a coach to run without horses ? or make a snuff-box to play half a dozen tunes, and no one near them ; or a wooden puppet walk across the stage, salute the company, play concertos on a trumpet, beat any antagonist at chess, drafts, or dominos, and perform many other wonders ? or who should teach dogs to play cards, or horses to tell fortunes ? or who would



propose to drive mail-coaches through iron tubes five hundred miles a day, or establish sea-water baths at Hornsey or Primrose Hills, and pump up the tide from Southend to supply them? I should not be surprised at seeing a wooden Parliament worked by steam, or wooden clergy to serve out sermons and devotions from the churches to the parishioners' houses, like pipe-water or coal-gas, through tubes: and, by the way, this would save a devilish deal of money, in bribes and pensions, tithes, and parish-dues. Why," he would say, "I came in here for quietness, to avoid being bit by some city baronet or mad stock-jobber; or run over by a citizen's coach, or crushed to dust under the wheels of a waggon at full gallop. I hope those d——d fellows wo'n't break in upon us here, to disturb our comfort."

'Such were the wild notions that played round poor L——y's fancy. He had a prolific genius for inventions, if they were only practicable; and perhaps, under a better education, and earlier care to direct his capacity, such a mind might have been of service to his country.

'One of his freaks was the invention of a plan for an aquatic engine to be fixed on the River Thames, between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, which, by the aid of proper apparatus, might prevent the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral if it should ever take fire, and thus protect that noble structure. Similar plans he thought might be adopted in every part of England, and save the necessity of fire insurance offices. But just as he had matured his project, and had almost brought it to perfection in his own mind, some other little whims, combined with this plan, procured him a return to his old quarters here.

'While he continued he was very flighty, but tolerably quiet; with the harmless exception of a little noise, singing, dancing, and ornamental writing on the walls, at which last he was very expert and skilful.

'He was discharged well, on the 20th of May, 1821, and has since continued so.'

Another maniac used to pay the keepers to confine him with the belt and handcuffs, a discipline which deprived him, while it continued, of the use of his hands; 'because then,' he said, 'he had free liberty to do as he liked.' The case of Henry Snelling is also a curious instance of the perversion of the reasoning faculty:

'Henry Snelling, aged thirty-nine, a native of London, and admitted on the 27th of July, 1820. When this patient was admitted he was in a high state of derangement; but was discharged finally cured, on the 20th of March, 1821.

'Like other maniacs, though his mind was wild and extravagant on most subjects that happened for the moment to occupy his memory or attention, he had his favorite topic which prevailed over all others, and seemed to be the main spring of his delusions.

'This was with him his imaginary skill in bridge-building; in which, according to his notions, his operations were perfectly magical. He boasted of having built Waterloo-bridge in four days, and the Southwark-bridge in two hours. All the bridges over the Thames belonged to him, as did the Mansion-house, Carlton-house, and So-

meret-house; and all the turnpike-tolls in England were his property. Any building wheresoever, in which he had once set his foot, became instantly his: and this was his reason for coming to reside in Buckingham-house (by which name he styled Bethlem-hospital). But to his imaginary skill, and his extensive possessions on these points, he was also an excellent whip; and talked frequently of his dexterity in driving gigs, tandems, and curricles, better than any man in England, and of his deep knowledge in horse-flesh, and the pedigrees of the turf.

On the same day that he came into the hospital there was also admitted a poor woman named Abigail Rees. She was brought in secured in a strait waistcoat, which was fastened in a very slovenly manner, so that the strings hung loosely about her, before and behind.

Snelling, who marched about with a very knowing strut, observed her sharply for a little time: but his fancy instantly perverted the faculty of vision, and she was changed, in his view, to a very different sort of personage.

He called, with an air of authority, to one of the keepers, and, pointing to Abigail Rees, said: "I say, hostler! you see that mare, don't you?" The keepers answered, "Oh yes, your honour." "Well, then," returned Snelling, "I can assure you she is one of the very best bits of blood in this country. Her sire was the son of old Eclipse, and her dam was the Duke of Devonshire's first breeding-mare, Catherine. I drove her in harness to Brighton yesterday, to see the Prince Regent, in thirty-nine minutes and twelve seconds, by my stop-watch; and this morning I drove her back to town in twelve minutes and thirty-nine seconds. To be sure, there is something to be said for the longer time in yesterday's journey, because I stopped to dine on the road, and purchased some houses on the way, by just putting my foot into them: but to-day she dashed forward at such a rate, she played the devil with my hands, in striving to rein her in. See," said he, "how she has broken the reins," taking hold of the loose strings of the strait waistcoat.

Poor Abigail seemed quite angry, and rushed away from him with great indignation. "I say, hostler," continued Snelling, "take care she don't kick or bite you; she's d——d vicious."

Many months afterwards, when this man's derangement had considerably abated, and he was almost well, he assured the keepers that he remembered this occurrence perfectly, and that for a long time subsequent he believed the woman was a mare, and that all he had said about her at the time was perfectly true.

Among the patients is a small sheriff's officer, who is supposed to have gone mad through a too ardent application to his professional labours; and a Jew, whose insanity was produced by a disappointment, in consequence of a police magistrate preventing the consummation of a cheat which he had ingeniously effected in selling a watch. The following specimen of the Jew's poetry is more remarkable than that a Jew should go mad for such a cause:

Confined here  
Oh, dear!

What a shame!  
Who's to blame?

— my eyes,  
 What blow'd lies.  
 Brought me here!  
 Never fear!  
 Where's my mother?  
 And my brother?  
 Come in here,  
 Conscience clear;  
 Newcastle-on-Tyne,  
 That's the time:  
 Sold a watch,  
 Nabb'd a catch.

Stopp'd my gig,  
 What a rig!  
 License now,  
 What a row!  
 All's well:  
 Go to hell!  
 Who's there?  
 Bring some beer!  
 Half starved,  
 Nothing carved!

Some habits, it seems, are so inveterate, that the loss of reason cannot affect them. Among these an instance of strong affection for the vocation of picking pockets is very remarkable.

' Peter Maxwell, aged twenty-three, from London, admitted here about a year since, and had been previously confined six years in the Penitentiary at Milbank, to which place he was committed in commutation for his sentence of transportation for seven years, incurred by his conviction for picking pockets, in which profession he was an eminent adept; nor does the length of his confinement, or the nature of his insanity, seem in the least to have altered his taste for that pursuit.

' On being asked how he obtained a living in all his former life, he answered, "by thieving, to be sure."

"How would you get your living again, if you were sent out?"

"By thieving, to be sure: nothing like it."

' He became deranged while in the Penitentiary, and still continues so. He is said to have been a thief ever since his childhood. His person is diminutive, and his habits slovenly and uncleanly.'

But the most whimsical instance of wandering is exhibited in the person of William Adams:

' William Adams, aged twenty-seven, admitted August 8th, 1822. This smart little fellow was a conveyancer by profession, but became unfortunately involved in one of the traps of the law: he was arrested for a small debt of 20*l.* which he was unable to pay, and therefore was consigned to the Fleet prison—a kind of hotel not very reconcileable to the patience of even a Stoic philosopher, without the means of existence. In a little time poor Adams, by the rapid movement of his mind, passed through all the gradations from chagrin to insanity; and it became necessary to transfer him hither, without the ceremony of *Habeas Corpus*.

' However extensive may have been the range of his professional talents, it must have fallen infinitely short of the scope and versatility of his imagination in his state of derangement. Wholly unlimited by the identities of time, place, or person, he instantly accommodates each to his fancy in a moment, and he is any where, and every where, and any body, by turns. At one time he imagined himself to be the Lord Chancellor, or, as he emphatically stated himself, "Young Bags;" and no mortal tongue ever maintained the loquacity of the law, or talked with more incessant volubility, than his imaginary lordship. He would decide ten thousand causes in a day; he would

accuse, try, condemn, and execute whole nations in a breath. His language was as wide and far-fetched as his fancy was various ; topics of all kinds seemed to come tumbling into his mind, without or deror connexion. Of every name he heard mentioned he instantly became the personal representative, and says, " I am he ;" thus he is by turns Buonaparte, the King, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, the Persian Ambassador, Mr. Pope, Homer, Smollett, Hume, Gibbon, John Bunyan, Mrs. Clarke, the Queen, Pergami. He is successively a Hottentot, a Lascar, a Spaniard, a Turk, a Jew, a Scotsman, a member of any religious sect, except a methodist. He has been in all situations and occupations of life, according to his own account : a potboy at Hampstead, a shoeblack, a chimney-sweeper, an East-India Director, a kennel-raker, a gold-finder, an oyster-woman, a Jew cast-clothesman, a police justice, a judge, a keeper of Newgate, and, as he styles it, " His Majesty's law ironmonger for the home department:" nay, he has even been Jack Ketch, and has hung hundreds ; he has been a soldier, and has killed thousands ; a Portuguese, and poniarded scores ; a Jew pedlar, and cheated all the world ; a Member of Parliament for London, and betrayed his constituents ; a Lord Mayor, a Bishop, an Admiral, a dancing-master, a Rabbi, Grimaldi in the pantomime, and ten thousand other occupations, that no tongue or memory but his own could enumerate. The specimen just given may serve as a sample of what is passing in his fancy.'

' Another unfortunate maniac here, named Joseph Panter, supposes himself to be our Saviour. One day, when Adams found the door leading to the top gallery open, he ran up stairs to heaven, as he calls it, where he met Panter, who, much out of humour at his appearance, told Adams he had no business to come there, and then gave him a box on the ear and a kick behind, and sent him tumbling down stairs. Adams ran immediately to the airing-ground, rushed towards his keeper, and with frightened looks, and almost out of breath, told him that he had been very ill used. " I went up stairs," said he, " to heaven, and saw J—— C—— walking about in white. I said nothing to him : but before I had been five minutes in heaven he came up to me, and gave me a punch on the head, and tumbled me down stairs."

' This poor fellow still continues much in the same state as when first admitted. He styles his wife, who sometimes visits him, " his dear little black queen," and proposes to appoint her a maid of honour to his Queen Charlotte, " for whom," he says, " he has a much greater affection."

The female patients are less numerous, and their cases resemble each other more than the males : the greater part of them have become mad in consequence of perverted notions on the subject of religion.

Upon the whole this volume is highly interesting ; and next in importance to the information which it affords respecting the patients is the proof which it contains of the humane and rational mode of treatment which has superseded the cruelty and ignorance formerly exercised in Bethlem Hospital.

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ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

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## MEMOIR OF MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

MRS. HAMILTON'S life was one of those which are beneficial to every human being excepting that one who has to compile a biographical memoir of her. Her virtues were of that humble and retiring kind which shun the glare of public observation, and which grow most luxuriantly in solitude: her talent, more useful than brilliant, was exerted for that circle of affectionate friends by whom she was surrounded, and beyond which she never wished to stray. Of such persons what is to be said but that they lived beloved, and died lamented; and to apply to them those praises and that regret which have become so trite that their sincerity is almost questionable? We feel that our duties are confined to a mere chronicle of the days of her birth and death, and to a list of her works.

Mrs. Eliz. Hamilton was born at Belfast in the year 1758. She was the youngest of three children. Her father was a younger branch of an ancient and respectable Scottish family, some of whose members are known to have taken an active part in the resistance which the Covenanters made to the unjust attempts of a tyrant to impose upon them a yoke to which every honorable and conscientious feeling forbade their submission. Her grandfather found himself compelled to fly from his native country, and settled in Ulster, where he became a large landed proprietor. Her father was for some time engaged in commercial business in London, which the declining state of his health compelled him to relinquish; and, returning to Ireland, he died of a typhus fever in 1759.

Mr. Hamilton's wife was a lady of Scotch family, though also resident in Ireland, where she was married. Upon her husband's death she sent her daughter, the subject of this memoir, to Mrs. Marshall, her sister, and the wife of a Scotch minister residing near Stirling. Here Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton was educated with great care and affection, and her amiable temper and ready parts soon repaid all the pains which were bestowed upon the cultivation of her mind. Her aunt, a very sensible and good woman, took care that all the advantages which could be derived from the instruction and the society of Glasgow and Edinburgh should be communicated to her niece; and by occasional visits to both those cities her education was completed, and she formed many valuable acquaintances.

Her brother Charles left England, in 1772, to go to India as a cadet, where his progress was rapid, and highly creditable to him. Sir William Jones particularly distinguished him by his regard, and his publication of the *Hedaya* is at once an honorable monument and a proof of his high abilities. Miss Hamilton went to reside with her uncle and aunt at a small house called Ingram's Crook, near the celebrated Bannockburn, where she passed her days in exercises of piety and usefulness.

Her inclination for writing first displayed itself in a contribution to a magazine published in the neighbourhood, containing an account of a

Highland Tour. She afterwards wrote a novel, which was not distinguished for any merit.

Her brother's return, in 1786, seems to have been the cause of her writing the *Hindoo Rajah*, a work full of talent and information, for which she was probably indebted to him. This brother died in 1792, just as he was about to return to India.

Miss Hamilton's literary pursuits after this became more visible. In 1796 the *Hindoo Rajah* was published. Her next work was the *Modern Philosopher*, published in 1800, and written chiefly at Bath, whither she was driven to settle by the gout, to which she thus early became a martyr. In 1801 the first volume of the *Letters on Education* was produced, and raised the writer still higher than before in the esteem of the most elevated characters. From April, 1802, to September, 1803, Miss Hamilton and her sister wandered over Wales, Westmorland, and Scotland, during which excursion *Agrippina* was prepared. At Edinburgh, where she met with great distinction, Miss Hamilton and Miss Edgeworth were introduced to each other, and their regard soon ripened into a cordial friendship. In 1804 Miss H. finally settled in the northern capital, and had a pension conferred on her by the crown, as an acknowledgment that her literary talents had been meritoriously exerted in the cause of virtue and religion. In 1806 she published *Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman*, whom she had assisted for six months in forming proper arrangements for their education. The *Cottagers of Glenburnie* appeared soon after. This work is perhaps one of the most useful in its effects, as well as the best in its execution, that Mrs. Hamilton produced: it is an animated satire upon the manners of the small Scotch farmers, a set of people who, with seeming admirable qualities, are often remarkable for their personal filth. This reproach is, however, fast wearing out, and its removal may be ascribed, in no small degree, to Mrs. Hamilton's well-directed and well-meant reproofs. In 1812 her last work, of any magnitude, was produced, under the title of *Popular Essays on the Elementary Principles of the Human Mind*.\*

In 1815 Mrs. H. lost many of her oldest friends, and, her own health declining, she left Edinburgh for Harrogate. Finding the waters of this place of no avail, she pronounced her malady mortal, and prepared for the great event of death as became her Christian life.

Miss Benger has written a very interesting life of Mrs. Hamilton, to which we are indebted for more of the particulars of this memoir, and from which the following passages are extracted:

'She sunk into a slumber that prefigured death; and, finally, without a struggle, breathed her last on the 23d of July, 1816, having newly entered her sixtieth year. Her remains were interred in the church at Harrogate, where a simple monument, with a suitable inscription, has been erected to her memory, as a last offering of affection from her devoted sister.'

In society, and especially at home, Mrs. Hamilton was a charming companion. Of anecdote she was inexhaustible; and in narrative dramatized with such effect, that she almost personated those whom she de-

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\* We have not particularized *Exercises in Religious Knowledge*, for the use of young persons in the House of Industry, Edinburgh, nor *Hints addressed to the Patrons and Directors of Public Schools*, 1816.

scribed. The ardour and benevolence of her nature, her cheerfulness, and frankness, added a zest to her other good qualities, and few approached her without being touched with admiration and esteem, as none were intimate without being imbued with feelings of love and affection.

‘When her habitual infirmities are recollected, it will appear extraordinary that she should have been so long able to struggle against them. During some weeks or months of every winter she was almost wholly incapacitated for mental exertion; and, in the most propitious season, she never could devote to her pen more than four or five hours a day.’

Yet in fifteen years she produced fifteen volumes: a striking example of what may be achieved by patience, energy, and perseverance.

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THE WORKS OF GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

MR. WIFFEN, who has announced a somewhat elaborate translation of *La Gierusalemme Liberata*, has published in the mean time a translation of the works of Garcilasso. He does this probably by way of experiment, as aeronauts send up a small balloon to try the currents of the wind before they make the larger venture of their own lives. We cannot blame him; for the public taste—we had nearly written caprice—seems to be almost as changeable as the wind, while the bold author who trusts himself to it has less chance of escaping than even the aeronaut; he has no ballast of sand-bags, no valve by which he can let out his superfluous gas, but may congratulate himself infinitely if he descends from his perilous elevation only frightened and not hurt.

For the purpose to which we have alluded Mr. Wiffen’s essay seems well enough qualified; but, for the intrinsic merit of the author he has selected, we think his pains have been somewhat lavishly bestowed. The poetry of Garcilasso is only interesting to Spaniards, because it is a sort of morning star in the literary hemisphere of their nation. It has no universal claims to notice; it is not of that character of true poesy which is ‘for all time.’ His personal character gives to his works a chivalrous interest, something like that which we feel for our own Sir Philip Sidney; and the Spaniard is of much the same literary calibre. He was a young man of noble family, descended from the old hero of that famous ballad, so familiar to all readers, in which the gigantic Pagan who tied the *Ave Maria* to his horse’s tail was killed by a youth of sixteen:

‘Garcilasso de la Vega

They the youth did henceforth call,

For his duel in the Vega

Of Granada chanced to fall.’

He was one of Charles the Fifth’s soldiers, and distinguished himself particularly at the taking of Tunis. He afterwards was employed in the war with France, and was killed, at the age of thirty-three, at Muy, near Prejus, in an attempt to take a tower filled with some armed rustics.

The most meritorious, and, at the same time, the most valuable part of the work before us, is the essay on Spanish poetry, which commences the volume. The following character of Garcilasso, and the effect which he produced on Spanish feeling, is well given:

‘A youth who died at the age of thirty-three, devoted to the bearing of arms, without any regular studies, with only his native genius, assisted

by application and good taste, drew Spanish poetry suddenly forth from its infancy, guided it happily by the footsteps of the ancients; and of the most celebrated moderns then known; and, coming into rivalry with each in turn, adorned it with graces and appropriate sentiments, and taught it to speak a language, pure, harmonious, sweet, and elegant! His genius, more delicate and tender than strong and sublime, inclined him by preference to the sweet images of the country, and to the native sentiments of the eclogue and elegy. He had a vivid and pleasing fancy, a mode of thought noble and decorous, an exquisite sensibility; and this happy natural disposition, assisted by the study of the ancients, and intercourse with the Italians, produced those compositions which, though so few, conciliated for him instantly an estimation and a respect, which succeeding ages have not ceased to confirm.

‘There are some who wish that he had given himself up more fully to his own ideas and sentiments; that, studying the ancients with equal devotedness, he had not allowed himself to be led away so much by the taste of translating them; that he had not abandoned the images and emotions which his own fine talent could suggest, for the images and emotions of others; that, as for the most part he is a model of purity and elegance, he had caused some traces which he keeps of antique rudeness and negligence to disappear: they wish, lastly, that the disposition of his eclogues had preserved more unity and connexion between the persons and the objects introduced in them. But these defects cannot counterbalance the many beauties which his poetry contains, and it is a privilege allowed to all that open a new path, to err without any great diminution of their glory. Garcilasso is the first that gave to Spanish poetry wings, gentility, and grace; and for this was needed, beyond all comparison, more talent, than to avoid the errors into which his youth, his course of life, and the imperfection of human powers, caused him to fall.

‘To the supreme endowments which he possesses as a poet, is added that of being the Castilian writer who managed in those times the language with the most propriety and success. Many words and phrases of his contemporaries have grown old and disappeared: the language of Garcilasso, on the contrary, if we except some Italianisms, which his constant intercourse with that nation caused him to contract, is still alive and flourishing, and there is scarcely one of his modes of speech which cannot be appropriately used at the present day.

‘So many kinds of merit, united in a single man, excited the admiration of his age, which instantly gave him the title of the Prince of Castilian poets. Foreigners call him the Spanish Petrarch; three celebrated writers have illustrated and written comments on him: he has been printed times innumerable, and all parties and poetical sects have respected him. His beautiful passages pass from lip to lip with all who relish tender thoughts and soothing images; and if not the greatest Castilian poet, he is at least the most classical, and the one that has conciliated the most votes and praises, who has maintained this his reputation the most inviolate, and who will probably never perish whilst Castilian language and Castilian poetry endure.’

The poems from which we now proceed to give extracts are eclogues, odes, songs, and sonnets. The first are distinguished for that quality which is the highest excellence of which the pastoral style is capable—

elegant simplicity. The following extract, which is one of the most beautiful parts, may illustrate this assertion :

*Albanio.* Temperate, when winter waves its snowy wing,  
Is the sweet water of this sylvan spring ;  
And when the heats of summer scorch the grass,  
More cold than snow : in your clear looking-glass,  
Fair waves ! the memory of that day returns,  
With which my soul still shivers, melts, and burns ;  
Gazing on your clear depth and lustre pure,  
My peace grows troubled, and my joy obscure ;  
Recovering you, I lose all self-content :  
To whom, alas, could equal pains be sent !  
Scenes that would sooth another's pangs to peace,  
Add force to mine, or sooth but to increase,  
This lucid fount, whose murmurs fill the mind,  
The verdant forests waving with the wind,  
The odours wafted from the mead, the flowers  
In which the wild bee sits and sings for hours,  
These might the moodiest misanthrope employ,  
Make sound the sick, and turn distress to joy :  
I only in this waste of sweetness pine  
To death ! oh beauty, rising to divine !  
Oh curls of gold ! oh eyes that laugh with light !  
Oh swanlike neck ! oh hand as ivory white !  
How could an hour so mournful ever rise  
To change a life so blest to tears and sighs,  
Such glittering treasures into dust ! I range  
From place to place, and think, perhaps, the change,  
The change may partly temper and control  
The ceaseless flame that thus consumes my soul.  
Deceitful thought ! as though so sharp a smart  
By my departure must itself depart :  
Poor languid limbs, the grief is but too deep  
That tires you out ! Oh that I could but sleep  
Here for a while ! the heart awake to pain,  
Perchance in slumbers and calm dreams might gain  
Glimpse of the peace with which it pants to meet,  
Though false as fair, and fugitive as sweet.  
Then, amiable kind Sleep, descend, descend !  
To thee my wearied spirit I commend.

*Salicio.* How highly he may rate  
His fortunate estate,  
Who, to the sweets of solitude resigned,  
Lives lightly loose from care,  
At distance from the snare  
Of what encumbers and disturbs the mind !  
He sees no thronged parade,  
No pompous colonnade  
Of proud grandees, nor greedy flatterers vile,  
Ambitious each to sport  
In sunshine of a court ;  
He is not forced to fawn, to sue, to smile,  
To feign, to watch of power each veering sign,  
Noticed to dread neglect, neglected to repine.  
But, in calm idlesse laid  
Supine in the cool shade  
Of oak or ilex, beech or pendant pine,



Sees his flocks feeding stray,  
 Whitening a length of way,  
 Or numbers up his homeward-tending kine :  
 Store of rich silks unrolled,  
 Fine silver, glittering gold,  
 To him seem dross, base, worthless, and impure ;  
 He holds them in such hate,  
 That with their cumbrous weight  
 He would not fancy he could live secure ;  
 And thinking this, does wisely still maintain  
 His independent ease, and shuns the shining base.  
 Him to soft slumbers call  
 The babbling brooks, the fall  
 Of silver fountains, and the unstudied hymns  
 Of cageless birds, whose throats  
 Pour forth the sweetest notes ;  
 Shrill through the crystal air the music swims ;  
 To which the humming bee  
 Keeps ceaseless company,  
 Flying solicitous from flower to flower,  
 Tasting each sweet that dwells  
 Within their scented bells ;  
 Whilst the wind sways the forest, bower on bower,  
 That evermore, in drowsy murmurs deep,  
 Sings in the silent ear, and aids descending sleep.'

Of the odes, the following, written in exile, appears to us the best :  
 ' With the mild sound of clear swift waves the Danube's arms of foam  
 Circle a verdant isle which Peace has made her chosen home ;  
 Where the fond poet might repair from weariness and strife,  
 And in the sunshine of sweet song consume his happy life.  
 Here evermore the smiling Spring goes scattering odorous flowers,  
 And nightingales and turtle-doves in depths of myrtle bowers,  
 Turn disappointment into hope, turn sadness to delight,  
 With magic of their fond laments, which cease not day nor night.  
 Here am I placed, or sooth to say, alone, 'neath foreign skies  
 Forced in arrest, and easy 'tis in such a paradise  
 To force a meditative man, whose own desires would doom  
 Himself with pleasure to a world all redolence and bloom.  
 One thought alone distresses me, if I whilst banished sink  
 'Midst such misfortunes to the grave, lest haply they should think  
 It was my complicated ills that caused my death, when I  
 Know well that if I die, 'twill be because I wish to die.  
 River divine, rich Danube ! thou the bountiful and strong,  
 That through fierce nations roll'st thy waves rejoicingly along,  
 Since only but by rushing through thy drowning billows deep,  
 These scrolls can hence escape to tell the noble words I weep,  
 If wrecked in undeciphered loss on some far foreign land,  
 They should by any chance be found upon thy desert sand,  
 Since they upon thy willowed shore must drift, where'er they err,  
 Their relics let the kind blue waves with murmured hymns inter.  
 Ode of my melancholy hours ! last infant of my lyre !  
 Although in booming waves it be thy fortune to expire,  
 Grieve not, since I, howe'er myself from holy rites debarred,  
 Have seen to all that touches thee with catholic regard.  
 Less, less had been thy life if thou hadst been but ranked among  
 Those without record that have risen and died upon my tongue ;  
 Whose utter want of sympathy and haughtiness austere  
 Has been the cause of this, from me thou very soon shalt hear !'

Of sonnets the ordinary computation may be; that for one good there shall be twenty bad, and this calculation holds of those of Garcilasso. We have selected only three from nearly forty, and we almost doubt whether they deserve to be so remembered :

TO HIS MISTRESS.

‘ With keen desire to see what the fine swell  
Of thy white bosom in its core keeps shrined,  
If the interior graces of the mind  
Its outward shape and loveliness excel,  
I have my sight fixed on it ; but the spell  
Of its voluptuous beauty holds mine eyes  
In such enchantment, that their curious spies  
Pass not to mark the spirit in its cell,  
And thus stay weeping at the portal, made  
To grieve me by that hiding hand which even  
Holds its own bosom’s beauty unforgiven :  
So I behold my hope to death betrayed,  
And Love’s sharp lances, rarely known to fail,  
Serve not to pierce beyond its muslin mail.’

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE TAKING OF TUNIS.

‘ Boscan ! the sword, the shout, and trumpet shrill  
Of Mars, who, watering with his own red blood  
The Lybian soil in this tremendous feud,  
Makes our green Roman laurel flourish still,—  
Have to my memory brought the ancient skill,  
And old Italian valour, by whose force  
All Africa was shook, from the coy source  
Of Nile’s young fountain to far Atlas’ hill.  
Here, where the steady Roman’s conquering brand  
And fiery torch tipt with licentious flame,  
Have left poor Carthage nothing but a name,  
Love with his whirling thoughts on every hand  
Wounds and inflames me in his fearful sway,  
And I in tears and ashes waste away.’

LEANDER.

‘ Loud blew the winds in anger and disdain,  
And raged the waves, when to his Sestian maid,  
Leander, ardent of her charms, essayed  
For the last time to swim the stormy main.  
Conquered with toil, o’erwearied, and in pain,  
More for the bliss which he should lose by death  
Than sorrowful to breathe out his sweet breath  
On the next surge he buffeted in vain,—  
Feebly, ’twas all he could, the dying boy  
Called to the waves, (but never word of woe  
Was heard by them,) ‘ if me you must destroy,  
This melancholy night, look not so stern :  
Vent as you will your rage on my return,  
But spare, kind waters, spare me as I go.’”

Although we feel compelled to bear testimony to the skill with which Mr. Wiffen has executed the poetical part of his labours, we can by no means extend our commendations to his prose. It would be difficult to point out more rugged and obscure composition than his *Essay* and his *Life of Garcilasso* present, and it would be still more difficult to discover the reason which should make so agreeable and easy

a poet so miserable a prose-writer. All his power over the language seems to leave him as soon as he steps out of the magic circle of verse. We see, by the announcement of his *Translation of Tasso*, that he purposes to inflict much historical matter upon the public: we beseech him to value his own fame better, and to confine himself to that task for which he is really well qualified—the dressing Tasso in a graceful English garb.

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DON JUAN, CANTOS IX. X. XI.

WE mourn over Lord Byron's falling off from the high poetical destiny which once seemed to be assured to him as we should over the profligate apostacy of some dear friend, who had sacrificed to base lusts and sordid enjoyments all the hope and promise of his early fame. Lord Byron once stood with us in the light of a dear friend; possessing not the slightest personal knowledge of him, the manly, sensitive, and sometimes sublime strain of his poetry, induced us to believe that he would be an honour and an ornament to our national poesy, and a redeeming grace to that rank of society to which he belongs, and which has so little of intrinsic worth. Feeling thus, we looked upon each of the earlier sins which he committed as the aberrations of a genius which, for lack of sympathy, ran into thoughtless excess, and preferred being singular, or even reprehensible, to being tame. We invented excuses for his follies, and looked beyond his offences to the hope of the glorious amends which we thought he could not fail to make. How much the opinion which we had so fondly formed has been deceived may be imagined by every person of honest sentiment who has read his recent publications. It is as impossible to excuse them as it is to read them without disgust. Each step which he takes is more rash, more gratuitously absurd, more irretrievably profligate, and, which is still worse, more impotently malicious, than those which have preceded it.

The former cantos of *Don Juan* have been, in their several ways, bad enough—the first in indecency, and the latter in dulness. Those which have been ushered into public notice within a few days past are only remarkable for the union of these two qualities. The adventures of Don Juan, after the taking of Ismael, are continued: he is sent to Russia with the dispatches, which he presents to the Empress Catherine. That salacious monarch is taken with the charms of the youth, and he becomes one of her favorites. The whole of this intrigue is not luxurious—it is not like much writing of a similar subjects—it has not even so much refinement as Voltaire's prurient verse; it is merely gross and indecent. It presents none of the freshness of the passion, it breathes the love of brothels, its inspirations are of the stews, and the degraded poet revels in filth and infamy which is not only degrading but unmanly. We do not know so little, nor think so severely, of mankind in the present state of society, as to denounce, with the rigour which they perhaps merit, all the wild and vicious thoughts which may occupy even virtuors minds:

‘Where’s the place so sacred into which  
Unholy things will not sometimes intrude?’

But what shall be said in palliation of the heart that can prompt, and

the hand which can display to public gaze, all those deformities which darkness and silence ought to hide, and which should be strangled in their very birth. We sicken of this topic, and proceed with the description of Juan's adventures. He falls sick, and, travel being recommended for him, the Empress resolves to send him on a diplomatic mission to England :

‘ There was just then a kind of a discussion,  
A sort of treaty or negotiation,  
Between the British cabinet and Russian,  
Maintained with all the due prevarication  
With which great states such things are apt to push on ;  
Something about the Baltic's navigation,  
Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,  
Which Britons deem their “ uti possidetis.”

The little Leila, the child whom he saved in the eighth canto, accompanies him. The miserable author, who shows how ill he relishes his exile, which can hardly be called voluntary, by his splenetic rancour thus indulges his hate to England in verses the folly and falsehood of which will be so readily acknowledged by all who read them, that we should feel we were wasting our readers' time by adding one word on the subject. Speaking of the white cliffs, he says :

‘ At length they rose, like a white wall along  
The blue sea's border ; and Don Juan felt—  
What even young strangers feel a little strong  
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—  
A kind of pride that he should be among  
Those haughty shop-keepers, who sternly dealt  
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole,  
And made the very billows pay them toll.

I have no great cause to love that spot of earth,  
Which holds what *might have been* the noblest nation ;  
But, though I owe it little but my birth,  
I feel a mixed regret and veneration  
For its decaying fame and former worth.  
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)  
Of absence, lay one's old resentments level,  
When a man's country's going to the devil.

Alas ! could She but fully, truly, know  
How her great name is now throughout abhorred ;  
How eager all the earth is for the blow  
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword ;  
How all the nations deem her their worst foe,  
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once adored  
False friend, who held out freedom to mankind,  
And now would chain them, to the very mind ;—

Would she be proud, or boast herself the free,  
Who is but first of slaves ? The nations are  
In prison,—but the jailor, what is he ?  
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.  
Is the poor privilege to turn the key  
Upon the captive, freedom ? He's as far  
From the enjoyment of the earth and air  
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who wear.’

The *noble* (!) poet threatens in loud note to attack England and Englishmen; but this turns out to be merely *brutum fulmen*. Don Juan, upon his road to London, is attacked by footpads. In describing this rencontre, and in adopting the *slang* of London thieves, Lord Byron would fain imitate Moore, whose 'Cribb's Memorial to Congress' is the very triumph of slang: alas! he only rivals Pierce Egan.

' Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,  
 Walked on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,  
 And lost in wonder of so great a nation,  
 Gave way to 't, since he could not overcome it.  
 "And here," he cried, "is Freedom's chosen station;  
 Here peals the people's voice, nor can entomb it  
 Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection  
 Awaits it, each new meeting or election  
 "Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here people pay  
 But what they please; and if that things be dear,  
 'Tis only that they love to throw away  
 Their cash, to show how much they have a-year.  
 Here laws are all inviolate; none lay  
 Traps for the traveller; every highway's clear:  
 Here—" he was interrupted by a knife,  
 With,—"Damn your eyes! your money or your life!"—

These freeborn sounds proceeded from four pads  
 In ambush laid, who had perceived him loiter  
 Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,  
 Had seized the lucky hour to reconnoitre,  
 In which the heedless gentleman who gads  
 Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,  
 May find himself within that Isle of riches  
 Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

Juan, who did not understand a word  
 Of English, save their shibboleth, "God damn!"  
 And even that he had so rarely heard,  
 He sometimes thought 'twas only their "Salām,"  
 Or "God be with you!"—and 'tis not absurd  
 To think so: for half English as I am  
 (To my misfortune) never can I say  
 I heard them wish "God with you," save that way;—

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,  
 And being somewhat choleric and sudden,  
 Drew forth a pocket pistol from his vesture,  
 And fired it into one assailant's pudding—  
 Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,  
 And roared out, as he writhed his native mud in,  
 Unto his nearest follower or henchman,  
 "Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that ere bloody Frenchman!"

On which Jack and his train set off at speed,  
 And Juan's suite, late scattered at a distance,  
 Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,  
 And offering, as usual, late assistance.  
 Juan, who saw the Moon's late minion bleed  
 As if his veins would pour out his existence,  
 Stood calling out for bandages and lint,  
 And wished he had been less hasty with his flint.

"Perhaps," thought he, "it is the country's wont  
 To welcome foreigners in this way: now  
 I recollect some innkeepers who don't  
 Differ, except in robbing with a bow,  
 In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.  
 But what is to be done? I can't allow  
 The fellow to lie groaning on the road:  
 So take him up; I'll help you with the load."

But ere they could perform this pious duty,  
 The dying man cried, "Hold! I've got my gruel!  
 Oh! for a glass of *mar*! We've missed our booty;  
 Let me die where I am!" And as the fuel  
 Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and sooty  
 The drops fell from his death-wound, and he drew ill  
 His breath,—he from his swelling throat untied  
 A kerchief, crying, "Give Sal that!"—and died.

And yet, with all the faults which disfigure it, this is one of the most poetical and most excellent parts of the volume which contains them. Can his worst enemies wish the author to be degraded to a more base condition?

He affects great scorn of the critics, by whom he has been so sorely and so justly mauled: he says, if he were at home, he would crush them—why does he not, at least, make the attempt? Curs bark the loudest when the danger is most distant:

'This is the literary *lower* Empire,  
 Where the Prætorian bands take up the matter;—  
 A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers samphire,"  
 The insolent soldiery to sooth and flatter,  
 With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire.  
 Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,  
 I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,  
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn  
 Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth my while  
 With such small gear to give myself concern:  
 Indeed I've not the necessary bile;  
 My natural temper's really aught but stern,  
 And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile;  
 And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy,  
 And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.'

In England Don Juan is left, and we fear that we shall have a continuation of his adventures visited upon us. We hope, however, that Lord Byron will be induced to return to England, because then that protection which the Lord Chancellor, to use his own favorite phrase, 'threw around the Earl of Portsmouth,' whom the more mad poet helped to his wife, the daughter of their common attorney, may be also extended to this maniac versifier, who has so strangely 'fallen beside his five wits.' We wish we were his next heir, or even his next of kin: it should go hard but that a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* should issue. In the mean time we leave him, praying for him, with the *Clown* in *Twelfth Night*—'Thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.'



## THE FIRE-EATER.

THIS is a volume of very slender pretensions and some merit. It professes to be the manuscript of a romantic Scot full of enthusiasm, and with a taste for adventure very rare among his countrymen; and possessing, too, as good a heart as ever warmed the bosom of a North Briton; who served in the British army during the late war, and was quartered with his regiment at Cambray for some time after the restoration of the Bourbons.

The narrative begins with their march from Paris to their quarters at Cambray. The author, as well as his brother officers, find it a very difficult matter to tolerate their change of residence. The recollection of the pleasures which the gay metropolis afforded had only the effect of making their disgust for Cambray and its neighbourhood the more inveterate.

It would be a difficult matter to do justice to a story so complicated as this is by any attempt to describe it here. The plot arises from the circumstance of the Scot's becoming acquainted by accident, and in love by choice, during one of his rambles, with a pretty little French girl (Pauline), whom he afterwards finds betrothed to Duchesne, a man disaffected towards the Bourbons, and engaged in one of those numerous conspiracies which for so long a time, and perhaps to this moment, disturb a great many very weak heads in France. The author's gallantry and romantic folly lead him into many scrapes, '*quæ nunc præscribere longum est.*'

Finding, as he does very soon, that he has no hopes of obtaining the hand of Pauline, his love for her is changed into a warm sentiment of friendship and interest in her fate, which he even extends to her husband (for he shortly becomes so), the gallant Duchesne.

The principal persons in the story are Pauline, Duchesne, the Seigneur, our Scot, his servant and countryman, Blue, and Larny, an Irishman, both the latter being in the author's regiment.

Duchesne is a brave and generous man, engaged in the same unhappy cause with the Seigneur, who turns traitor to his party, and is the means of bringing Duchesne to punishment. Pauline is an amiable, fearless, and beautiful girl, remarkable for her attachment to her husband, whose untimely fate turns her brain. Blue is an argumentative pertinacious Scot, who is as fond of reasoning as Larny, and every other Irishman, from the days of Brian Boromhe, has been averse from it. The author of the narrative has many amiable points in his character, and, while his behaviour in the early part of the story gives us but a sorry opinion of his sense, his subsequent conduct confirms us in the admiration we from the beginning conceive of the goodness of his heart. As to the title of the book, it might of course as well be called any thing else as the '*Fire-Eater*;' that happens to be the last disguise assumed by the unfortunate Duchesne before his final apprehension.

The story, however, is so clearly told, and the volume contains so much good writing, that we have no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of our readers, nor fear of disappointing them in promising considerable amusement from its contents.

To use the words of our sage King James to Mr. Knewstubbs, the venerable ancestor of the editor of the Fire-Eater, he, the editor, in publishing the narrative before us, has done '*bonum*,' and, moreover, has done it '*bene*.'

The following extracts will give some idea of the style of the book. His first meeting with Pauline is thus described :

' Before the door of the house to which a peasant directed me, stood a heavily-laden waggon, propped up for the night ; and the marks of the horses' feet were still perceptible on the passage, which, running through the centre of the house, led to the court-yard containing the stables. One of the waggoners, in a light blue frock, tucked up round his waist, and a cap of the same colour, perched fiercely on the side of a military-cropped head, was leaning against a mass of apparently last year's poppy-stalks, tied up in bundles for fuel. The inside of the stable seemed nearly full of litter, and the waggon horses were mid-leg in *lucerne*. The man, however, very civilly gave me his assistance to clear away a corner, sufficiently capacious for my hackney ; and promising to rub it down (not a long process with a French hostler), and see it fed, he recommended to me to look after my own interests. This advice I thought should not be despised, as a friend of mine, who, like me, had looked after the comforts of his horse, before he inquired as to the accommodation for himself, had to endure the misery of sleeping in his surtout on the clay floor of an apartment perfumed by the odoriferous bunches of garlic and tobacco which hung in endless clusters from the roof, while the wind, whistling through the chinks of the broken panes, brought any thing but an agreeable variety from the court-yard. I therefore lost no time in returning to the house, and found the family collected in what served for public room and kitchen. A stove stood in the centre, and a knot of children were huddled together, wistfully watching their mother broiling fish for supper. Two or three *paysans* sat at the side of a long narrow table, smoking their pipes, and indulging in a *gout* of brandy, before retiring to their homes. The landlord, of a grave and heavy cast of countenance, was playing a slow tune upon a small organ, apparently to teach a canary bird, which, in deep attention, was perched in the cage above. A young woman, of very prepossessing appearance, whom I supposed to be his daughter, rose, upon my asking if I could be accommodated with a bed-room, and, laying aside the cushion on which she had been working lace by the glare of a light floating in a cup of oil, and magnified by the interposition of a bottle of water, ushered me into a narrow apartment, floored with bricks ; and the walls covered with a checked paper, intended to represent the hanging of flowers and foliage through a green trellis. This, I was informed, was the show or gala room, only used on great occasions, or when a more numerous assemblage than usual of customers or visitors met together at the ducass, or fete peculiar to the place.—Off one end were two closets, very neatly furnished, either of which was declared to be at Monsieur's service.

' When I returned to the kitchen, the family were sitting down to supper. I was invited to join, in a manner which satisfied me that no other delicacies than the simple fare on the table were in preparation ; and the hostess having brought from the *cave* a bottle of very passable

Burgundy, and placed it on the table beside some fish, with a huge dish of *soupe aux choux*, so thick that the spoon stuck upright in it, I thought myself in very tolerable fortune.

‘After a while, some whispering and consultation took place, which terminated in the old man producing from the press a horn tumbler and a capacious flagon of *eau de vie*, which he, with much composure, put down beside me, and, resuming his place again, began to drive at his organ.

‘There was something so inexpressibly absurd in the gravity of this manœuvre, and in the sly peeps which the party were taking to observe the extent to which I was about to indulge in this powerful beverage, that I could not help explaining to my hostess, that, although a “goût” might be useful and grateful occasionally, I did not consume the fiery fluid in such deep proportions, as, by the supply and the size of the vessels, seemed to be anticipated. Admitting, however, that, among the hills in my own country, it was regarded like St. Hubert’s horn—a cure for all complaints, bodily and mental—I concluded by requesting Mademoiselle to partake of a few drops, to dispel the thoughtful melancholy which spread over features much too beautiful for concealment under such a shade.’

‘By this time one of the children, a chubby boy, whose face was glowing with the heat from the stove, had dropped asleep, and tumbled from a bundle of firewood, piled upon the floor. In his fall, he drove from the fingers of another youngster the remains of supper, and a quarrel instantly ensued. The little fellow, scarcely awake, used his hands and feet with much effect, till the affray was quelled.

“Nap est un brave garçon,” said a man, nearly hid by the shade of the wall, and whom, for that reason, I had not perceived before.

“*Napoleon* is not a common name,” I observed, addressing myself to the hostess, who had seated herself on a bench a short way off.

“My boy,” she answered, “is called Henri. Nap is a nickname given by our good friend there, who fancies there is a resemblance in the features. Henri is a better name. Play *Vive Henri Quatre*,” she added, turning to her husband, who, however, still doggedly ground the same melancholy air as before.

“You, then, have had many opportunities of seeing Buonaparte?” I said to the man who had spoken. He bowed. “Was you in his service?” He gave no answer; but rising and beating the ashes from his pipe, he left the room.

“Your friend,” I observed, “is not very communicative.”

“It is a disagreeable and distressing topic;” answered the hostess. “He is now living in obscurity and embarrassment. He held a commission under the ex-emperor; and, if *the* day had terminated otherwise, he, and many others . . . .”—Her voice dropped—then, in a clear tone, she added: “but Louis est un bon roi, and very pious.”

‘Her husband had paused for a moment, as she spoke; but again, with increased energy, drove at his organ.

“You might, my friend,” I said, after a few moments’ silence, “choose a livelier tune—That cannot boast of much variety.”

“Hush!” interrupted the girl, in a low tone—“there is a reason for preferring it. It was the favourite tune of his son,—my father does little else than play it ever since we got the sad, sad news!”

“What! did he fall in action—at Mont St. Jean?” An inclination of her head was the only answer. “Mont St. Jean!” said the old man, rousing from his apathy.—“You, sir, I suppose, was there?”

“I was.”

“The *affaire* was sharp—speedy—France was, that day, humbled indeed!”

“How so?—Your countrymen fought with signal valour—almost with temerity. What a powerful hold their general must have possessed over their hearts, to command such cheerful devotion to his cause!”

“The old man began again to drive at the organ, but the tune came with a bolder and more impressive swell. The girl raised her head, and I perceived her eyes were full of tears. I made some observation on another subject, as I thought the present topic must be painful.”

“I sat some moments in silence; then, almost unconsciously, retired to my apartment. Before I proceeded on my journey, next day, the landlady brought me coffee and some fruit. I did not, however, see the old man; but as I came along the passage, I heard the same pensive air which, the evening before, had so impressively filled up the pauses of conversation—and now broke upon the silence of the morning with a plaintiveness almost painful.

“I had to perform the duty of groom myself. This, however, was soon accomplished; and I speedily resumed my way to head-quarters.”

Duchesne’s appearance in the disguise of a fire-eater is very well told:

“My attention, however, was suddenly absorbed by a very grotesque figure, standing erect on a table in the middle of the crowd. He appeared to be well advanced in life;—a bushy, matted beard concealed the lower part of his face, and a profusion of coarse, lank hair protruded in flakes from below a rusty cocked hat. He was clothed in a threadbare great-coat, and round his shoulders hung a broad belt studded with innumerable human teeth. At one side was suspended two little wicker baskets, containing some very fine tow, a few phials and boxes of never-failing elixirs, and a collection of St. Hubert’s horns. He spoke with great fluency and animation, although only a few words reached my ears. Every now and then he thrust a large quantity of the flax into his mouth, and distorted his features in endeavouring to give a semblance of mastication;—then, with a sudden convulsion of the throat, seemed to accomplish the difficult task, and opened his wide empty mouth to the inspection of the nearly equally gaping crowd:—“C’est uue tres bonne salade,” he hastily exclaimed,—“bonne pour une jour maigre—n’est ce pas?—aha!—voyez encore—aha! c’est tres bonne cette dejeuné aha!—aha!” The people in astonishment pressed upon him, and all the idle soldiers sauntering about joined the group, but they rapidly retreated, as he, squeezing his side and vociferating,—“feu—feu—où sont tous les pompes à feu?—Oh si j’étois à Chaillot!” poured from his ears and nose a volume of smoke, through which issued from his mouth a flame of fire,—“Diantre!” he added, writhing his features,—“cette salade est plus chaude que je n’ai pensé—aha!”

In this disguise Duchesne makes his escape, but is retaken, and, upon an application of the *Maire* to the commander of the English troops, he is put under a strong military guard, and the author re-

ceives a note from his major, requesting him to take charge of a state offender, who had broken gaol : he proceeds to the guard-room :

‘ When I entered, the guard, with the fire-eater, his wife and child, were clustered together near a blazing mass of small coal and billets of wood, which burned on an immense hearth-stone, and hissed and crackled as the rain poured through the wide chimney above. In the obscurity, in the extremity of the room, a private, who next day was to be flogged preparatory to being sent to a foreign regiment, lay sound asleep on a bed of a few uncovered boards. I was hastily advancing, but paused, and shuddered with sickness at heart, when I found my fears realized, and saw in the prisoner my friend Duchesne.

‘ He was standing with folded arms, his eyes bent on the fire, his face marked and stained, and his whole appearance disfigured.—Occasionally he impatiently beat his feet on the ground, a smile of contempt played on his lips, and I thought I could perceive, as he scowled on one of the soldiers who pressed upon him, some remains of that singular deformity with which he could so effectually disguise his features.

‘ I turned with anxiety towards his companion : she was sitting on the ground, and supporting her head on her knees,—her hair hung dishevelled over her shoulders, and partially concealed a soiled and torn gown, which, drenched with rain, clung closely to her form. Her eyes were intently fixed on her little child, who slept near the fire, and was almost hid by the smoke and steam which arose from its wet clothes. In the pale cheeks and haggard lineaments of the mother, I could see no trace of the bewitching girl, who, little more than a twelvemonth before, had almost entirely absorbed my thoughts,—and I exulted that she was *not* the wretch before me. But the delusion was momentary. As I stepped up closer, the glare of the fire reflecting on the red cloak which hung on one shoulder, and lay in folds in her lap, gave a flush to her face, and, as she slightly varied her posture, I could no longer doubt that Duchesne had involved in his misery the lovely, affectionate, devoted Pauline.

‘ I wished to speak to her ; but I paused to obtain sufficient self-possession, lest I should expose myself to my men. The sergeant, with the guard, were now walking about, and the clanking of their heavy swords on the pavement was the only interruption to the dreary silence. Near me a police or municipal officer, belonging to Bapaume, was disentangling a cord which I supposed he meant to convert into a fetter. In a few moments he rudely seized Duchesne, who as instantaneously shook him off.—I did not know how to act ; but one of the soldiers stepping up, and with brawny arm holding Duchesne fast, I felt an abhorrence at the fellow’s officiously lending himself to the ungracious task, and sprung forward to mark him. In my precipitation I struck my head against a beam which jutted from the wall, and from which were generally suspended the men’s great coats and carabines.—My helmet fell, and, before I recovered it, I had time to recollect myself, and refrain from giving to my men the first example of insubordination.

‘ The noise attracted Duchesne’s attention. He immediately recognised me, and, with a smile which seemed to convey any idea rather than that of merriment, familiarly accosted me :—“ Welcome, sir ;—our last meeting (we will say nothing of the first) was fully as pleasant as this,—notwithstanding José’s Normandies tried your patience.



Times have much changed,—you were then my prisoner in that *maudite patache*; at present I am yours.”

‘ Pauline was roused by her husband’s voice. She turned, and, gazing on my face for a moment, sprang up, and made the roof ring with her tumultuous rejoicing. “ We are saved, we are saved !” she exclaimed ; “ once more my husband is mine. Oh ! Monsieur le Capitaine, you are indeed still the warm, kind-hearted Englishman. But let us not tarry here. This is no place of rest:—Soldiers ! let us pass ; your Captain commands.”

‘ Every word she uttered came with a pang to my heart. I mournfully shook my head, and turned away to conceal my emotion. Her eyes flashed, and her brow clouded as if some hateful idea rose in her mind. Then, all becoming peace and serenity, she, with an expression of ineffable innocence, again addressed me :—

“ My child’s first words shall bless you ; I shall teach it to lisp your name. In its little prayers you shall be remembered. Duchesne, this is *le bon Capitaine*—you cannot forget him ; all the village poured their blessings on him when he left it. His heart and hand were always open to relieve misery ; and are not we wretched ? Besides, recollect times past. Did not you once wish to hold a place here ?”—and she put her hand to her bosom, and affected to assume a look of archness, fearfully contrasted with her sunk eye and hollow cheek,—but her effort was in vain, and she burst into tears.

‘ Suddenly she recovered herself, and, acquiring energy as the suspicion revived that the appeal was hopeless—“ Do you hesitate ?” she said—“ once you begged that I would pardon your indiscretion—now be bold—be resolute—My husband is on the verge of the grave—exposed to an ignominious death. You, with one strong grasp, can save. Put forth, then, your hand—rescue him—for, as sure as that lightning flashes past my eyes, the same spot shall hold us both. Ay, living or dead, we will descend together into the tomb. Oh ! look not thus, but act—a word will be enough—your men burn to obey you. Alas ! are *their* hearts less hard than yours ?—and what see they in this poor emaciated form to kindle their emotions ? Let me conjure you,” she added, with increasing vehemence, “ by every tie dear to you—by the services my husband once did—by mine—by your own goodness—by the love you once professed—which was almost returned”——And she threw herself at my feet, and clung to my knees.

‘ If the world had been at stake I could not articulate a syllable. A chillness impeded the pulsation of my heart—my head became dizzy—the appeal was made by Pauline—life was asked, the gift was in my power—and yet I dared not grant the boon.

“ What !” she suddenly exclaimed, rising from the ground with frantic vehemence ; “ You are afraid ? Oh, dare you not ?—or, worse—are you, after all, a hollow friend ? When the sunshine of happiness glowed around me, what professions were too strong for you ? Now, when the winter of misery has chilled and shrivelled this face, and driven the colour from these cheeks, you forget—you hesitate—you fear—you see my wretchedness without compassion, and allow my breast to be convulsed with agony, when, with a word, you could restore peace, and sooth the wild throbbing of my heart. Do you



not hear me, that you answer not? It is no phantom, no impostor, who entreats you. I am Pauline—the adopted daughter of Monsieur Bernarde—the peasant girl of Haut-court—she whom, in the fulness of your heart, you would have called your own ;—but her hand was plighted to him who now is also a suppliant for mercy. Or does the dark cloud which seems to hang before my eyes shut me from your vision?—Am I indeed deserted?—No, no!” she added, with a strange, bewildered gaze, as she seized my arm—“ I have thee fast, and here will I cling till you relent—my very infant joins me. Can you refuse the outstretched arms of my child?”

‘ The little creature, basking in the warmth of the fire, had grasped some crisped and dried leaves on the floor, and, in happy ignorance of the misery around, was smiling in its play. “ Speak !” Pauline resumed ; “ our destiny is in your hands ;—do we live or die—husband—mother—child ?” But nature could not endure the conflict, and she again fell at my feet.

‘ I looked towards my men, and saw that I had but to wave my arm and the prisoners would be free. I forgot prudence—my duty—my orders—and was on the point of uttering the word, when Duchesne stepped forward. “ Stop !” he said, “ think what you are about to do. I have been a soldier, and know a soldier’s duty. Your honour is at stake. I would not, at the price of its forfeiture, purchase the life even of my wife and child. I was wrong, deeply wrong, to allow you to be thus solicited. I know that, at this moment, you suffer little less than myself, but you must conquer your feelings. Your duty is peremptory. I am in your custody, and shall remain so. I shall not stir an inch from this place, though this moment you threw the doors open for my passage. I am resolved, and changeableness is no part of Duchesne’s character.”

‘ I had no alternative but to retire. I dreaded to turn my eyes upon Pauline,—yet, before I went, I looked towards her for a moment. She again was kneeling beside her child. Her tears had left a glazed line on her face, and her features were still quivering. Her look bespoke that desperate hopelessness, which extinguishes even the power to wish—that dreary sense of misery, which deadens the eye and chills the heart, which makes the world a solitude, and consolation an insult. The kerchief on her neck trembled to the throbbings of her breast ; and the large blue veins of her temples swelled with the current which rushed impetuously through. For a moment a smile on her infant’s cheek was answered by a kindred look ; but instantly, as if a mother’s feelings could not penetrate the deadly gloom which hung on her mind and absorbed her faculties, her countenance fell, and all was again darkness and woe.’

The interest which has been excited by the unhappy conspirator and his wife induces the author to endeavour to procure his pardon, and, to a certain extent, he is successful. His journey to Selin-sur-Oise, with a reprieve for Duchesne, is well described :

‘ I waited anxiously for the arrival of the boatmen—at length they reached the edge, and I embarked ; and my horse, with less difficulty than I had anticipated, followed me. We made, however, very little progress : the men were sullen, and paid no attention to my entrea-

ties to row quicker—or, if they did exert themselves, it was so awkwardly, that the boat rocked from side to side, or wheeled about, as if the oars had no command of the water. My horse now became restless, and, either from being stung by the water-flies, or alarmed at the glittering of the stream, plunged violently, and endeavoured to spring out. The oldest of the two men muttered his fears or his displeasure, and then, growling a volley of execrations, ceased to row.

“For heaven’s sake!” I said, “pull away. There is no danger to be apprehended. I shall hold my horse. See, it is quiet already.”

The ferryman made no reply—but, observing that the flood in the river had driven us near a spot where the river became suddenly shallow, and boiled over the ragged points of rocks, rising like spires above the surface, he vented his wrath in coarse and unmeasured terms, I thought it best to sooth him, and concluded by saying, that I was on a mission of life and death, and had not a moment to lose. “I bear an order,” I added, “countermanding the execution of your countryman. If I do not reach Selin in half an hour, he must die.”

“What! Duchesne the conspirator—the convict?”—

“Yes, my friend. His reprieve is in my hands. Do exert yourself. But heavens! why do you throw down the oar, or gaze on me?”

“Let me manage my boat in my own way,” he answered, with a sulky, dogged tone; “though, if you wish hearty rowing, I shall be able to please you.” And muttering something to his companion, he pulled the boat round, and we drove with the stream upon a projecting point, a few hundred yards below the pier from which we had embarked. At first I did not understand his object:—and, as I discovered his heartless, malicious purpose, a violent bound of my horse fairly dragged me ashore. Before I gained my feet, the ferryman had pushed off. I saw him grin with a savage expression of unmingled delight.

“Ay,” he exclaimed, “you befriend these *scelerats* who would rise on the destruction of their betters? *Ils ont mené mon maître, tous mes amis, à la boucherie.* The Virgin be praised, it is now given to a servant of the ancient owner of these walls (pointing to the chateau a few paces off) to fix the fate of this *brigand*. What better right has he to mercy than they who filled our halls with blood, and threw me into grinding poverty? Let the axe have its due—*Sacré Jacobin!*” And he vigorously pulled against the stream.

I had no alternative but to try to gain the bridge. Already I had lost much time, and I trembled when I thought that the distance might be greater than my horse, even at full speed, could accomplish within the time. I tried to force my horse to take the river, but my efforts were useless,—and I had the agony of being obliged to gallop miles, in the knowledge that every step I took was to be retraced. At length I reached the bridge, and saw a gap in one of the arches. The temporary accommodation for travellers had been removed, and now only a few planks afforded a footing precarious even to the workmen. I nevertheless resolved to attempt the passage. The overseer who was directing the operations entreated me to desist from my purpose, and advised me to descend the river for a mile or two, when I would find another bridge; but I heard the bells in Selin ringing, and dreaded the

not hear me, that you answer not? It is no phantom, no who entreats you. I am Pauline—the adopted daughter of Bernarde—the peasant girl of Haut-court—she whom, of your heart, you would have called your own;—but plighted to him who now is also a suppliant for mercy from a dark cloud which seems to hang before my eyes, what vision?—Am I indeed deserted?—No, no!” she answered in a bewildered gaze, as she seized my arm—“I have sworn, will I cling till you relent—my very infant joins the outstretched arms of my child?”

‘The little creature, basking in the warm sun, some crisped and dried leaves on the floor of the misery around, was smiling in its eyes, and resumed; “our destiny is in your hands—band—mother—child?” But nature, and she again fell at my feet.

‘I looked towards my men, and the arm and the prisoners would be my orders—and was on the point of stepping forward. “Stop!” I said. I have been a soldier, and my life is at stake. I would not, for the life even of my wife and child, allow you to be thus solicited. My duty is peremptory. I shall not stir an inch, the doors open for no part of Duchesne’s way.

‘I had no answer, “à droit, à droit.—If you bring good upon Pauline with the speed of light, or Duchesne will be no more!” She required no incitement. Careless of the rude and broken cause-glazed lin which the horse with difficulty kept its footing, I pushed forward, look besought the opening to the place.—I saw a crowd of people, power over the guillotine in the centre,—all was silent, and I was and distinguished the guillotine in the centre,—all was silent, and I was an instant in time.—I struck my spurs rowel-deep,—I endeavoured to aid the resistance to the air,—I passed like lightning. As I approached nearer I sought to attract attention,—but every eye was bent on the sad spectacle:—I raised myself in the stirrups, I waved my hat in the air,—I shouted with my utmost force,—I drove through the crowd. I reached the bottom of the scaffold, and sprung from my horse as the axe descended through the groove, and dropped with a sullen and hollow sound.

‘A cry of pity—a murmur like the noise of many waters—reached my ears, and I saw the crowd slowly retiring. Unable to conquer my feelings, I leant against the saddle, and was conveyed in a sickening stupor to a neighbouring house.’

The fate of the unfortunate Pauline will be seen in the following extract:

‘I first went to the residence of Madame Delonneau, but was told

The Fire-Eater.

What the book looked like in the original. It was a very common book of the time. It was a very common book of the time. It was a very common book of the time.

go. from its ned hard, and sink below me,—I useway under the gate.

ed a threatening attitude; and passed without giving an eet leading to the place became in several directions: I was at a loss es seemed deserted,—the windows were an, apparently an invalid, sitting at a shop no part of Duchesne’s way.

that she had shortly before gone to the south of France, in consequence, it was said, of her brother having been condemned to the galleys for some degrading offence. Of Pauline the people in the house knew nothing. I applied, however, to the *bureau de police*, and learned that months had passed since she had been transferred to la Salpêtrière. I proceeded there without delay; the keeper readily admitted me and my friend, and led us towards the apartment in which Pauline was confined. I had been a good deal surprised when I learned that she had been sent to this institution, as I always understood that its inmates were only those of the most worthless character. But I soon discovered the reason.

‘ At the termination of a long passage, the attendant opened a small door, and ushered us into a gloomy apartment. The walls were damp, and the plaster hung in flakes from the stones. A small grated window admitted a stream of light, which glanced upon an emaciated female. The keeper told us that, lest she should commit self-destruction, he had been obliged to secure her; and he pointed to the means which he had adopted. “The management of these people,” said he, “gives endless trouble. It was an unlucky hour for us when this wing of the building was devoted *aux folles*.”

‘ I shuddered to think that it was Pauline who was before me, and I anxiously addressed her by name. The sound of my voice seemed to awaken some recollection in her mind, for her features were momentarily lighted with a faint ray of intellect, but she again relapsed into gloom. I once more spoke, and pressed her hand. “Poor girl,” I said, “what a fearful wreck has grief made here! Pauline, do you not know me?” Her eyes acquired brightness, but there was a glare in their expression which, in her better days, they never exhibited. She lifted her fettered hands, and pushed aside the hair which, in thick and matted confusion, hung over her forehead. “It is all a tale,” she said, “all illusion. Did not my husband—my child—my brother—beckon me? Their voice came in pleasing cadence, but these chains bound me to the spot. I stretched myself along the floor, and they—*they* laughed at my misery and disappeared. I shall follow—no power shall prevent me. But do not tell that hard man. Perhaps you will aid me—remember the dance—the merry dance:”—and she laughed in a tone that made me shudder—“But then the guard-room!—what?—desert a friend because there is danger in the way? But, true—your duty forbade—I thought you had abandoned me too—my cup was not full unless every friend was torn away—I was left hopeless—doomed to live—to breathe this thick heavy air that lies on my breast, and clouds my sight, and chokes my utterance—to freeze and tremble when the sun was at its height—or feel in my brain a fire which scorches, but will not kill. No, no! that would be too merciful.” She continued to mutter some words; but her ideas were no longer connected, and a deep gloom gradually resumed possession of her features—she became silent—her eyes seemed to lose their power of vision—she sunk down on a little pallet at her feet—and the slight heaving of her bosom was the only indication that she yet lived. I took her hand and pressed it between mine—she did not vary a feature;—that countenance, in which had beamed such loveliness, was

now darkened with sullen indifference and apathy. My friend drew me away as I endeavoured to rouse her. "Do not," he said, "be so cruel as to awake her to the knowledge of her wretchedness. Next to death, the oblivion of insanity is to her the greatest blessing."

'Before I left the place, I requested the physician in attendance to procure for the unfortunate girl accommodation more suitable to her melancholy condition;—and I entreated that he would use his influence to obtain permission for her removal, at my expense, to some private establishment, where she might be watched over with unremitting care and tenderness. But my anxiety on this point, and his good services, were of little use. A few days after, he wrote to me, that Pauline had continued in the state of stupor in which I had left her, until nature being utterly exhausted, she had dropped into a deep sleep, and expired without a sigh.'

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#### POPULAR TALES AND ROMANCES OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS.

THESE volumes, although they contain a larger share of amusement than nine-tenths of the romances which are produced under a much more imposing form, have in some measure disappointed us. The translator, having so fertile a field, has neither reaped a large nor a remarkably rich harvest. The legends of the northern nations are filled with materials better adapted for the real purposes of romance—that is to say, terror and amusement—than those of any other quarter of the globe, not even excepting the gorgeous inventions of the east; for, although the former partake of the rugged nature of the climes which give them birth, and have little to delight the fancy, and to 'lap it in Elysium,' like the Indian fables, they do not the less take the imagination prisoner, and excite it to the highest possible degree. We should be ungrateful, and do injustice to a book which has alike delighted our boyhood and our manhood, if we said we could prefer any thing to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; but we still cannot help thinking that if some of the northern demon stories had fallen into the hands of a person so well qualified for the task of dressing them up as was M. Galland, or the gallant Comte Antonie Hamilton, they would have been as universally popular as the splendid fairy fables of India. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the Arabian Tales is the admirable wit which sparkles through each of them: this we think is not inferior even to the rapid and exhaustless fancy which has invented the incidents; and, decking as it does the simple humour of the narration, it forms the finishing grace to the most amusing book we know in the whole world. Mr. Washington Irving has shown that, by the application of a talent similar to that which directed the version of the Arabian Tales which we possess, the northern fables may be made very delightful. His *Rip Van Winkle*, many parts of *The History of New York*, *The Story of Dolph Heyliger*, are proofs no less satisfactory of his talent than of the possibility of elevating such stories as he has chosen to avail himself of to the highest place in this style of composition.

The collection now before us is singularly incomplete in one re-



spect—no account is given of the authors from whom the several tales have been translated. Nothing can be more various than the style they are written in ; some of them (though these form the smaller proportion) are very skilfully conducted ; others are as clumsily executed as they are feebly imagined. They are all the productions of modern and well-known authors ; and, unless the purpose of the translator was to conceal his own defects by avoiding a comparison with the originals, we can imagine no reason which should induce him to withhold particulars so interesting.

The best tales are those which are of a humorous kind, and of these the first in the collection is, as a literary composition, the most excellent. It is called *THE TREASURE-SEEKER* and relates the adventures of a lucky old man, who, by possessing a hoard, to which one of the Harz Mountain demons had relinquished his claim, raises himself from very abject poverty to wealth and importance. The story begins with the relation of an old shepherd, who, at Bartholomew's tide, is relating to his neighbours an adventure which happened to him in his youth, and in which the treasure-keeper of the Harz Mountain indicated to him the means of acquiring a store of riches, but of which he has never availed himself. The relation is laughed at by some, and discredited by all the persons present, excepting one, who is thus described :

' Apart from this social circle, with no other companion than the cat, a solitary toper had occupied mine host's well-stuffed leathern chair, in which post he had, during the whole evening, observed so strict a silence, that he had rather seemed to be preparing himself for a Carthusian monastery, than to be the inmate of an inn on a festival night. Little as he was generally given to contemplation, he now sat profoundly wrapped in his own cogitations, in which he was now induced to indulge on more than one account. This individual, be it known, was Master Peter Block, whilom a cook to a worshipful magistrate, then vintner, and tapster successively ; and these honorable employments being abandoned, he occupied now a more private station ; for, during the last ten years, Peter had descended the ladder of promotion with most quick retrogradation, so that he who had formerly contributed to other men's feasting was now obliged to practise fasting on his own account. In his quondam calling, he had been a man of a jovial complexion, nothing loth to a merry jest, but rather one who tickled the fancies and the palates of his guests in pretty equal ratio. In the noble art of cookery his science was indisputable. There was no dainty nor device, in which he did not exhibit the skill of a professor, and the zeal of a dilettante. But unfortunately our artist would needs dress for himself a sauce that requires more of the ingredient called good luck, than any other article in the *Almanac des Gourmands* :—in other words, Master Block sought out for himself by times a help-mate ; and, in evil hour, made choice of a fair one, whose venomous tongue had already gained her the ill-will of all the town. Whoever came in her way, for it little signified to her whether friend or foe, she was certain to cover them with abuse ; nor did even the saints in the calendar escape her with impunity. No wonder, therefore, if all the gallants were shy of addressing Dame



Use, until Master Block, who had heard her commended as a thrifty, notable housewife, ventured to espouse this foul-mouthed specimen of the sex denominated fair. Hardly, indeed, had she left the altar ere she gave the poor wight a foretaste of connubial affection. Such an union was not blessed with a numerous progeny ; for, of all their offspring, none escaped from a premature death except a single girl, who was of so firm a constitution as to suffer neither from the harsh treatment of her mother, nor the overweening fondness of her father.

‘ In the mean while the circumstances of the family had altered very materially. Even in his youth, Master Peter had never been a proficient in arithmetic ; for, of all the rules, the only one in which he succeeded was subtraction : as to addition and multiplication, he could comprehend neither, nor was he much more successful in division. It was too great an exertion for him to keep an exact credit and debit account in his affairs : had he but money, neither kitchen nor cellar went unprovided ; his boon companions, too, were always sure of meeting with the best cheer, long credit, and open house so long as they entertained their host in return, by joyous tales and witty stories. On the other hand, his kindly compassionate nature displayed itself equally towards those whose only claim consisted in their utter inability to pay for their lodging. Were his finances exhausted, then, indeed, he borrowed from usurers at high interest ; and, as he feared being called to account by his tyrannical rib, he always gave the authoritative dame to understand that it was to clear off some old debts. The accommodating principle by which, like many other well-disposed Christians, he found it so convenient to regulate his conduct, was that at last all would turn out for the best. But at the last, however, Master Peter found that he had turned all the money out of his pockets, and himself out of doors ; for, to the unspeakable regret of all his good friends, and all the bon-vivants of the town, he was obliged to take down his sign.

‘ In those good old times, when it was one of the chief duties of a notable housewife to attend herself to the affairs of the kitchen, it was in vain to seek a place where he might display his talents as a culinary artist. Under these unfortunate circumstances, therefore, he was compelled to become a dependant upon his wife, who set up a small flour trade : and, as an ass was now become indispensable to her establishment, Master Peter acted as substitute for that respectable animal. Without the least compunction, the dame loaded the shoulders of her yoke partner with many a heavy sack of flour, which he was obliged to carry to the mill, although not without groaning under the unaccustomed weight : but even these services did not always obtain the best of recompense, for most sparingly did she mete out to him his provender, and not unfrequently did this female Satan let him feel too the additional weight of her fist, whenever he ventured to complain of the weight of the sacks.

‘ Such conduct grievously afflicted the compassionate nature of his daughter, and drew from her in secret many a bitter tear : she was dear as the apple of his eye to her father, who had trained her, from her very childhood, in his own ways ; she therefore repaid all his affection with the most submissive filial love, and consoled him under all

his domestic afflictions. The amiable Gertrude supported herself by needle-work, especially embroidery, in which she had attained such a proficiency as to be able to copy any object. She worked the robes used by priests at mass, altar-draperies, and those variegated and fancifully figured cloths with which it was then the fashion to cover tables. Although obliged to give her mother a strict account of all her earnings, she nevertheless sometimes contrived to lay by a trifling coin, which she privately made a present of to her father, in order that he might occasionally visit mine host of the Golden Lamb, and forget, for a season, his afflictions. Previously to the shepherd's festival she had secreted double her usual savings; and she joyfully slipped them into her father's hand as he returned one evening from his labours at the mill. This kindness, on the part of his child, touched his very soul, and so affected him that the tears came into his eyes, the more so as he was busied with a project which would hardly deserve such a return from the affectionate girl.

' Absorbed in deep reflection, he betook himself to the Golden Lamb, where, forcing his way through the boisterous assembly, he called for a measure of wine; then, heedless of and unheeded by the rest of the company, planted himself in mine host's easy chair, which, in spite of its luxurious appearance, could not obtain a tenant on account of its retired situation.'

The old shepherd's story inspires Master Peter with the hope that he may obtain the treasure; and, first of all, he sets about finding a black woodpecker's nest, without which he cannot begin his search for the spring-root which is to open the door of the treasure-house. After much trouble he finds it:

' Our mysterious projector rejoiced, to the very bottom of his soul, at the discovery which he had made; daily did he make a pilgrimage to the auspicious tree, and read over his pretended testament, with more zeal than he had done his breviary. When it appeared to him to be full season to set about his great work, he began by hunting out a red cloak; unfortunately but a single copy of this article was extant in the whole town, and this unique was in the possession of a person to whom people in general are somewhat reluctant in making applications—namely, to that worthy branch of the executive power, and that dignified public functionary, ycleped the hangman. It cost him no little exertion to overcome his scruples, and have recourse to a step which might compromise his reputation, and probably cause him to be expelled from the honorable society which assembled in mine host's parlour at the Golden Lamb: nevertheless, he found himself obliged to chew the bitter fruit. His worthy neighbour, Redcloak, readily complied with his request, considering that his robe would not be greatly disgraced by being seen on the shoulders of so respectable a personage as our Master Peter. Provided with this indispensable part of his apparatus, our botanizing friend set out to execute strictly, according to the prescribed formula, the ceremony which was to put him in possession of the mystic plant. All proceeded exactly as neighbour Blas had predicted; and, when the woodpecker came flying back to the tree with the root in its mouth, Master Peter suddenly advanced from behind the tree, and performed his manœuvre with such rapidity and dexterity, that, in its terror at sight of the flame-coloured mantle,

the bird let fall the root, and at the same time that which would have restored the good man to his eyesight, like the aged Tobias. The project was now happily accomplished; and thereby was obtained the magic root, that by acting as a master-key to every door, threw its possessor into an ecstasy of ineffable joy. He failed not to wrap it up in a whole bunch of christ-thorn, and proceeded homewards as overjoyed as if he had been already in possession of the treasure.'

Master Peter then valiantly robs his wife of her store of money, and sets off in quest of the treasure:

'He had, totally unknown to any one, accomplished his journey to the Blocksberg with the greatest success, although certainly not altogether with the celerity with which the wizards ride thither on Walpurgis Night, in order to hold their sabbath there; his manner of travelling, however, was quite as safe, and certainly quite as pleasant. He visited each house with a sign attached to it, with as much devotion as a pilgrim of another description would have stopped at every oratory, cross, or chapel on his journey; or with as much punctuality as if he had been employed in taking a census of all houses of entertainment, and in ascertaining that their cellars were well stocked, and their larders well furnished. In sooth, during this expedition he passed as much time in the former places as he did elsewhere, so that one might suppose, by his frequent visits to these subterraneous repositories, that he was anxiously rehearsing his descent into the cave of treasures. But at length the blue distance of the landscape shew the mountains of the Harz: and as the near approach to the scene of action required all the power both of body and mind, to be well fortified for the enterprise, he heroically put in practice the duty of self-denial, and imposed upon himself a rigorous fast.

'Until he began to ascend the Brocken his nose had served him as a faithful compass, but he now found himself in a latitude in which this magnet no longer acted with effect. He wandered in various directions, yet no one could inform him whereabouts the Morgenbrod's Valley was situated. At length he got, quite by chance, into the right track; discovered St. Andrew's Mount, and the little stream named the Eder, from which he quaffed a draught more inspiring to his imagination, than one from Hippocrene ever yet proved to a son of Apollo; he discovered also the cave, and was so fortunate as to solve the problem proposed by mine host of the Golden Lamb. In short, he entered the cavern; the spring-root performed its office; he found the treasure, and filled his wallet with as much gold as he could carry, which sum was quite sufficient for him to live the remainder of his days in wealth, and to bestow a large dowry on his dear Gertrude. Although the burden which he now bore was heavier than any sack of flour, yet the seventy-two steps which he ascended, bearing it on his shoulders, did not weary him so much as those leading to the mill.

'When he again beheld the light of day on his return from the cave, he felt like a mariner who had just escaped from shipwreck, has been combating in the midst of the watery element with all the horrors of death, and now again presses once again the firm earth as he exultingly scales the cliff. Notwithstanding the assurances which he had received of perfect security, it was not without certain apprehensions

of mischief from the spirit of the mine that he performed his subterraneous journey; he feared lest the stern guardian of the treasure should again appear in his terrific form, and either throw him into a mortal dread, or even plunder him of the rich fruit of his daring enterprise. His flesh shuddered, and his hair stood on end as he descended the stair hewed in the rock, and so little did he venture to examine the vault wherein the treasure was deposited, that he could not afterwards say whether the walls and pillars glittered with precious stones, his whole soul being intent upon the brazen chest alone, out of which he loaded himself as quickly as possible. In the mean while, however, every thing succeeded to his wish; he neither saw nor heard any evil spirit; only the iron door closed to again with an awful sound, as soon as he set his foot out of the vaulted chamber. In his hurry, the alarmed treasure-seeker forgot the invaluable talisman, the spring-root, which he had laid out of his hand, when occupied in scraping up the gold, on which account it was impossible for him to return for another freight; yet this circumstance did not cause much affliction to the worthy Master Peter, his desires being by no means immoderate, and he having too, on this occasion, not spared his back in the first instance; and when he was disposed so to do, he could shew himself a sturdy labourer.

‘After he had performed every thing precisely according to the instructions of old Martin, and closed up the aperture of the cave, he departed, considering how he should best secure the prize he had obtained, and live comfortably upon it at home, without exciting idle curiosity or malignant suspicion. It was also very desirable that his shrew of a wife should know nothing of the treasure of the Harz king, else he feared that she would never desist from harassing him until he had surrendered up to her the fruit of his toils. She should, therefore, partake of the stream, but remain quite ignorant of its source. The first point was easily accomplished; the other caused him to belabour his brains greatly, without determining any thing. Having securely packed them up, he transported his riches to the nearest village; here he purchased a wheelbarrow, and ordered a cooper to make him a tub with a double bottom; in the centre of this he deposited his treasure, filling up the false bottom at either end with nails. With this load he returned home very leisurely; and, as he was in no great hurry to arrive there, tarried at every hospitable tavern, desiring the obsequious master to set before him of the best.

‘As he approached towards Ellrich, he was joined by a young man of smart appearance, but whose countenance was marked with grief. Our merry pilgrim, struck by the stranger’s appearance, inquired of him, “Young sir, whither art thou bound?” To which the other replied with a sigh, “I am journeying through the wide world, my good father, or perhaps out of the world—any where, in short, where my feet carry me.”

“And wherefore should it be out of the world?” kindly asked the compassionate Peter. “What has the world done to offend thee so grievously?”

“To me the world has done nothing, neither have I done aught amiss to the world, and yet, methinks, we do not agree well together.”

‘ Our good-natured traveller of the wheelbarrow, who, when things went well with himself, always delighted in seeing others in equally good spirits, exerted himself to cheer the desponding youth ; but finding, at length, that his powers of eloquence were of no avail, he suspected that his gloomy mood might be occasioned chiefly by a vacancy in the region of the stomach, and that it was that organ, not either the heart or head of the patient, that was affected. He accordingly invited him to enter an inn, promising not to call upon him for his share of reckoning, a proposal which his melancholy companion did not refuse. They here found a mirthful set of revellers, in whose society Master Peter soon found himself quite in his element ; and, by degrees, waxed so full of joyous glee, and so liberal withal, that he insisted that no one but himself should have the honour of discharging the landlord’s bill. This proposition tended by no means to throw a damp upon these choice spirits ; on the contrary, they in return became most liberal of jests and repartees, so that it was doubtful whether the number of good things that went into their mouths was not exceeded by that of those which proceeded out from them. Peter’s young companion was the only one present who seemed insensible to the wit and gaiety round him ; he sat in a corner of the room with his eyes fixed on the floor : so coy, too, did he appear with his glass, that he but rarely saluted it with his lips, and even then he did it in most maidenly guise.

‘ Perceiving him so inaccessible to all social mirth, it now occurred to the good Peter that some heavy affliction, which was gnawing at his heart, was the real cause of the poor youth’s despondency. His curiosity, therefore, became equally excited with his compassion.

“ My good lad,” inquired he the following morning, “ what is it that disturbs thee so greatly ? Acquaint me with the cause of thy uneasiness ? ”

“ Alas, my worthy father,” returned the youth, “ what can it avail me, should I disclose the cause of my sorrow ? you can serve me neither by your pity nor your advice.”

This young man, it appears, is the lover of Gertrude, Master Peter’s beautiful daughter : the good-natured old cook at once consents to his union, and sends him to Rotenburg with a part of his treasure, which he knows will remove all his wife’s objections. The young couple are united :

‘ Master Peter now enjoyed the golden fruit of his trip to the Harz Mountain, yet wisely forbore to entertain the public with any description of it ; and possessed so much wealth, that he hardly knew its amount. Frederic, however, was supposed to be the source of this sudden prosperity, and, as honour follows quick on the heels of riches, he soon attained the highest dignities which the town of Rotenburg could bestow on so worthy a citizen. From this time it has become a proverb there, which still remains in vogue, when the people of Rotenburg wish to describe a person in prosperous circumstances, to say, that he is as rich as the son-in-law of Peter Block, the cook.’

The second story is called *THE BOTTLE-IMP*. It is one of the most funny, and, at the same time, most horrible stories in the whole collection. It supposes a profligate young German merchant, who, ar-

living at Venice, spends all his money in the fascinating pleasures of that city. Reduced to the utmost poverty, a Spaniard proposes to sell him a bottle-imp in these terms :

“ The case stands thus : I know not whether you are acquainted with certain little spirits, that are called *bottle-imps* ; they are small black devils, inclosed in a little phial. Whoever possesses one of these can command from it whatever worldly possession he desires most, especially abundance of gold. In return for these services, the soul of the person who possesses the imp becomes forfeit to Lucifer, in case he die without having previously disposed of him. But this can be done only by receiving a less sum than that which he first paid for the spirit. Mine cost me ten ducats ; for nine it is yours.”

“ While the youth was reflecting on this extraordinary offer, the Spaniard continued : “ I could, if I pleased, easily get rid of the thing, by palming it upon some one as a mere curiosity, in which manner a knavish fellow inveigled me to purchase it. But I wish not to have the weight of such an ill deed upon my conscience, and, therefore, very honestly and fairly, acquaint you with the bargain. You are still young and high-spirited, and will not fail to meet with opportunities enough of disposing of your purchase, whenever you may become as weary of it as I am even now.”

Richard makes the purchase, and plunges into the most lavish profligacy. At length he falls sick :

“ It seemed to him that one of the phials which were standing by his bed-side began to set up a wild dance, jostling against the rest in a furious manner. After gazing at it for some minutes, Richard recognised it to be that in which the little spirit was inclosed, and exclaimed, “ Bottle-devil, bottle-devil, thou assistest me no more, but rather destroyest that which should work my cure.” Whereupon the little black thing sang in a hoarse voice :

“ Richard ! Richard ! prayest in vain :  
Prepare thee now for eternal pain ;  
Therein must thou abide and endure,  
Since spirit's power can work no cure.  
No herb that groweth death can heal—  
I joy, for that thou 'rt mine I feel.”

“ After which it immediately stretched itself out, quite long and thin, and, notwithstanding that Richard held the phial stopped as closely as possible, it crept out between his thumb and the cork : it then suddenly became a large black man, who began to dance in the most hideous manner, clapping to and fro, at the same time, his huge dusky wings ; and at length placed his hairy, leathern breast upon Richard's bosom, and his grinning face upon Richard's face, so that the latter felt as if he were himself assuming the hideous figure, and in tone of wild agony screamed out for a mirror.

“ A cold sweat stood upon his brow, as he awoke out of the ghastly dream, and he thought that he perceived a monstrous black toad creep down beside him into his bed ; but, upon putting down his hand, he felt only the phial, in which the little black figure lay panting, and apparently exhausted.

“ How awfully long did the remainder of this horrible night seem



to the sick and frenzied wretch ! He dared not again to resign himself to sleep, lest the terrific vision should re-appear ; hardly, too, did he venture to open his wearied eyes even in the dark, lest he should perceive the monstrous fiend squatted in some corner of the apartment. Yet, did he shut his eyes but for a moment, he thought that it was again upon him, and started up with horror. He rang aloud for his attendants, but no one came ; all was still as the grave ; as for Lucretia, he had not beheld her since he was first attacked by his disorder. Thus did he lay in a sort of torturing horror, throughout the whole of that long dreary night, the terror of which was increased, when he reflected that, if this single night appeared almost an eternity of terrors, what must seem the eternal night of hell, on which no day would ever dawn—that night to whose dreadful visions there would be no end ?—He determined, at all events, upon getting rid of the fatal phial the very next morning.

‘ When, however, the morning came, he felt his spirits so much revived, that he began to ask himself whether he had yet turned the bottle-imp sufficiently to account. Palace and villas, and all the luxuries wherewith they were furnished, seemed hardly enough ; he therefore instantly demanded a great heap of ducats to be placed beneath his pillow, and, on finding them there instantaneously, he then began to reflect how best to dispose of the talisman. He knew that his physician was a great naturalist, and one who sought much after all monsters, and all such wonderful productions as are generally kept in spirits ; he hoped, therefore, that he should be able to pass off the bottle-imp to the learned man as a curiosity of this description ; for else the doctor was too good a Christian to have any thing to do with the evil creature. The deceit, indeed, could hardly be termed an innocent one, but need knows no niceties.

‘ Accordingly he offered the doctor the little spirit, which was now become again exceedingly lively, jumping to and fro in the bottle with great vivacity ; insomuch that, anxious to examine what he considered a wonderful *lusus naturæ*, the learned man agreed to purchase it, if the price demanded for it were not too high. In order to satisfy his conscience as well as he could, Richard asked a sum as nearly approaching to five ducats as was possible : the doctor, however, would give no more than three, which, fearing to lose his customer altogether, the other at last accepted, taking care, however, to bestow it all in alms upon the poor. But the money which he had found under his pillow he carefully laid by, as the only fund upon which his future wealth and prosperity depended.

‘ In the mean while, his disorder continued to increase ; he lay in a constant delirium, and had he still been tormented by the possession of the bottle-devil, there is no doubt but that he would have actually died of terror and anxiety. At length, however, he gradually grew better ; and now the only thing that seemed to retard his recovery was his solicitude about the ducats, which he could no longer find beneath his pillow. At first he was very loth to make any inquiry after them ; when, however, he did so, no one could give any account of them. Being able to obtain no information respecting the gold, it now remained for him to consider how he might best convert his mansion and

villas into money. But here, too, he was reckoning without his host, for a throng of creditors appeared with various claims upon his estates, all duly signed by himself, and sealed with his own signet, he having, at the time of his boundless prosperity, given these papers to Lucretia to fill up as she judged proper; all that he could do, therefore, was to depart as quickly as possible with the little he could save from the fangs of these harpies; so that he quitted all his splendour very nearly a beggar.

‘At this juncture his physician made his appearance, with a countenance betokening serious displeasure. “Doctor!” exclaimed the unfortunate young merchant, “if it so be, that you are come hither like the rest of your fraternity with a large bill, I prithee, add another item to the account, and see, good doctor, that it be for opium, or some equally potent drug: for my last bread is now baked, as I know but too well, I having no money to buy more.”

“Nay, nay,” replied the physician, “things are not yet so bad as that. I am not only ready to renounce every demand upon you, but have also prepared a certain, most efficacious medicine, that will quickly revive you from this despondency; all that I ask for it is, two ducats.”

“And most readily will I pay them,” replied the youth, which, having done, the doctor forthwith departed. On opening the box wherein he expected to find this cordial restorative, he discovered a phial, but how great was his dismay on perceiving that it was that which contained the little bottle-devil!

Richard sells the devil to various persons in succession, but by some chance it always finds its way back to him. At length he has purchased him for a *heller*, the smallest coin of the country; and, although he finds a person willing to buy it, he can find no coin less than that of the last purchase, until he reaches the dominions of a prince whose currency has been so much depreciated, that three of his *hellers* do not weigh so much as one of the standard coins. Furnished with these, he goes in search of his chapman, who is an *âme damnée*, and who, out of spite to the devil, resolves to rescue Richard from his clutches:

‘He now found himself in a dreary hollow, quite inclosed by steep hills. On one side, he perceived the large sable steed of the mysterious customer for his phial, which was standing motionless as a brazen statue. Opposite to him was a spring gushing from the rock, and in this the grim horseman was washing both his face and hands. But the horrid stream was of an inky hue, with which it stained whatever it touched; for when the gigantic figure turned round towards Richard, the latter perceived that his visage was become like that of a Moor, and thereby formed a terrific contrast against his blood-red garments.

“Shudder not,” cried the hideous being, “this is only one of the ceremonies which I am obliged to perform in honour of the devil. Each Friday am I bound to wash myself thus, in scorn of him whom ye call your God. I am also compelled to stain my garment afresh with my own blood—it is this which gives it a hue of so much deadly lustre:—besides a number of still more horrible ceremonies which I am obliged to undergo. I have, moreover, formed so strong a compact with the powers of darkness both for body and soul, that it is

now utterly impossible for me to obtain redemption on any terms. And what do you imagine are the terms on which I have sold myself?—for a hundred thousand pieces yearly. Thus seeing how desperate is my own condition, still I am willing to serve thee, by purchasing the imp thou carriest in thy phial, and thus to frustrate the end of all his long servitude; besides, the rescuing thee from the powers of hell will so enrage them, that, reckless of aught else, I'll do it. Then how will their impotent curses peal through the vaults of deepest hell; ha, ha, ha!" So saying, he began to laugh in the most frightful manner, that the very rocks re-echoed, and the sable steed, which had hitherto stood motionless, seemed to shrink with terror at the awful sound.

"Now, then, friend," added he, after a while, "hast thou brought me any half-hellers?"

'Upon Richard's shewing him his purse, he took three of the pieces and gave him a heller in exchange; one of which he directly paid back again, as the purchase money for the bottle-devil, that now lay crouched up melancholy at the bottom of the phial, so that he felt quite heavy. At perceiving this, the unknown purchaser laughed again most violently, and exclaimed, "Nothing can avail thee, fiend; all resistance is in vain. In token, therefore, of thy obedience, let me have instantly as much gold as my strong steed can bear." And no sooner had he uttered the command, than the enormous beast stood panting beneath the golden load. Then the blood-red horseman having mounted on its back, it began to crawl up the perpendicular sides of the rock, just as a fly does up a wall, and disappeared for ever.

'Richard stood for some minutes fixed to the spot in a stupor of astonishment and joy: but the air of that Stygian recess seemed troublous and heavy, while a hollow voice issuing from the dusky waves of the Black Fountain exclaimed: "Now then are all our labours frustrated, for he who while doomed to destruction could attempt the rescue of another may even yet be saved himself." Struck with horror at the sounds, although exulting at their import, Richard rushed again through the cavern to feel again the atmosphere of heaven.'

Thus delivered, Richard becomes honest and happy, and, by an industrious and pious life, makes up for his former wickedness.

The last tale in the second volume, called KIBITZ, is so amusing and so much shorter than the rest, that we have thought it better to extract it entirely:

'There was once a poor peasant named Kibitz, who, though but little favored by fortune, enjoyed nevertheless more contentment and satisfaction than many of his more prosperous neighbours; his chief maxim was to make the best that he could of every thing; and, if affairs proceeded untowardly, to hope that they might take a turn for the better, without vexing himself unnecessarily. One day, as he was ploughing his little field with his two oxen, he thought that he heard some one call him, and looking round perceived that it was a bird which repeated his name several times; it being the kibitz or pewit, whose cry resembles the sound of its own name. The simple clown, conceiving that the bird was mocking him, felt provoked, spite of his usual good-nature, and took up a heavy stone to fling at it: the bird, however, flew away, very leisurely, while the stone falling, un-

luckily, upon one of his oxen, killed it on the spot. This was a terrible misfortune for Kibitz; yet there was no means of restoring the dead animal to life; so thinking that its yoke-fellow would be but of little service by itself, he, without more ado, killed the other also; then flaying them both, carried the hides to a tanner, in order to make thereby some little trifle in return for the heavy loss he had sustained.

When he arrived at the tanner's, finding that no one seemed very anxious to answer his knocking, he peeped in through a casement, and perceived that the good man's wife was cramming a gallant into a chest, in order to conceal him from her unwelcome visitor. Master Kibitz was not altogether so displeased at this scene as the tanner himself would have been, for he shrewdly thought that he might turn it to his own advantage. In a little while the dame opened the door, and hearing his errand, informed him that her husband was absent, and that she could not transact the business on which he was come. Kibitz said that she need not refuse him, for though she had no money, yet he would be contented with that old lumber chest which stood in one corner, and it would be an excellent bargain for her. To this proposal the dame demurred, as may well be supposed: Kibitz insisted upon having it, saying, that it was the best bargain she could possibly make, while she as resolutely refused to comply; for it is in vain to offer the most advantageous bargains in the world, if people are so blind to their own interests as to refuse them. In short, they quarrelled so loud and so long about the matter, that the tanner himself returned, in the midst of the affray, and so settled the dispute by insisting upon his wife's complying with their customer's whim, and letting him have the old worm-eaten chest; heartily glad to obtain the two hides so cheaply, and at the same time considering Kibitz to be a very great blockhead. The latter, therefore, obtained his wish, in spite of the good wife's exclamations and opposition, and hoisting his prize into a cart which he had brought with him, drove off towards his home. He had not proceeded far, however, before the inhabitant of the chest, who conceived himself not to be included in the purchase, took care to let him know that he was carrying away more than he had any right to, and to entreat, therefore, that he would let him out. This, however, was a proposal to which Kibitz was but little disposed to accede: he set about proving formally, according to the best logic he was master of, that in purchasing the chest, he had also purchased him. The gallant finding himself driven to extremity, and thinking it hopeless, immured as he was, and with very little breath to waste upon words, to think of refuting an adversary who could give his lungs full play, fairly surrendered at discretion, and was permitted to march out, on giving up all his valuables and money. As it so happened, the latter was a very considerable sum, sufficient to purchase several pair of oxen, instead of those which the countryman had lost.

Kibitz now returned home quite rich; and his neighbours being informed of the excellent bargain he had made by his hides, killed their oxen also, and took their skins to the same tanner: but instead of obtaining as much as they expected, they were informed that Kibitz had gotten only an old chest, hardly worth a single hide. Hereupon supposing that they had been maliciously imposed upon by him, in

order that they might be induced to kill their cattle, they determined upon putting so envious a fellow to death. Fortunately our good Kibitz received some information of their designs : for a long time he was puzzled in contriving some stratagem whereby to defeat their murderous intent ; and, at length conceiving that his poor wife would be quite inconsolable at being left a widow, he generously resolved to spare her this exceeding affliction. He told her, therefore, that he had a mind, by way of frolic, to let her wear the breeches for once in her life ; and accordingly ordered her to dress in his clothes, and go and work in the garden. Like an obedient spouse, accustomed to humour all her lord's whims, however extravagant they might be, the poor woman complied. The wicked neighbours shortly after came, and finding her digging in the garden, they fell upon her and put her to death ; then immediately fled, satisfied that they had revenged themselves on Kibitz.

‘ Our friend Kibitz, in the mean while, was too overjoyed at the singular success of his stratagem, to have much time to bewail his wife. On the contrary, he thought that she might even yet prove of some service to him ; he therefore took her, and having dressed her in her ordinary attire, put a basket of flowers in her hand, and seated her by the road side as if she were offering nosegays for sale. Presently a stately equipage passed by, and the lady who was in the carriage, being smitten with the beauty of the flowers, ordered one of her lackeys to inquire the price. This he did several times, but receiving no answer, and therefore supposing that she was asleep, he shook her somewhat rudely in order to wake her. Instantly she fell down into a deep ditch, Kibitz having taken care to place her in a ticklish situation ; and he, being on the watch, now rushed out upon the fellow, exclaiming that he had killed his wife, and protesting that he would accuse all of them of murder. The lady alarmed at the accident, and the unpleasant circumstances in which she might be involved, offered, by way of pacifying him, to give all the money she had about her, and also a fine horse, upon which a groom was mounted. Kibitz protested that he had lost the best wife in the world, yet he was far from bearing malice, seeing that the lady was heartily sorry for what had happened, and would therefore comply with her request, out of pure good nature. So filling his pockets, and mounting on his steed, Kibitz set off home, well pleased with his own prudence and ingenuity.

‘ As he passed through the village, every one looked out to see who it should be was mounted on so fine a horse ; but how great was their astonishment at perceiving that it was Kibitz, whom they thought they had fairly killed ! But though at first somewhat alarmed, conceiving it to be his spirit, on finding that it was really himself, they determined to get rid of him at all events ; and in order to do so the more effectually, seized hold of him, and shut him up in a large cask, in which they resolved to throw him into the sea. All now seemed to be over with poor Kibitz : his good fortune appeared quite at an end : chance and good luck, however, often effect escapes that prudence cannot contrive. The stars had decreed that Kibitz should be prosperous.

‘ It so chanced that in their way to the sea they passed by an ale-



house, and considering that Kibitz could hardly run away while imprisoned in the cask, they left it standing in the road, while they went in to refresh themselves with a draught. No sooner did Kibitz find himself alone than he began to consider how he might best avail of those few precious moments, in order to regain his freedom. At almost the very same instant he heard a flock of sheep pass by; upon which he began to cry out, "I will not be chosen burgomaster. I am determined not to be a burgomaster." The shepherd, astonished at his exclamation, went up to the cask and questioned him as to the cause of his being there. "Friend," replied Kibitz, "according to an ancient and singular custom of our town, whoever is chosen burgomaster is borne in procession by the inhabitants of our town, in this cask. I am appointed to this honour; but am by no means ambitious of it." "How!" exclaimed the shepherd with astonishment, "are you in earnest, when you say that you do not wish for the honour? I would then that it were some other person's good luck to be chosen burgomaster." "Well, then, my honest fellow, do but let me out of this cask, and take my place as quickly as you please." This was no sooner said than done: and Kibitz being extricated himself, enclosed the ambitious clown in his new shell, in which he was to be hatched into a burgomaster; then thinking that the poor sheep would be at a loss for want of a master, or if left there might fall into worse hands than his own, he determined at once to drive them home.

'On returning from the tavern, the boors began to roll the cask on again, in spite of the cries of the unfortunate shepherd; and, at length, fairly plunged it into the water.

'Satisfied that they had now got for ever rid of Kibitz, they were returning very leisurely to the village, but how extreme was their surprise on suddenly meeting him, not only quite safe and sound, but driving a fine flock of sheep!

"Is it possible, Kibitz, that it is you?" exclaimed they altogether, concealing their vexation as well as they could.

"Aye, even so, my kind and worthy neighbours. I perceive your astonishment; you are doubtless much surprised to see these sheep, but I will explain the whole business. You noticed the white foaming spray when you plunged me into the water? Now you must understand that there is a little enchantment in the case, for—thanks to the violence with which you soused me in, the cask broke, and on my catching at the foam, it turned to sheep, and very fine sheep they are—many thanks, therefore, to you; and to prove to you my gratitude, I would advise you, one and all, to enrich yourselves in the same manner."

'No sooner had they heard this, than each determined forthwith to make the experiment, after having before them such a convincing proof of its success. Away, therefore, they scampered back to the water; the foremost jumped in at once, the others directly after him; but, although they made foam and froth enough with their plunging about, no sheep appeared; on the contrary, they buffeted each other about in the water at such a rate that they were all drowned. Thus did Kibitz safely rid himself of all his envious neighbours at once, and thereby render himself master of the whole village.'



## FAUST, A DRAMA, BY GOETHE.

TRANSLATED BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

WE had hoped when we saw a translation of *Faust* announced, and announced too from the pen of a nobleman, that the English reader would at length have that highly-interesting and singular production laid open to his view, and be enabled to form a more correct notion of the original than the numerous selections and analyses of the work have hitherto helped him to. There are many reasons why ordinary authors could not undertake the translation of the whole of the drama: in the first place, it is exceedingly difficult; and, in the next, it is doubtful whether it would so well suit the public taste as to repay, in fame or in any other sort of reward, the man who should choose to attempt it, while the envy of some critics would be loosened upon him without ceremony or forbearance. But none of these reasons apply at all forcibly to the noble person who now appears as the author of the present translation. He has most satisfactorily shown, by what he has done, that, if he had chosen, he could have mastered all the difficulties in his way; he does not care, we will be sworn, two straws for all the critics in Christendom; and he cannot wish to make money, because, if he did, a tithe of the pains he has taken with Goethe might have procured him a place or a pension. For these reasons we can neither account for nor excuse his not having done more than he has done; and we think his apology—that he could not in some instances, and would not in others, give the whole of his author—savours more of laziness than of reason.

For the mere critic, this translation offers the most glorious field for exertion that could be presented. Here is at once an opportunity of cutting up almost all the living authors of England, many of those of France, and still more of Germany. Now might we point out how Goethe stole from our own ill-starred Marlowe, and then was unjustly accused of robbing Lessing; how Mad. de Stael knew nothing about the matter; how Sir Walter Scott stole pinches, and Lord Byron whole handfuls, from Goethe; how Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Southey, owe him more than they ever intend to pay; how an anonymous author in Blackwood's Magazine translated selections from *Faust* beautifully and powerfully; and how the late Mr. Shelley tried to do the same, but, missing both, plunged into a cloudy obscurity, which he had always the knack of mistaking for sublimity: but none of this will we do; we leave it for those of our brethren who rather desire to show their learning than to contribute to their friends' amusement. Wonder, reader, at our forbearance—lift up your hands and your eyes at our moderation; and, having composed your minds into a properly reverent notion of our importance, listen as if you had three ears, while we tell you that Lord Leveson Gower's translation is the best that has hitherto been seen in English, and probably the best that you or we are ever likely to see.

The drama opens with a scene in Faust's study. The following soliloquy will explain the favorable state of mind in which he is for temptation:

‘ With medicine and philosophy  
I have no more to do ;  
And all thy maze, theology,  
At length have waded through  
And stand a scientific fool,  
As wise as when I went to school.  
’Tis true, with years of science ten,  
A teacher of my fellow men,  
Above, below, and round about,  
I draw my scholars by the snout,  
Myself consuming with the glow  
Of all I vainly wish to know.  
True, I am first of Learning’s tribes,  
Its doctors, masters, priests, and scribes ;  
And, unrestrain’d by fear or doubt,  
I dare the devil and his rout.  
And yet the fruit of Learning’s tree  
Has nought but bitterness for me ;  
Despairing, in my wintry mind,  
To better or instruct mankind.  
Then have I neither gold nor treasures,  
The world’s advancements, goods, nor pleasures.  
No dog might such a life endure.  
In magic then I seek my cure ;  
And every mental power I turn  
The secrets of the world to learn,  
That I may need dispense no more  
The solemn nothings of my store ;  
But, dealing less in words than deeds,  
Explore the globe’s primeval seeds.  
Thou silver moon, whose friendly light  
Has shed, through many a wintry night,  
Unwonted rays on Learning’s scrolls,  
Her massy volumes, dusty rolls,  
Would that beneath those rays my brow  
Throbb’d with its last pulsation now !  
And yet I feel the wild desire  
To mount me on thy rolling fire,  
With demons of the misty air  
To wander in thy azure glare,  
And bathe me in thy dewy deeps,  
Where pain is hush’d and conscience sleeps.

I rave ! Within this dungeon’s gloom  
Still must my spirit pant for room,  
Where scarce the light of upper day  
Through storied windows finds its way.  
Hemm’d round with Learning’s musty scrolls,  
Her ponderous volumes, dusty rolls,  
Which to the ceiling’s vault arise,  
Above the reach of studious eyes,  
Where revelling worms peruse the store  
Of wisdom’s antiquated lore,—  
With glasses, tools of alchemy,  
Cases and bottles, whole and crack’d,  
Hereditary lumber, pack’d.  
This is the world, the world, for me !

And ask I why my heaving heart  
 Is beating in its sullen madness?  
 And ask I why the secret smart  
 Has dried the spring of life and gladness?  
 'Tis that, instead of air and skies,  
 Of nature's animated plan,  
 Round me, in grinning ranks, arise  
 The bony forms of beast and man.

Wake then, my soul! thy wings expand:  
 This book by Nostradamus' hand,  
 Sigil and sign shall make thee fly  
 Uncheck'd, unwearied, through the sky,  
 Wake then, my soul! the signs of power  
 Point to the destined tide and hour.  
 Spirits, ye that hover near,  
 Speak and answer, if ye hear! [*He looks at the microcosm.*  
 Ha! what rapture from the sight  
 Fills my veins with wild delight!  
 Sure some God the sign has traced.  
 In these features, plain and true,  
 Nature's secrets greet my view.  
 Working up the wond'rous whole,  
 How they mingle, twine, and roll!  
 How their million arms they ply!  
 Busy Nature's secret forces,  
 Running all their destined courses,  
 Ending all in harmony.  
 A wond'rous show, and yet 'tis nothing more:  
 Where can I journey to your secret springs,  
 Eternal Nature? onward still I press,  
 Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.

[*He shuts the volume unwillingly, and inspects  
 the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*

The signs are at their work again, and now  
 The Spirit of the Earth is hovering nearer;  
 Clouds are gathering round my sight,  
 And the pale moon hides her light,  
 And the lamp its blaze.  
 Now I tremble, faint, and glow,  
 But the frenzy may not last.  
 Ere the maddening hour be past,  
 Spirit, thou thy form must show.

*Spirit.* Who calls me?

*Faust.* Vision of affright!

*Spirit.* With a spell of might and fear  
 Thou hast drawn me from my sphere,  
 And now —

*Faust.* Away! I loath the sight.

*Spirit* Yet 'tis the sight thou hast panted to see,  
 My visage to scan, and my accents to hear;  
 Thy spell was too strong, it availed not to flee;  
 I come, and you shun me, and tremble with fear!  
 O where is the manly might of soul,  
 That could the aerial world control?  
 Art thou the man, thou trembling thing,  
 That call'd me on my weary wing,  
 Yet shuns my form to see?

*Faust.* Yes, I am Faust, a powerful name,  
Thy more than equal, child of flame.

*Spirit.* I wander and range  
Through existence's change,  
Above and below,  
Through the tide and the flow,  
I shoot and I sparkle, and never am still.

*Faust.* Say, thou ever-roving spirit,  
What relation can I bear to thee?

*Spirit.* 'To some other form, in another station,  
Thou mayest bear relation :  
Not to me.'

[*Vanishes.*

Faust goes out to walk ; and the inspiring effect of the air, and the honest mirth of the people, who are celebrating the festival of Easter, compose his disturbed thoughts :

*Faust.* The smile of spring on stream and plain  
Has freed them from their icy chain.  
Sick with the perfume of the breeze,  
From buds of rain-bespangled trees,  
Back to his mountains' chill retreat,  
Old Winter drags his palsied feet ;  
But, as he flies, with hail and sleet,  
Pursues the ineffectual strife,  
To nip the struggling germs of life.  
No longer of his mantle white  
May vernal suns endure the sight ;  
But nature's face must glitter sheen  
With colours bright and youthful green.  
Yet flowers are none the scene to grace—  
Man's gay attire supplies their place.  
Turn round, and, from this hillock's height,  
Back to the town direct thy sight.  
See, from the jaws of yonder gate,  
How thick the insects congregate ;  
They celebrate, in guise so gay,  
Our Saviour's resurrection day.  
From lowly roof, and stifling cell,  
Where labour's murky children dwell—  
From chambers close, and garrets high,  
From many an alley's dismal sty,  
And from the venerable night,  
Shed by the churches' shadowy height,  
They wander forth, and court the light.  
See how the myriads buzz and throng,  
The garden and the field along ;  
See, on the stream, how thick they float,  
The steadier barge and heeling boat.  
How yonder skiff, o'erladen, laves  
Its gunwale in the rippling waves.  
Yon distant mountain-path no less  
Is gleaming with the tints of dress.  
I hail, in yonder rout and coil,  
The short-lived heaven of those who toil ;  
I almost shout, like them, for glee,  
And am the man I seem to be.'

A black poodle, which is no other than the devil, crosses the path,

and, having attracted Faust's attention by his gambols, returns with him, and takes up his place in his study :

*Faust.* While gloomy night o'erspreads the plain,  
I leave the shadowy waste behind,  
Where darkness rouses not in vain  
The better genius of the mind;  
Each impulse wild its rest is taking,  
Each passion slumbers in its den,  
Nought but the love of God is waking,  
And love as pure for fellow men.

Rest thee, poodle. Why runnest thou so,  
On the threshold wandering to and fro?  
Lay thee down the stove beneath,  
Stop thy whining, and still thy breath.  
Poor dog, thou hast merrily cheer'd my way  
With thy wanton springs and thy frolicsome play:  
Be welcome then here as an innocent guest,  
Still thy whining, and take thy rest.

Ah! when again within our cell  
We bid the lamp of midnight glow,  
The inward light is trimm'd as well  
In hearts that learn themselves to know:  
While reason's voice adorns its theme,  
And hope blooms brighter than at first,  
The soul springs onward to the stream  
Which flows to quench our mortal thirst.

Howl not, poodle! thy fiendish cries  
Disturb the bosom's celestial tone,  
Which accords but ill with thy yelling moan.  
But aught that is hid from human eyes,  
Human folly will oft condemn,  
They will murmur at all that is fair and good,  
If its fairness be hard to be understood.  
Would the critical hound but imitate them?  
But already, will I what I may,  
Joy's brief star has quench'd its fickle ray.  
Why must the stream so soon be dried,  
Ere my thirst be satisfied?  
How oft such fortune has been mine:  
And yet by each blessing the world denies  
We are taught the things of heaven to prize,  
And for revelation's light to pine.  
And nowhere brighter it was sent  
Than in our Saviour's Testament.  
Great is my wish to labour o'er  
My version of its holy lore;  
And, with a Christian's good design,  
To make it German line by line."

This occupation is, as may be conceived, not very palatable to the devil. Faust at length conjures him, so that he is obliged to quit his beastly shape, and put on that of humanity: he then appears like a travelling student, and the following dialogue ensues:

*Faust.* Is this the kernel of this goodly fruit?

It makes me smile to see the termination.

*Meph.* Your learned reverence humbly I salute:

Faith, you have put me in a perspiration.

*Faust.* Thy name?

*Meph.* Why wishes he my name to know?  
Who rates the simple word a thing so mean?  
Who, unseduced by glare of outward show,  
Seeks but to understand the inward being?

*Faust.* With gentry of your cloth we often claim  
To learn your nature by your name.  
Rebel and outcast suit it to a letter;  
Liar, perhaps, destroyer, even better.  
Who are you, then?

*Meph.* A portion of the might,  
Which ever wills the bad, and executes the right.

*Faust.* Instruct me what this riddling speech implies.

*Meph.* I am the well-known being who still denies,  
And rightly too; for all I see around  
Deserves but to be tumbled to the ground.  
Better then 'twere that nothing were at all.  
Thus all that sin you weaker mortals call,  
Destruction, ill, when weaker terms are spent,  
Is my peculiar element.

*Faust.* You seem a whole, yet call yourself a part.

*Meph.* I speak the truth without disguise or art.  
I laugh to see this little planet roll,  
Stock'd with its fools, and call itself a whole.  
I am a part of part, which once was at the head,  
Part of the darkness from which light was bred;  
Proud element, which now disputes the right  
His mother has to govern space in night;  
And yet succeeds not. Struggle as he will,  
Corporeal fetters must enchain him still;  
And, if corporeal forms he chance to meet,  
They make a shadow of him in the street.  
So, for light's sake, in duty bound I pray,  
Bodies may perish at an early day.

*Faust.* I understand your dignified employ;  
Great things you want the power to destroy,  
Till with the smaller you have first begun.

*Meph.* Truly, with such there's little to be done.  
All this unmeaning world you see,  
That is where nothing ought to be,  
I know not how, contrives to slip  
My wish to have it on the hip.  
Through billows, earthquakes, storms, and burning,  
The stupid ball persists in turning.  
As to the cursed tribes of animation,  
They laugh at all my best inventions:  
I make them graves of all dimensions;  
And fresh-made blood is strait in circulation.  
It would go near to turn a weaker head,  
To see earth, air, and water brought to bed.  
A thousand germs of life they all unfold,  
In dry and moist, in warm and cold:  
But for my favourite fire alone,  
I could not call an element my own.

*Faust.* 'Tis thus 'gainst nature's genial laws  
The weaker powers of hell you strain,  
Clench, in malicious rage, your claws,  
And dart the treacherous blow in vain.  
Begin some other enterprize,  
Strange son of chaos and old night.'



Faust yields to the tempter, and becomes the slave of this minister of evil, while, to add to his misery, his reason and his feelings constantly tell him that he is wrong, and repentance imbitters every enjoyment. The devil transports Faust to a cellar in Leipsig, where a company of drunken citizens are carousing. The translation of this scene is exceedingly good.

After having thus bedevilled the drunkards, the Satanic minister and his victim repair to a beldam's full of horrors, when Faust's ruin is consummated by a hellish potion which is administered to him. He afterwards meets a maiden in the street, whom he accosts :

*Faust.* Say, loveliest lady! may I dare  
Propose my arm to one so fair?

*Marg.* I am neither a lady nor what you say,  
And without your guidance can find my way.

*Faust.* By heaven! this child in face and mien  
Was such as I have seldom seen!  
So graceful in her virtuous pride,  
A little snappish too beside.  
That cheek and lip of red so pure  
Long in my memory shall endure!  
And when to earth her glance she threw,  
She pierced my easy bosom too.  
As, with her gown held up, she fled,  
That well-turn'd ankle well might turn one's head!

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Hear! you must win her:—no delay!

[*To him.*

*Meph.* Win whom?

*Faust.* But now she past this way.

*Meph.* Oh! her. The priest to whom she came to pray  
Absolved her free from sin and guile;  
I listen'd by his chair the while.  
The monk could scarcely send her thence  
More perfect in her innocence.  
Such are beyond my mischief's sphere.'

This picture of innocence heightens the horrors of the misery to which the fair Margaret is afterwards condemned. Mephistopheles introduces Faust into Margaret's bedchamber :

*Marg.* (*plaiting and binding up her hair.*)  
I would give something to discover  
Who 'twas that spoke so like a lover.

'Tis sure he had a mien and face  
Which spoke him of a noble race.  
That from his very look I told—  
Besides, he would not else have been so bold.

[*She goes in.*

*Meph.* (*to Faust.*) Come in, but softly ply your feet.

*Faust.* Leave me alone, I do entreat.

*Meph.* Few maidens' chambers are so neat.

*Faust.* Sweet dimness of the sacred room,  
I hail thy chaste and sober gloom!  
I feel the breeze of mental health,  
Where calm content and order dwell:  
The fulness of the poor man's wealth,  
The freedom of his prison-cell!

[*Throws himself into a large arm-chair,*

Receive, thou friend in joy and sorrow known;  
 A guest unwonted in thy calm embrace.  
 How oft around this patriarchal throne  
 Have clung the hopes of many a parent's race!  
 How oft at Christmas tide of childish bliss,  
 Perchance for gifts that spoke the closing year,  
 Her own loved lips have printed many a kiss  
 On the old hand of him who rested here!  
 Fair one! I hail the spirit of the place,  
 Of decent neatness, and of order's grace!  
 At whose command the spotless cloth is spread,  
 The clean sand crackles underneath thy tread.  
 With such a tenant misery flies the door,  
 And watchful angels bless thy humble store.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou!—it shakes my soul with fear  
 To ask thee, wretch, what dost thou here?  
 Why camest thou, Faust? what makes thy heart so sore?  
 Wretched and lost! I know thee now no more.  
 Ah! should she enter, lovely, now,  
 How should I then repent my crime:  
 How would the devil veil his brow  
 Before that form, in innocence sublime!

Faust deposits a casket of jewels, which the fiend has given him, in the maiden's cabinet. Before she discovers it she sings that song of which we gave a translation in our second number. That and the present are both so good that we should really be puzzled which to prefer:

‘ There was a king in Thule  
 Was constant to the grave;  
 And she who loved him truly  
 A goblet to him gave.  
 Alike the old man cherish'd  
 Her memory and the cup;  
 And oft, to her who perish'd,  
 He fill'd and drank it up.  
 Ere death had closed his pleasures,  
 The states he summon'd all,  
 And portion'd out his treasures,  
 The goblet not withal.  
 With all his knights before him  
 He feasted royally,  
 In the hall of those who bore him,  
 In his castle by the sea.  
 With closing life's emotion,  
 He bade the goblet flow—  
 Then plunged it in the ocean,  
 A hundred fathom low.  
 He saw it filling, drinking,  
 And the calm sea closing o'er;  
 His eyes the while were sinking,  
 No drop he e'er drank more.’

/This casket is discovered by the maiden, who tells her mother of it,

and it is given to a priest, from the fear that it may be some unholy thing. Faust, however, gives a second, and the devil procures him a meeting with Margaret at the house of an old woman, a friend of hers, to whom he tells a lie of her husband's death, and induces her to believe he wishes to become his successor. The following soliloquy of Faust is among the finest passages in the drama :

‘ Spirit of Power ! thou gavest me, gavest me all  
My wishes ask’d : not vainly hast thou turn’d  
Thy awful countenance in fire towards me !  
Thou gavest me Nature’s realms for my dominion,  
And power to feel and to enjoy the gift.  
Not with mere wonder’s glance my eye was cheated :  
Deep into Nature’s breast at once I dived,  
And scann’d it like the bosom of a friend.  
Thou bad’st, in dark array, her living forms  
Glide by : thou teachest me to know my brethren  
In air, in quiet wood, or glassy stream ;  
And when the storm is howling through the forest,  
The storm that strikes the giant pine to earth ;  
While many a branchy neighbour shares the ruin,  
And rocks give back the crash, and the rebound ;  
Then, led by thee to some wild cave remote,  
My task I ply—the study of myself.  
Or, should the silver moon look kindly down,  
The vision’d forms of ages long gone by  
Gleam out from piled rock, or dewy bush—  
Mellow to kinder light the blaze of thought,  
And sooth the maddening mind to softer joy !

Alas ! that man must ever seek in vain,  
As I have sought, perfection ! To the gift  
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,  
Thou gavest one dark companion. One with whom  
I may not part, howe’er his cold disdain  
Is ever humbling me before myself,  
And, with the reckless breath of his contempt,  
He withers all thy gifts. In vain my soul  
Still grasps at phantoms of its own creation,  
Wanders uncheck’d from craving to enjoyment,  
And, in enjoyment, pants for fresh desire.’

Poor Margaret falls beneath the persuasions of Faust ; to her own disgrace is added the horror of having killed her mother by administering a potion brewed by the fiend, and which Faust told her was only a sleeping draught. Her brother returns, and, full of grief for his sister’s shame and his mother’s death, he encounters the demon and Faust, singing beneath her windows : he attacks them ; Mephistopheles parries, and calls upon Faust to thrust, who does so, and the young soldier dies, reproaching his sister, who is attracted by his groans.

Faust then is led by the demon to the festival of fiends on the Walpurgis Night, in the midst of the Hartz Mountains. Soon after this terrific scene—some of the horrors of which are skilfully preserved in all that is given of the translation, which is much curtailed—Faust learns poor Margaret’s fate : her woes have turned her

brain ; the death of her mother and of her brother, with both of which she reproaches herself, have distracted her ; in a fit of madness she destroys her child, and is condemned as a murderess. Faust reproaches Mephistopheles, who promises to procure her liberation : they visit her in prison. The description of her madness is perhaps one of the most pathetic things ever yet achieved :

*Faust.* Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,  
Sick with the sense of man's collected woe ;  
Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,  
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.  
Traitor, thou dardest not enter in  
To face the witness of thy sin.  
Forward ! thy cowardice draws down the blow.

*Margaret (within) sings.*

Now shame on my mother  
Who brought me to light,  
And foul fall my father  
Who nursed me in spite.

*Faust. (unlocking the door.)* She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,

The straw's sad rustling, and the clinking chain.

*(Marg. hiding herself in the straw on which she lies.)*

Woe, woe ! they wake me ! bitter fate !

*Faust.* Hush, hush ! I come to give thee means to fly.

*Marg.* Art thou a man ? then be compassionate.

*Faust.* Soft ! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.

*[He seizes the chains to unlock them.]*

*Marg. (on her knees.)* Who gave the hangman power

So soon to wake and slay ?

Why callest thou me at midnight's hour ?—

Oh ! let me live till day !—

Is it not time when morn has sprung ?

*[She stands up.]*

And I am yet so young—so young !

And yet so soon to perish by your laws.

Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.

One friend was near me then : he too is fled.

My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.

Seize me not thus ! it gives me pain.

Have I e'er wrong'd thee ? why then bind me so ?

Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—

Can I have hurt one whom I do not know ?

*Faust.* Can I outlive this hour of woe !

*Marg.* Ah ! I am now within thy power ;

Yet let me clasp my only joy,

My child ! I nursed it many an hour,

But then they took it from me to annoy,

And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.

“ And she shall ne'er be happy more ”—

That is the song they sing to give me pain ;

It is the end of an old strain,

But never meant me before.

*Faust.* He whom you deem'd so far, before you lies,

To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.

*Marg.* Oh ! raise we to the saints our prayer !

For see, beneath the stair,

Beneath the door-stone swell  
The penal flames of hell.  
The evil one,  
In pitiless wrath,  
Roars for his prey.

*Faust.* (*aloud.*) Margaret! Margaret!

*Marg.* (*starting.*) That was his voice!

[*She springs up; her chains fall off.*]

Where is he? for I know 'twas he.  
None, none shall stay me; I am free!  
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,  
In his embraces I will lie.  
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,  
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;  
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of scorn,  
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!

*Faust.* 'Tis I.

*Marg.* Oh, say it, say it, once again,  
My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?  
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?  
He comes himself to comfort and to save.  
I see the church's aisle, the street,  
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:  
The garden blooms before me now,  
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.

*Faust.* Away! away!

*Marg.* Oh, not so fast!  
Time is with you so sweetly past.

*Faust.* Haste, Margaret, haste!  
For if thou lingerest here,  
We both shall pay it dear.

*Marg.* What, thou canst kiss no more!  
Away so short a time as this,  
And hast so soon forgot to kiss!  
Why are my joys less ardent than they were?  
Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,  
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,  
Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!  
Those lips are cold, and do not move,  
Alas! unkind, unkind!  
Hast thou left all thy love,  
Thy former love, behind?

*Faust.* Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:  
With twice its former heat my love shall glow.  
Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

*Marg.* And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?

*Faust.* I am; come with me.

*Marg.* Thou shalt burst my chain,  
And lay me in thy folding arms again.  
How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?  
Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight?

*Faust.* Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.

*Marg.* This hand was guilty of a mother's death!  
I drown'd my child! And thou canst tell  
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.  
I scarce believe, though so it seem—  
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—

- That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot!  
 Wipe it away, the purple clot!  
 What hast thou done? Put up thy sword:  
 It was thy Margaret's voice implored.'
- Faust.* Day! Margaret, day! your hour will soon be past.
- Marg.* True, 'tis the day; the last—the last!  
 My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.  
 Tell it to none thou hast been here.  
 We shall see one another, and soon shall see—  
 But not at the dance will our meeting be.  
 We two shall meet  
 In the crowded street:  
 The citizens throng—the press is hot,  
 They talk together—I hear them not:  
 The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—  
 My arms they pinion till they ache!  
 They force me down upon the chair!  
 The neck of each spectator there  
 Thrills, as though itself would feel  
 The headsman's stroke—the sweeping steel!  
 And all are as dumb, with speechless pain,  
 As if they never would speak again!
- Faust.* Oh, had I never lived!
- Meph.* (*appears in the door-way.*)  
 Off! or your life will be but short:  
 My coursers paw the ground, and snort!  
 The sun will rise, and off they bound.
- Marg.* Who is it rises from the ground?  
 'Tis he!—the evil one of hell!  
 What would he where the holy dwell?  
 'Tis me he seeks!
- Faust.* To bid thee live.
- Marg.* Justice of Heaven! to thee my soul I give!
- Meph.* (*to Faust.*) Come! come! or tarry else with her to die.
- Marg.* Heaven, I am thine! to thy embrace I fly!  
 Hover around, ye angel bands,  
 Save me! defy him where he stands.  
 Henry, I shudder! 'tis for thee.
- Meph.* She is condemn'd!
- Voices from above.* • *La pardon'd!*
- Meph.* (*to Faust.*) Hence, and flee! [*Vanishes with Faust.*]
- Marg.* (*from within.*) Henry! Henry!

The drama thus ends. This translation cannot fail to give the author a very considerable reputation, as well for the spirit with which he has transfused the beauties of the original into English as for the skill with which he has made the verse correspond with that of the original. We cannot but regret that he has not translated the whole; and we feel this the more, because we are sure that he could have done it with equal credit to himself and advantage to the public.



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## MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HON. EARL GREY.

THE national characteristics of steadiness and perseverance for which England has been distinguished, and to which she has been indebted for some of the best and most honorable results, is nowhere displayed more eminently than in the conduct of men of a high rank in politics. However various and however violent may be the differences of opinion with respect to the principles upon which their political conduct is established, no man withholds from them that respect which their firmness and integrity demand, and which often gives to an erroneous and inefficient policy a certain lustre, which gilds its very ruin, and saves it from the contempt it would else fairly merit.

CHARLES BARON GREY DE HOWICK, in the county of Northumberland, is one of those public persons of whom, as Englishmen, we cannot fail to be proud, although we may always feel it necessary to dissent from his political opinions. He is descended, though not directly, of an ancient family, and that branch of it to which he belongs has been settled in the county of Northumberland for many years past. The nobility of the family is, however, of recent date, the first peer being the father of the present earl, who was created by a patent of the late king, dated the 21st of June, 1801. The first Earl Grey was a very meritorious and skilful officer, who had been actively employed in the service of his country from the age of nineteen. During the American war, to the principle of which he is said to have been opposed, he was among the few officers who supported the honour of the British arms, and whom even the discouraging effects of an unworthy cause could not bring to betray their own reputation and the military fame of the country by indolence and cowardice, the shame of which can never be wiped away.

In the year 1793 he commanded the expedition against the West India settlements in the possession of the French, the result of which was only partially successful, owing to the insurrection which broke out among the slaves, and was directed against the English interests. The failure, however, was by no means to be attributed to the commander; and upon his return to England he received promotion and reward, and ultimately was created a peer.

The present Earl Grey is the eldest son of the nobleman we have just mentioned. He was born in the year 1764, and educated in Scotland: he gave proofs, at a very early age, of the possession of talents which might fit him for the most important offices in the state when experience should have matured them. At the early age of nineteen he was returned a member for the county of Northumberland:

several years, however, elapsed before Mr. Grey distinguished himself in his senatorial capacity; and the debate on the negotiation relative to the Falkland Islands, in 1790, seems to have been the first occasion upon which he displayed the powers of his eloquence. Soon after this he openly took part against the administration, and did not scruple to denounce Mr. Pitt's politics as injurious to the nation, while he manifested a contempt and even a personal hostility towards that minister. A speech made by him in 1792, respecting the misunderstanding with Russia, excited considerable attention from the boldness of the tone with which he canvassed the conduct of the administration, and in which he went the somewhat ridiculous length of asserting that they were open to an impeachment. The following extract from one of his speeches on this subject will show that he could not, or would not, bridle the hostility we have mentioned, and that his temper led him into the use of language which nothing but the privileges of parliament would enable us to distinguish from mere bullying, and which was in the main as untrue as it was useless:

'The right honorable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) had indeed been considerably affected by the extravagant praise bestowed upon him on former occasions; and as the character of the late Earl of Chatham stood high, the present minister deemed it necessary to assume a dictatorial air, that he might pass for a person who could give the law to the different powers of Europe. In consequence of the *incense* so lavishly bestowed upon him, he had been prancing through every court on the Continent, and, after much gasconade and bluster, met in each nothing but discomfiture and disgrace. The success of the right honorable gentleman in the affairs of Holland had elated him in such a manner, that it came into his head that he could parcel out kingdoms and conduct negotiations with the same ease as he laid on taxes or supplied the want of arguments by the division of majorities in that house. His friends, and those who pretended to be his friends, flattered him into that belief. We heard no more of the olive branch, the language of which is usually followed by firmness, and, in the end, with substantial profits and well-earned applause. On the contrary, his partisans longed for a war in which he might distinguish his talents in conducting the vessel of the commonwealth through all the thunder of cannon with the same ease that he conducted it in the gentle tide of peace; nay, he seemed to wish for it himself: his imagination was heated like that of Don Quixote, when kindled into all the ardour of chivalry by reading books of romance—the laurels of his father faded in his eyes—he out-heroded Herod.'

The French Revolution had now made a certain progress, and the diffusion of the principles upon which it was carried on caused the government of this country to feel considerable danger, and to look anxiously to the preventing the mischief which might ensue. The parliament was suddenly assembled in December, 1792, and the speech from the throne exposed all the evils which were then thought to be imminent. The opposition, of which Mr. Grey was now a prominent member, seized this as a pretext for censuring the minister; and Mr. Fox, then the leader of the party, denied that any of the assertions in the speech were true.

The question of Parliamentary Reform was agitated more strenuously than before ; and it was urged that acceding to the wishes of the people in this respect would be sufficient to restore the nation to tranquillity and content. From this period up to 1806 Mr. Grey was among the most celebrated of the parliamentary orators, and was looked upon by the opposition as one of the warmest and most serviceable supporters of their party ; his years, his vigour, and his talents, all combining to promise a much longer duration of his aid than could be expected from Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and many others.

In 1806 the death of Mr. Pitt did that for his opponents which their own exertions never could have done ; it dissolved the ministry, and brought them into power. Among the appointments which then took place was that of Mr. Grey (then Lord Howick) to be First Lord of the Admiralty ; and afterwards, on the death of Mr. Fox, which soon followed that of his political rival, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The two chief topics towards which all Lord Grey's endeavours had been directed, with that pertinacity which we like in a bad cause, and which in a good one is the most valuable quality that a statesman can boast, were a Reform in Parliamentary Representation and the Emancipation of the Catholics. The first of these is an Utopian dream, which it would be a waste of time here to discuss : the second was (as it ought to be, and as it always must be) vain in itself, and full of disappointment to its advocates. The new ministry convinced the people of England that although, individually, its members possessed respectable talents, and were men of personal worth, they were not statesmen, and, least of all, were they capable of managing a government, the best principles of which they did not understand. The urgent interests of the nation required that the administration should be in other hands, and the Whig party were dismissed, and other persons employed, who, if their parts were less brilliant, proved they understood better the spirit and interests of the constitution, and who were eminently useful.

In 1807 Lord Grey succeeded, by the death of his father, to the estates and title of his family, and, of course, took his seat in the House of Peers. Here the scene of his labours being necessarily limited, he has been less before the public ; but still he suffers no occasion to pass without exercising that vigilance which he thinks necessary, and expressing his opinions upon the affairs of the government. Upon the occasion of the Queen's trial, the manliness and impartiality of his conduct, and the eloquence of his speeches, contributed mainly to the turn which that unfortunate business had taken, and established more firmly than ever his lordship's reputation. He may be called the head of the Whig party, and is as well its principal ornament as its strongest support.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE BONCHAMPS.

The delightful Memoirs of the Countess de la Roche Jacqueline have already familiarized us with the most interesting details of the war in La Vendée. They are not only strictly true, but they present in so charming a manner the narration of that ill-fated contest, where



piety, loyalty, and courage, fell before the powers of vice and blood, that little remains to be said upon the subject. The small volume now before us has, however, peculiar claims to our attention. It is more of a personal narrative than an account of the war; and the circumstances which it relates, although they are of no importance in a political point of view, possess a powerful claim upon our sympathy and compassion.

The Marchioness de Bonchamps is the widow of one of the most celebrated of the Vendéan chiefs. He was a young nobleman who had been employed in the military service from his boyhood; but at the commencement of the Revolution he had been for some few years living in retirement upon his patrimonial estate of La Baronnière, near St. Florent le Vieil. His wife, the authoress of the present Memoirs, had borne him two children, and he hoped that the care of educating them would not have been interrupted by the tumult of the civil disorders which had broken out. As it was sufficient cause of suspicion in those days to be honorable or rich, the Marquis was soon accused, and, appearing before the Conventional Tribunal at Anjou, he was acquitted. He foresaw that his life, as well as that of every other honest man in the country, was in the greatest peril; but, not knowing how to direct the flame which he saw about to burst forth, he remained inactive in his own domains.

At length the murder of the king, and the arbitrary orders of the convention for a levy of 300,000 men, roused the popular feeling in La Vendée. Some of the inhabitants fell upon the republican party, and, having obtained a partial success at first, they solicited M. de Bonchamps to take the command of them. It is not our intention, nor indeed is it that of the author, to trace the progress of this disastrous war: it may be enough to say that, of all the chiefs who took a part in it, none seemed to have been better qualified by courage, coolness, and experience, to ensure its success, than M. de Bonchamps; and to none can be more truly ascribed the greater part of the advantages which were gained.

During the whole progress of the war, while her husband lived, Mad. de Bonchamps remained in the neighbourhood of the army with her children. Her obedience to his requests, and her affectionate attachment to him, are told in the most unaffected and delightful manner. The following extract is one, among many, of the events in which she is displayed in this light. Her husband had been badly wounded by a prisoner, whose life he had spared:

‘I found M. de Bonchamps suffering very much, not only from the wound which he had just received, but from an old one which had opened afresh. He entreated me to rejoin my children; but, having seen he was very ill attended, because his servants, and all who surrounded him, occasionally left him to repulse any blues who passed by, I went, not without danger, to fetch my children, and I soon returned to him with them. I slept in his room, the better to attend him. Whilst we were in this sad situation, the other chiefs sent to him the Prince de Talmont, to consult with him on military operations. The prince, whom we did not know, and who had never seen M. de Bonchamps, thought, from his reputation, that he was at least fifty years old. He

found me in the ante-room, where I was staying to prevent persons going into my husband's chamber whilst his wounds were dressed. M. de Talmont, seeing that I gave orders in the house, approached me, saying, "Young lady, oblige me by informing your father of my arrival."

'The day after this visit we also received one from MM. de Lescure and Henri de la Rochejaquelein, with whom my husband had always been intimately united.\*

'These gentlemen came to entreat my husband to make an effort to repair to his army, because the peasants, having him no longer to lead them, lost every day a portion of their zeal and ardour. M. de Bonchamps determined to depart immediately, in spite of my solicitude; and, whilst his servants were hastily engaged in preparing for his departure, I myself loaded his pistols, a thing which he had taken pleasure in teaching me to do, saying "that the wife of a general ought to make herself capable of rendering such a service to her husband in time of need." I obeyed him in this particular as in every other; but to load his arms was to me a most painful duty. I could hardly refrain my tears in considering that he would only use them in the exposure of his life to the greatest danger. I have followed him to many battles without experiencing so painful a sentiment. I felt his dangers less when I shared them; for inaction renders fear insupportable.'

At the battle of Chollet the Marquis was mortally wounded, and lived but a few days after the engagement. He died, however, as he had lived, like a Christian soldier, and employed his last moments in procuring from his officers and soldiers a promise that the lives of five thousand prisoners then confined in the church at St. Florent should be spared. In this example of mercy the Marchioness also was not slow to follow her deceased husband when an opportunity offered:

'I followed the army to the end of the war. At the taking of Fougères, the generals having suffered themselves to be carried away by their ardour in the pursuit of the blues, the officer charged with the guard of the prisoners, having to complain of the cruelty of some of them, wished to retaliate, and in a moment of rage ordered these unhappy republicans to be shot. Being immediately informed of it, I ran to the place where the execution was ordered; it seemed to me that the name which I bore gave me the right and the power to prevent this barbarity; I recalled to their minds the last words of M. de Bonchamps on his death-bed;—I threatened the officer himself with death at the hands of the Vendéans who followed me, if he committed an

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\* 'This was the young Henride la Rochejaquelein, who, when the Vendéans chose him for one of their chiefs, addressed to them this energetic harangue: "My friends, if I advance, follow me;—if I turn back, kill me;—if I fall, avenge me." This extraordinary young man, who was killed as well as his worthy brother Louis, is interred in the cemetery of Saint Aubin. "Chance (says M. Genaude) has placed their epitaphs upon their tombs;—the plant which is called the *Flower of Achilles* there grows in profusion." This always appeared to me more touching than the tradition of the laurel which springs from the tomb of Virgil.'—[Note by Madame de Genlis.]

action so cowardly, so cruel, and so contrary to the laws of war. The prisoners, hearing I was the widow of that hero whom the whole army deplored, surrounding me, threw themselves at my feet; I obtained for them what I asked. I thanked my God for this success, which was the first consolation I had received.'

The following apology for the actions which may seem unbecoming to the female character, however unnecessary, will be read with great interest:.

'In relating actions which so rarely occur in the life of a woman, I do not pretend to make myself pass for a heroine. My obedience to M. de Bonchamps had been boundless; and, during the time that the war lasted, all that I did was inspired by the desire to render homage to his memory. To uphold his cause and worthily bear his name were motives so powerful over my soul that they naturally elevated me above myself. I followed without any effort the impulse of a sentiment, which not only governed me, but always carried me away.'

After her husband's death the cause of the loyal Vendéans drooped, and was shortly extinguished. Madame de Bonchamps was then compelled to seek in flight and disguise the safety of her children and herself. The sufferings which she now encountered are heartrending and intense to the last degree. To add to the danger and suffering of her situation, she, with her children, a boy and a girl, were attacked by the small-pox:

'We were not yet recovered from this frightful malady when some neighbours came to tell the farmer with whom we lodged, that, if he had Vendéans concealed with him, he ought to send them away without delay, to avoid the destruction of his house by a detachment of blues who were approaching. The farmer led us, in this extremity, to a barn open to every blast, and there laid us under the straw. We remained there all night. An excessive cold, joined to all that Herménée had suffered at the passage of the Loire, completely threw back the eruption of the small-pox, and the next day this dear child expired on my bosom. I know not what would have become of me in this horrible situation without religion, which is all-sufficient and all-supporting. I saw this beloved child in heaven, and I only wept for myself. I wrapped him in a large white handkerchief, and I held him dead in my arms for forty-eight hours, unwilling to part with the body till I could deposit it in consecrated ground. At length I found the means of having him secretly buried in the church-yard of Saint Herbolon. This cruel event having led to the discovery that we were sheltered in this barn, we were obliged to leave it. A good man of the village, named Drouneau, came to take us away, and he conducted us (my daughter and myself) to the house of one of his relations at Hardouillière, about half a league from Saint Herbolon. We were yet covered with small-pox. I agreed to part from my faithful servant; but I had the consolation of thinking, that, being no longer with us, she had ceased to incur any individual danger.

'The republicans having come from Nantes, to make a search about our new refuge, we were compelled without delay to leave the house; and we were placed in the hollow of a tree, about twelve feet high.

We climbed to this hiding-place by means of a ladder, and we remained in it three days and three nights, having the small-pox ; I had, moreover, a gathering in the knee, and one in the leg. I suffered greatly from these two sores, yet I believe they contributed to save my life, as they freely carried off all the humours of my disease.

‘ The good peasant placed near us, in the hollow of the tree, a small pitcher of water and a morsel of bread. After the moment of joy which I derived from the possibility of saving myself with my child, even in the hollow of a tree, who can express all that I suffered in that sad situation? But it was an asylum, and in that terrible hour it was every thing. Never did any one with more satisfaction and pleasure take possession of a convenient and suitable apartment. But, afterwards, what dark reflections came crowding upon my mind ! At the end of an hour I found myself so fatigued, by the constrained attitude in which I was obliged to remain in this narrow prison, and which I could not change, that I thought it would be impossible for me to close my eyes. My daughter suffered less than myself, because I held her on my knees, and she could turn about, which she never did without rubbing my diseased knee : in these moments she always gave me extreme pain ; but I abstained from complaint. I spent, indeed, a horrible night, and my inquietude, as well as my bodily sufferings, did not allow me a moment of repose. My daughter slept a little ; but during her sleep she constantly groaned, and her wailings wrung my heart. When she awoke, it was to ask for drink. I was myself devoured by a burning thirst, which I dared not satisfy, in the fear of exhausting our little store of water. At length, at break of day, our charitable peasant came to bring us some brown bread and some apples. This visit alone was a consolation for me ; it proved to me that we were not entirely abandoned, and that we had yet a support and a protector. I had no appetite, but I eagerly ate some of the apples, because they quenched my thirst a little ; but I soon perceived that this bad nourishment aggravated my disease. My daughter experienced the same effect ;—our fever redoubled. In spite of the cold of the season we were both burning ; we were not only without a physician, without any relief from skill, without servants, but without a bed, without a room, without having even the possibility of stretching ourselves ; a prey to the sufferings of a dangerous malady, and exposed to the inclemency of the air ; for if the weather had not been frosty, and it had become stormy, the rain and hail would have fallen in our tree. In this dreadful state, it appeared impossible not to sink speedily under such a combination of evils. This idea caused in me the most extraordinary feeling that could ever distract the mind of a mother : I wished to survive my daughter, had it been only for an hour. I could not bear the thought of what would become of her—of what she would feel, when I should no longer answer her, when she would no longer receive my caresses, when I should no longer support her in my arms, when she should see me motionless, lifeless, cold, insensible to her tears and her cries. These thoughts rent my soul ; they would assuredly have cost me my life but for religion, which lifted me above myself. I prayed with confidence, fervour, and resignation ; and after every prayer, poured out from the bottom of my

heart, I felt myself strengthened and reanimated ; my pulses beat with less violence ; my fever lessened ; my heavy eyes closed ; and I sometimes slept two or three hours in succession, with the sweetest and calmest sleep ; my daughter also recovered her strength, and I ceased to fear for her life. On the morning of the third day they brought us some milk, which I saved for my child, and which did her great good. At length our place of refuge was discovered, or at least suspected. A peasant, passing in the dusk of the evening near our tree, heard me cough several times : he guessed that somebody was hidden in the tree. On his arrival in the village, he mentioned this circumstance. An old soldier of the army of M. de Bonchamps heard his account ; he was living with his aged father. Having served in the army of the royalists, he often hid himself when the republicans passed through the village. Knowing I was a fugitive, he soon discovered the truth ; but he abstained speaking of it to the other villagers. He pretended to retire to rest, but, instead of lying down, he came immediately to the place where I was, of which he had informed himself. All at once, towards the end of the night, I heard myself called by my name ;—the unsuitable hour, and the rough voice of a man which I did not recognise, terrified me very much : I did not answer. The soldier was not discouraged ; he pronounced his name, but that did not give me confidence, for I did not remember it. Nevertheless he persisted, adding, in a low voice, *Trust yourself to a soldier of the army of Bonchamps.* This name, so dear, produced upon me the effect which he expected. My tears flowed, whilst I thanked God for sending me a deliverer. He climbed to the top of the tree, assisted me to get up to him, and prevailed upon me to place myself upon his shoulders. Although the load was heavy, he descended with much dexterity and good fortune ; but as he was reaching the ground, his foot slipped, and we all fell into the hedge. My fear for my child was extreme ; but I was soon comforted, for this poor little girl, who suffered no injury from the fall, began to laugh at it. This laughter, so astonishing in our circumstances, this sound so strange to my ear, at once caused me surprise, joy, and the most tender emotion. The soldier conducted us to his father's house hard by. This good old man and his family received us with an affecting cordiality. They lighted a large fire, which produced such an effect upon me, that, having warmed myself for a moment, I fainted. These good people, in their terror, thought at first I was dead. My poor child uttered piercing cries. At length, by their kind attentions, I recovered my senses. They put me with my little girl to bed, and although we had only a bad mattress I found it delightful. The possibility of stretching myself caused me the most agreeable sensation : I never passed a better night. Our sleep was long and peaceful, and the next morning we were really convalescent. But the terrifying news of the approach of the blues forced us, the following night, to hide ourselves with the soldier in a large stack of hay : I again slept very well, and only awoke in broad daylight, but with a violent headache. However, the soldier, who feared for himself as well as for us, told me that the direction which the blues had taken made it necessary for us to go to la Hardouillière. I consented ; because I was certain to



receive protection from the family of the peasant, who had provided me with food in my tree. We set off, under the guidance of the soldier, who told us to follow him at a distance, a precaution which he thought necessary for his own safety. I was, however, in want of his arm; for although the air had relieved my head-ache, I had such a weakness in my limbs that I could scarcely walk. But there is nothing that necessity will not render possible; and I performed this journey without accident, though slowly. The good people at la Hardouillière received me with the more joy, as they had been very uneasy on my account, not having found me in my tree. They told me they would give me refuge as long as I pleased. I rested myself there for some days, and surely never did the magnificence of a palace cause so much pleasure as the satisfaction I experienced in that cottage, having the power to sit on a wooden stool before a rude table, with the liberty of going about the house, and enjoying the comfort of a lamp in the evening, and spending the night on a straw bed.'

There she left her daughter, and, fearing to bring danger upon her protectors, resolved to seek elsewhere her own safety. At length she was arrested, and sentenced to death by a military tribunal at Bouffai. She was saved in a manner almost miraculous. The mode of her protection, and the happy termination of her miseries, are thus told:

'M. Haudaudine, a merchant of Nantes, whom I have already mentioned, who was one of the prisoners saved by my husband at Saint-Florent, and who preserved the most lively gratitude for this kindness, employed all the means in his power to obtain what was called *my pardon*. To accomplish this end, he conceived the plan of procuring the signatures of a great number of the prisoners of Saint Florent to a petition addressed to the Convention, in which it was said that it was especially to my solicitations that the prisoners of Saint-Florent owed their lives.

'M. Haudaudine knew perfectly that I had no share in this action, since I was not even with my husband when he died—but he thought he might allow himself this deviation from truth to save me. In order to procure a greater number of signatures, this generous man went to several sea-ports, where he knew he should find some companions in misfortune who would not hesitate to sign the petition. All these benevolent steps were crowned with success; my pardon was granted, and I find a pleasure in rendering justice to the truth, that I owed my life to the gratitude of a republican.

'Madame de Lescure, now Madame de la Rochejaquelein, has given an incorrect account of these facts in her memoirs, and when I had the honour of seeing her after their publication I expressed my surprise. A short time previous to my obtaining my pardon, and during the reprieve, the country-people in whose care I had left my daughter sent her back to me on the report that my pardon was granted. I obtained permission to have her with me. What were my feelings when this dear child, kneeling by my side, her little hands clasped together, repeated aloud her prayers, to which she always added something of her own invention, to implore of God my health and my liberty? Her melancholy, but collected air, offered a singular and affecting con-



trast to her infantine features, and to the giddiness so natural to her years. Although I had only my prayer-book, I was constantly engaged in the education of my daughter, and I gave her instruction suited to her capacity. Her rapid progress surprised me; she listened with an attention of which she would not have been capable in the handsomest study. The place where we were disposed us to reflection; it did not permit any frivolous distraction, and rendered more striking the simple lessons of morality and religion.

‘ My daughter had an astonishing voice for her age—it had a strength and sweetness which went to the heart. She often sung to me snatches of hymns; my tears flowed whilst I listened to her; I thought I heard the consoling accents of an angel.

‘ They at length came to announce to me that I had obtained my pardon. With what delight did I then kiss my child! what a pure joy I felt in gazing on her! The certainty of my life being saved restored us to each other; I felt that I was a mother again. I tasted once more all the charm of that delight which I had experienced at her birth.

‘ The tribunal of Nantes did not, however, send me my letters of pardon; and the second day means were found to forward me a note without signature, in which I was strongly recommended to urge the delivery of these letters, in order to prevent a fatal revocation. This note alarmed me much, and the more so, as, having no servants, I did not know how to send my request to the tribunal of Nantes. I confided in the gaoler, who was the best man in the world; he considered a moment, and then proposed to send my little girl to the tribunal, offering a servant to conduct her. “The tribunal,” said he, “will be yet assembled for two or three hours—we must send her directly.” Having no other means I accepted this proposal. We tutored my daughter, who was rather afraid of *the tribunal*, though she did not well understand what it was; but she did not hesitate to take upon her the message. I made her repeat a dozen times the phrase she was to use; she left me plunged in a vague but overwhelming anxiety. She arrived at the tribunal, where she entered with much gravity, and, approaching the judges, she said aloud, and very distinctly, “Citizens, I come to beg the letters of pardon for mamma.” After these words, the servant-girl mentioned my name. The judges thought my daughter very pretty, and one of them, speaking to her, said he knew that she charmed all the prisoners by her voice, and that he would give her the letters of pardon on condition that she should sing her prettiest song. My child had a wish to please her judges, and she thought that on this occasion the loudest strain would be the best, and that the assembly would be ravished by the fine song that she had so often heard enthusiastically repeated by sixty thousand voices, bursting forth on every side. She sung with all her strength the following chorus:

“Vive, vive le roi,  
A bas la république.”

‘ If she had been a few years older, we should have been the next day both led to the scaffold: heroism would have irritated this sanguinary tribunal—ignorance and ingenuousness disarmed it. They smiled—they made some *particular* reflections on the detestable edu-

cation which the unhappy children of the *fanatical royalists* received, but they nevertheless granted the letters of pardon, which my little girl bore off in triumph.

‘ I left my prison, and having remained two or three months at Nantes, I obtained a passport to go to Paris, where I finished some business. I afterwards returned to la Baronnière, that estate of my husband of which I have already spoken. I was obliged to sell this property in order to fulfil some engagements entered into by him, that he might contribute to the expenses of the war. Scarcely enough remained for me to live upon ; but I easily consoled myself in thinking of the honorable causes of our ruin.

‘ After having experienced so many misfortunes—after having supported so many sufferings of want, of sickness, of a wandering life, of flight, and of imprisonment, simple necessities and tranquillity had become a positive happiness.

‘ I had no fears for my daughter. Her happy disposition, her understanding, and her affection for me, presented to me a future upon which I could look with hope and even with joy. Heaven has granted all my dearest wishes. I have beheld the triumph of that cause which my husband upheld with so much glory, and for which, after having so often shed his blood, he yielded his life. Oh ! how frequently has the remembrance of him made me proud, and yet oppressed me, when I have seen that ancient and beloved throne again established. At that memorable epoch I did not shed a tear of joy without thinking of him whom these great events would have rendered perfectly happy, if God had permitted him to live to have become a witness of them.

‘ In fine, the marriage of my daughter, and the benefits of our august monarch, leave me nothing more to desire on earth. I have an ineffaceable and mournful remembrance that I shall carry to my grave—but I still bless that Providence which has deigned to grant me all the happiness which can indemnify and console a mother.’

The work is edited by Mad. de Genlis, who has added some notes, full of that ultra loyalty for which she has made herself so famous, and which are but slight improvements to the volume in any respect, while they add nothing to the simplicity which is its greatest charm.

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SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF CORREGGIO AND PARMEGIANO.

WE have seen few works lately which possess greater interest to persons of taste in general, and particularly to such of them as are devoted to the fine arts, than the *Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano*. So many absurd stories have been commonly credited in England, and have even found their way into books bearing some character of authority, that a clear and true account of these painters, and particularly of Correggio, had become absolutely necessary. Such an account is furnished by the book now before us ; and, although it has no merit beyond that of being industriously compiled from preceding biographies of the painters, and particularly from those of Pungileoni and Il Padre Affò, still its utility, and the fairness with which it has been performed, give it a powerful claim to attention.

The author, rejecting at once all the fables which have been invented respecting Correggio’s family, confesses the doubts or difficul-

ties which environ this history wherever they exist, and gives reasonable authority for all the facts and suggestions which he asserts or puts forward. Upon a subject so interesting, we shall not need our readers' pardon for the copiousness of our extracts :

' Antonio de' Allegri, usually called Correggio, was born in 1493, or 1494. The family from which he was descended had been long settled at Correggio, and bore the appellation of Allegri; for we find one of that name recorded in 1329, as doing homage to the priuces of that city. A descendant of this man, *Giacomo*, was father to Antonio, the first of whom any distinct information can be procured, and who was living at Correggio towards the beginning of the fifteenth century. His grandson, Antonio, had by his wife, *Francesca Toano*, four sons, of whom two survived. *Lorenzo*, the younger, was a painter by profession; and the elder, *Pellegrino*, espoused *Bernardina Piazzoli*, or *Aromani*, by whom he had three daughters, two of whom died young, and an only son, Antonio, the celebrated painter, and the subject of this narrative. Antonio bore various appellations; Allegri, his family name, de Allegris, and *Lætus*, the synonyms in Latin, and the Italian derivative *Lieto*; but these, according to the custom of the time, are lost in the appellative Correggio, taken from the place of his birth.

' The city of Correggio had long flourished, as the capital of an independent principality, and its sovereigns are justly commemorated as the patrons of literature and the arts. At the close of the fifteenth century, the government was jointly exercised by *Mansredo*, *Nicolo*, and *Gilberto*, members of the same illustrious family, the last of whom was the husband of *Veronica Gambara*, so renowned for her protection and cultivation of letters. In a city where literature and the arts were thus favoured, and their professors encouraged and patronised, the means of liberal education were not deficient; and hence we find that Antonio was carefully instructed, under the auspices of his father, *Pellegrino*, a tradesman of moderate property, and, as such, entitled to the appellation of maestro or master, then a respectable distinction. Antonio acquired the rudiments of knowledge under *Giovanni Berni*, a native of *Placentia*, and was afterwards instructed by *Battista Marastoni*, a *Modenese*, in rhetoric, and the other branches of polite literature.'

' The researches of the biographer with respect to the masters by whom Correggio was first taught seem to be in vain. He was, however, employed at an early age in works of some importance :

' The sum of one hundred ducats having been bequeathed to the *Franciscan Convent of Minor Friars* at Correggio, for the erection of an altar-piece in their church, they selected Antonio Allegri for the work; and with the consent of his father, *Pellegrino*, he entered into an agreement for the purpose, on the 30th of August, 1514. The price stipulated was one hundred ducats, of which fifty were paid in advance, exclusive of the wood, which was provided by the community, at the expense of twenty-two ducats more. Ten ducats were also assigned for leaf-gold; besides the charge for erecting the scaffolding and other preparations. This sum, as his recent biographers justly argue, indicates no ordinary degree of reputation, and completely refutes the idle assertions of *Vasari*, and his superficial copyists, that Correggio was ill paid for his works; since such a recompense, according to the comparative value of money, would be deemed a liberal reward, for so young an artist, even at the present day.

' This altar-piece represented the Virgin, supporting the infant Saviour.

in her lap, with St. Joseph on one side, and on the other St. Francis, kneeling. The height was two braccia, and the breadth one two-thirds, or nearly five feet by four. The painting remained in its place until August, 1638, when it was stolen, and an inferior performance substituted, as was supposed, by a Spanish painter, who, by the permission of the governor, Annibale Molza, was suffered to take a copy.

'The loss of so valuable a piece was regarded as a public calamity, and almost occasioned a commotion; for after the convocation of a general council, above two hundred persons of all ranks assembled in the antechamber of the governor's palace, to complain of the robbery, and demand justice on the offenders. A deputation of nobles was also sent to the Duke of Modena and to the Bishop of Reggio, for permission to prosecute the Friars, who had connived at the theft. Memorials were presented to the Pope, to the sacred college, and to the general and provincial of the order; but all these efforts were ineffectual, and no traces of the original have been since discovered.'

Correggio's talents soon raised his reputation, and he was fully and profitably employed in the city of Parma by the various religious communities. It was at this period, about the year 1522, that he produced his celebrated picture of the Nativity, or, as it is now called, *La Notte*. The description of this picture is extremely well written, and very true:

'This picture is doubtless the most singular, if not the most beautiful work of this great master. Adopting an idea hitherto unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six has expanded a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The time he has chosen is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation, proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a group of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorizing the expression of Scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world. Nor is the art with which the figures are represented less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skillfully hidden by its oblique position, from the conviction, that the features of a new-born infant are ill adapted to please the eye; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skilful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece is heightened to the imagination by the attitude of a shepherdess bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate Divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shows the figures in the back ground, contributes to augment the splendour of the principal glory. "The beauty, grace, and finish of the piece," says Mengs, "are admirable, and every part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style."

About the same period, too, he produced the St. Jerome.

Correggio then undertook the painting of the cupola of the cathedral at Parma ; but, after having proceeded to a certain extent, he relinquished his labours in disgust at the tasteless interference of some of the churchmen, who pretended to criticise and direct his performances. He retired to Correggio, where he lived until the period of his death.

‘ The last document extant relative to his labours proves that he was not unoccupied in his profession ; for, in the beginning of 1534, he received a commission from Alberto Panciroli, father of the celebrated Guido, to paint an altar-piece. The price and subject are not known, but he received in advance twenty-five golden crowns. Before, however, he could enter on the execution of his performance, he was seized with a malignant fever, and died suddenly at Correggio, on the 5th of March, 1534, in the 41st year of his age. On the next day, he was buried in the family sepulchre, in the Franciscan convent of Minor Friars, and the following is the brief and simple record of a loss so fatal to the arts :

“ Ai di 5 di Marzo morì Maestro Antonio Allegri, depintore, e fu sepolto a 6 detto, in Francesco, sotto il portico.”

‘ In the sexton’s book we also find an entry relative to the fees paid for his funeral, and the services afterwards performed for the repose of his soul. The fulfilment of the engagement with Alberto Panciroli being thus prevented by his death, his father, on the 15th of the following June, repaid to Paulo Burani, the agent of Alberto, the twenty-five crowns which he had received in advance ; and the acquittance, which is still extant, alludes to the fact of his sudden and untimely decease.’

One of the most important and interesting parts of the work is that in which the author investigates the truth of the common opinion respecting the painter’s poverty and the manner of his death ; and we are happy to be able to add that we think he refutes satisfactorily the painful stories which have been told on these points :

‘ The question has been long agitated whether Correggio ever visited Rome, and profited by the study of the antique, and the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. On this point the only historical evidence which has been adduced is a tradition recorded by Father Resta, and said to have been derived through three generations, from the information of his wife. As an authority so slight and doubtful could not be seriously advanced, his biographers and admirers have sought in his works for more valid traces of the models to which he recurred. Mengs contends that his paintings exhibit proofs of an acquaintance with the antique, and the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. In the head of the Danaë he traces a resemblance to that of the Venus de Medicis ; and, in the St. Jerome, and Mercury Teaching Cupid to Read, he recognises imitations of the Farnese Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere ; he also discovers a resemblance to one of the Children of Niobe in the young man who endeavours to escape from the soldiers, in the picture representing Christ betrayed in the garden. The countenance of the Magdalen, in the St. Jerome, he considers as an imitation of Raphael ; and, in the cupola of the



church of St. John, he perceives a similitude to the grand style of Michael Angelo, in the frescos of the Vatican. In corroboration of this opinion he adduces the sudden change which is perceived in the style of Correggio, at an early period, as a proof that he must have seen and studied compositions superior to his own. Ratti, the copyist of Mengs, coincides with him in opinion. Lanzi cautiously adopts the same sentiment; and Tiraboschi, after comparing the testimony on both sides, leaves the question thus unsettled: "We cannot decide with certainty that Correggio never visited Rome, and yet there is no argument to prove that he ever saw that capital." Pungileoni, with superior advantages of research, pronounces a contrary decision; and affirms, from the evidence of a continued series of unquestionable documents, in which his presence is mentioned at Parma, Correggio, and other parts of Lombardy, during a number of years, that, even if he did visit Rome, his stay must have been limited to a very short period. Finally, this opinion is corroborated by the assertion of Ortensio Landi, who had resided some time at Correggio; and who, in his *Sette Libri de' Cataloghi*, printed at Venice by Giolito, as early as 1552, says of our painter: "He was a noble production of nature, rather than of any master: he died young, without having been able to see Rome." Were all other evidence wanting, this testimony of a contemporary, who must have collected his information on the spot, and who published within eighteen years after the death of Correggio, would of itself be decisive.

'His occasional imitation of the antique we are not disposed to question; but this admission is far from justifying the inference that he actually visited Rome: for, in the collections of Mantegna at Mantua, he must have found numerous copies of the antique; and in those of Isabella d'Este, and the Ducal Gallery, statues, busts, and relievos, sufficient to gratify his curiosity, and improve his taste. With great deference also to the opinion of Mengs, we have been unable to trace, in the paintings of Correggio, which have fallen under our observation, such striking imitations of Michael Angelo and Raphael, as would countenance the conclusion that he must have studied and copied their works. In style and character, on the contrary, he widely differed from those two great painters; and, in the tone of colouring, as well as in the science of clear obscure, which were his great characteristics, they were comparatively inferior.

'If indeed he imitated the productions of any other pencil, we should rather seek for his models in the works of Leonardo da Vinci, from whom he may have caught the first principle of clear obscure, and whom he rivals in the graces of his children, and the ineffable smile of the female countenance. We find also a similitude in the fulness, richness, and transparency of his colouring, to that of Giorgione, the imitator of Leonardo, from whom the Venetian school derived its characteristic excellence. We can scarcely doubt, likewise, that he studied in the works of Titian, then in the height of his fame, those tints which approach the animation of real life, and that magic of colouring, which fascinates and almost deceives the sight. These three painters had all attained the perfection of their art at a period anterior to the striking change which marks the best style of



Correggio, and their performances he might have found in many parts of Lombardy. To their several excellencies he united his own superior knowledge of anatomy, and unrivalled command of the clear obscure.

‘ With this view of the subject we shall lay little stress on the anecdote so often repeated, that on seeing one of the pictures of Raphael, Correggio attentively examined it for a considerable time, and then exclaimed, “I am also a painter.” This tale rests on a foundation as slight as the thrice-repeated tradition derived from his wife, and merits the censure which it has received from Tiraboschi, “as a popular and uncertain report, unworthy the notice of an exact historian.”

‘ We cannot close this sketch without a few additional remarks on a point which has occasioned great controversy—namely, the question relative to the real circumstances and situation of Correggio.

‘ Vasari has recorded a tradition, that he died in extreme poverty, and the victim of pecuniary distress. He states that, having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns, which was churlishly made to him in copper, he walked to Correggio with this load, from anxiety to relieve the wants of his family. The weather being extremely sultry, he refreshed himself with cold water, when thus heated with exercise, and was consequently seized with an inflammatory fever, which hurried him to the grave in a few days. This account of Vasari carries internal evidence of its own falsehood. It is, in the first place, related as a mere hearsay, a “*si dice* ;” and it is grounded on a principle which shows an imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances of Correggio. Vasari lays great stress on the privations which he suffered from the burden of his family, as if it was numerous ; whereas Correggio never had more than *four* children, *two* of whom did not survive him ; and the eldest, Pomponio, was only in his fourteenth year at the time of his father’s death. He likewise adds, that Correggio had reduced himself to extreme misery by continual saving ; which, if admitted, would furnish a strong argument against his pretended poverty. Lastly, the sum which he states to have been paid in copper must have considerably exceeded two hundred weight, a load which no man *could* have carried on foot the distance of several miles.

‘ This tale is therefore now justly exploded, though an impression still remains, justified in some measure by the remark of Annibal Carracci, that Correggio lived neglected, and died in indigence. In this, however, as in many other cases, opinion has gone beyond the truth. That he was not so well known and so liberally rewarded as Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, Julio Romano, or even some inferior painters, will not admit of an argument ; but that he lived in obscurity, and was meanly rewarded for all his works, is disproved by a brief review of the facts which we have related. An obscure painter would not have been so frequently employed by rich convents ; an obscure painter would not have been selected to decorate the cupolas of the church of St. John and the cathedral at Parma ; nor would an obscure painter have been commissioned, by a Duke of Mantua, to execute pictures, intended as a present for an emperor, when two such celebrated

masters as Titian and Julio Romano were at hand. We readily admit, that for some of his pieces the remuneration, as recorded, appears inadequate ; but, for his larger works, we have a scale of comparison, in the sums paid to other painters, which enables us to decide that he was as liberally rewarded as could have been expected in his situation and circumstances.'

The Life of Parmegiano is less interesting ; but in this the author has accomplished his undertaking in an agreeable and satisfactory manner :

' Girolamo Francesco Maria Mazzola was born at Parma, and from that place derived the appellations by which he is usually distinguished. By foreigners, he is termed Parmegiano, or the Parmesan ; while, among his own countrymen, he has been distinguished by the endearing diminutive Parmegianino, as expressive of the amiable qualities of his mind and person, or as indicating the grace and elegance of his pencil.

' From the baptismal register it appears that he was born on the 11th of January, 1503, and baptized on the 13th, by the names of Girolamo Francesco Maria. His father dying when he was young, he came under the care of his uncles and guardians, Michele and Pietro Ilario. He received a classical education in his native city, and was intended for one of the learned professions ; but, though not deficient in application to his studies, he paid greater attention to the easels of his uncles, and when not engaged at school, employed himself in designing. Observing the natural taste of their nephew, his uncles prudently instructed him in the art of painting. From them he learned the first principles of design, but doubtless received instructions, or at least improved himself, by studying the compositions of Francesco Marmitta, a native of Parma, and esteemed, at that period, the best painter of the place. He is also, with some probability, said to have been the scholar of Taddeo Ugoletto, who seems to have been another master of eminence at Parma. Notwithstanding, however, his attachment to painting, he does not seem to have neglected his other studies, particularly history, mythology, and natural philosophy, as sufficient proofs of his progress in these branches of knowledge appear in his works. He was esteemed by his contemporaries a youth of a bold and lively genius, yet of courteous and elegant manners. He is generally supposed to have been the scholar of Correggio, or at least to have formed his *early* style from that great master. But this opinion is contradicted by *facts* ; for, at the age of fourteen, before Correggio came to Parma, Mazzola had distinguished himself by painting the Baptism of Christ, which was much admired, and in which that grace and elegant lightness, afterwards conspicuous in his works, were visible. This picture was first placed in the church of the Annunziata at Parma ; but, towards the end of the last century, it was, according to the information of Lanzi, possessed by the Counts of San Vitale. Soon after this period, also, the war which broke out between Francis the First, and Pope Leo the Tenth in Lombardy ; and the approach of a body of Papal troops to Parma, induced his uncles to send him and his cousin, Girolamo, to Viadano, in the territory of Mantua, where, Vasari says, Francesco Mazzola painted

two celebrated pieces, a St. Francis, for the Franciscan church, and the Espousals of St. Catharine, for that of St. Peter, not resembling, he adds, the works of a beginner and a youth, but of a master and a proficient.'

He went to Rome for the purpose of completing his studies in the art :

'During his continuance at Rome, Parmegiano studied with the utmost diligence the antique, and the works of the most celebrated painters ; but particularly those of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano. Of Raphael especially, he imitated the style and manner, and as he resembled that painter in beauty of countenance and elegance of deportment, it was currently said, that the soul of Raphael had emigrated into the body of Parmegiano. He now added to his other acquisitions the study of anatomy, and proved the delicacy of his taste, by avoiding the prominent defect of Michael Angelo, who was reproached with too great a display of anatomical knowledge. In fact, he now formed the style, which was peculiarly his own, and which has been said to unite the characteristics of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio.

'During his short stay at Rome, Vasari says he painted several small pictures, most of which became the property of the Cardinal Ippolito de Medici. Of his larger works, the biographer specifies three : a round picture of the Annunciation, which he praises as singularly beautiful, and which was painted for M. Agnolo Cesis ; a picture of our Lady and Christ, with several Angels, and a St. Joseph, remarkable for the pleasing air of the heads, the beauty of the colouring, and the grace and skill with which it is finished ; and a portrait of Signor Lorenzo Cibò, captain of the papal guard, which was said to be equal to life itself. Finally he was engaged to paint a picture for Madonna Maria Buffalina da Città di Castello, which was intended to be placed in the church of St. Salvatore del Lauro. It represented the Virgin in the clouds, holding a book, with the child on her knees ; St. John kneeling on the earth, and St. Jerome asleep at a distance ; and from this figure it is styled the Vision of St. Jerome.\*

'While he was engaged in this performance, the memorable sack of Rome, in 1527, occurred, and an anecdote is recorded of him, similar to that which is related of Protogenes, the Greek painter, during the siege of Rhodes by Demetrius. In consequence of his fixed attention to this work, he neither heard the roaring of the cannon, nor perceived the tumult of the assault, till some soldiers rushed into his apartment and surprised him in the midst of his labours.

'Fortunately, the chief of the troop, who entered his room, was a man of taste, and being much struck with his compositions, checked the rapacity of his followers, and exacted from the painter only some sketches in pen and ink, with which he was highly gratified.

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\* This picture was recently purchased by the directors of the British Institution, for a sum which, if it had been judiciously disposed, would have done more for the encouragement of the art in England than all that is to be extracted from the tasteless conceit of these *pseudo* patrons—these ignorant and haughty persons—who are employed in building up "a pillar of vanity" with the unrequited labours of English painters.

‘ Another party more regardless of the arts, insisting on money, he went out to borrow a sum from a friend, when he was seized by a third troop, by whom he was imprisoned, until he had found means to satisfy their demands.

‘ A city recently sacked, and filled with foreign troops, being an insecure residence for an artist, he retired to Bologna, where he lodged in the house of a saddler, his countryman and friend, and proposed to remain for a time, with the view of etching his best compositions, the art of engraving on copper having been recently discovered.

‘ During his residence at Rome, Parmegiano is said to have invented the *Chiaroscuro*\* method of engraving on wood; and a print of his own *Diogenes*, in that style, is falsely attributed to him, for it was done by Hugo de Carpi, the inventor of that method, whose name appears at the bottom of the impression. Some also ascribe to him the invention of etching on copper, and others of *mezzotinto*; but both without foundation. He seems, however, to have been among the first who introduced etching into Italy, and to have greatly improved the art. During his residence at Bologna, he not only made many etchings of his own works, which were much admired, but employed a skilful artist, named Bernardo da Trento, to engrave others. He was at length diverted from his pursuit by the treachery of Bernardo, who decamped, after stealing his tools and designs. In consequence of this loss, he resumed the pencil, and painted many pictures for different individuals, and convents. Among these are enumerated a *St. Roque*, attacked with the plague; a *Conversion of St. Paul*, with numerous figures, a *Landscape*, and a *Madonna* of great beauty, for his host the saddler. Indeed several of his most esteemed pieces were executed in that city; and it is singular, that during so short a stay, his pencil should have been so wonderfully productive.’

The latter part of his life was marked with such distress as is the consequence of irregularities, and which too often sully the brightest genius. He engaged with the confraternity of *La Steccata* to paint the church, for which he received several advances. Not proceeding in his undertaking, he was arrested and imprisoned at the suit of the monks, but released upon a promise to fulfil his task :

‘ He did not, however, long survive his liberation from prison, for he was seized with a violent fever, which hurried him to the grave, on the 24th of August, 1540, in his thirty-seventh year, dying by a singular coincidence at the same age as his favorite prototype, the inimitable *Raphael*. His body, at his own request, was removed from *Casal Maggiore*, and interred in the church of the convent of *Fontana*, naked, with a cross of cypress laid on the breast.’

The following description of Parmegiano’s style closes the work :

‘ The style of Parmegiano is evidently grounded on that of *Correggio*, though he successfully superadded the characteristics of

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\* ‘ This mode of printing was performed first by means of two, and afterwards of three blocks of wood. In the first mode the shades and outline were impressed with one block, the tints of colour with a second, and the lights were left blank. In the second mode, one block was employed for shade and outline, a second for the middle, and a third for the bright tints; and the lights, as before, were generally left blank. *Vasari. t. iv. p. 284.*’

Raphael and Michael Angelo. He is, however, far removed from the reproach of servile imitation, and though he has so admirably blended their respective beauties, his style is exclusively his own. His chief object was delicacy and elegance, which he has evinced in the air of his female figures, the contrasts of his attitudes, and the easy flow of his drapery.

‘He is indeed reproached as a mannerist, for carrying these peculiarities to excess; and particularly in his zealous imitation of the antique, is said to have made the extremities of his female forms, too slender for the proportions of natural beauty. This defect is remarked in one of his finest figures, which is thence called the *Madonna del Collo lungo*, or long-necked Madonna. But although he may in some degree merit the censure of sacrificing such essentials to ideal elegance, he has fully proved his ability to attain sublimity and dignity. Of this, many proofs may be drawn from his works in fresco, and particularly from his celebrated figure of Moses breaking the tables of the law, which is highly impressive, for the character of the head, the majesty of the form, and the energy and dignity of the attitude. “Of this figure,” Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, “we are at a loss which to admire most, the correctness of the drawing, or the grandeur of the conception.” It furnished also to one of our most celebrated lyric poets, the no less animated description of the British bard:

“On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,  
Robed in the sable garb of Woe,  
With haggard eyes the poet stood.  
Loose his beard and hoary hair,  
Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air;  
And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.”

‘Among the excellencies of Parmegiano, we may enumerate the appropriate and harmonious tone of his colouring; and may equally commend the judicious arrangement of his subjects; for he generally abstained from crowding his field, and was thus enabled to give his figures their due proportion and full effect. Indeed almost the only composition mentioned by his biographers, as departing from this rule, is, “Christ preaching to the Multitude,” which was preserved in the Villa of Colorno, belonging to the sovereigns of Parma. Another excellence was his skill and accuracy in design, in which he has been justly compared with Raphael. So ambitious was he of perfection in this branch of art, that he is said to have made repeated draughts of his principal figures; and of the Adam in the *Steccata*, in particular, no less than three different sketches have been discovered and engraved. Hence he is said to have been slow and deliberate in his conceptions; forming his plan with great care, before he took up the pencil; and then finishing his work, with that freedom and decision, which called forth so warm and enthusiastic an eulogium from Albani.’

We must not conclude without observing that the manner in which this interesting little volume is got up forms one of the most ingenious methods of inflating books that perhaps ever was displayed. A very large type; “a rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin;” preface, pedigree, half-filled pages, contents of chapters; notes printed



in a substantive shape, not modestly at the foot of each page; and a copious index to the 270 pages—combine to make a slight essay into a very comely post octavo volume. These are the means by which the price of a book worth five shillings is inflated to half-a-guinea.

## LETTERS TO MARIANNE.

BY W. COMBE, ESQ.

THE volume which has been published under this title is interesting, because it introduces the public to some points of the character of the late Mr. Combe, who had contributed for many years to its amusement in various shapes. Notwithstanding the popularity of his writings, he could not be induced to step from the anonymous obscurity under which he had chosen to shelter himself, and it was not until his death that the greater part of those persons who had been delighted with the result of his labours knew the name of the person to whom they were indebted. This circumstance alone will cause the following extract from the preface to be read with an interest which will receive a melancholy increase by the knowledge that personal calamity, and confined means, if not actual poverty, marked his last hours:

‘The author possessed an intellectual firmness, that gave the impress of strong sense and substantial sentiment to whatever he expressed in composition or in conversation. In earlier life Fortune spread her gayest lures around him; and in his latter days pursued him to the verge of the grave with all the bitterness of her malice; as if to avenge herself of the honorable steadfastness with which he had resisted her temptations. But as her smiles could not corrupt, so neither could her frowns debase him; his well-constituted mind rose superior to both.

‘Amidst all the difficulties, under the pressure of which Mr. Combe was called upon to exert the talents with which he was gifted, in no case of depression were the vigorous impulses of his intellectual powers retarded in their progress. In every season of sorrow, and in every vicissitude of condition, his fortitude subdued the adverse influence. He grieved for others, but not for himself. He regretted the absence of means to relieve those who sought for succour at his hand, but never lamented the want with selfish reference to his personal privations.

‘At that period of advanced life when the weight of years usually bears down the elasticity of the mind, he retained all that spring of intellect which characterized the promptitude of his earlier days; and when infirmities added their load to the pressure of old age, his mental strength still appeared equal to the burden.

‘As an author, the writings of Mr. Combe evince a genius of no inferior power; and his conversation was always that of a lettered gentleman. In neither was he ever known to sink below the level of character, but in both reserved to himself the dignified integrity of the man.

‘The vices of the age were the objects of his manly scorn; and the virtues of it were those of his delighted advocacy and liberal support. The former he lashed with a scourge of satire no less judiciously applied than it was flagrantly deserved: the latter he upheld with an encouraging regard; manifested not only by his own adoption of them, but also by the most disinterested protection whenever they came within the cognizance of his personal intercourse.

‘His pen was enlivening, classical, and moral; and never raised a



blush, save on the cheek of depravity, when it reddened with the conviction of its crime.

‘ At an interview which a friend of the Editor enjoyed with Mr. Combe, eight days previous to his decease, he found him with “*The Diaboliad*” lying open before him. “B.” said he, laying his hand firmly upon the book, “every word which I have here written is true to the very letter; the persons alluded to in this poem richly deserved every thing that I have said of them: and of all the thousands of lines which I have sent to the press, not a syllable have I written that could offend the purest mind, or raise an unbecoming thought even in those persons who might have looked for it. When I began my ‘*Doctor Syntax*,’ I had the designs of the artist laid before me; and the task prescribed to me was, *to write up to them*: those designs might have been applied to a satire upon the national clergy: but if ridicule was the intention, to such a plan I resolved not to lend my pen: I respect the clergy; and I determined to turn the edge of the weapon which I thought was levelled against them.”

‘ The faithfulness and ingenuity with which he executed this resolve, will be instantly acknowledged by all who have read that work, and have compared the descriptive parts of the letter-press with the plates which were to suggest the idea. It was no easy task to accomplish at any rate; and only such an imaginative mind, as Mr. C. possessed, could have given so successful a turn to it, and have managed it with so much judgment and address.

‘ In so brief a notice as this of the character of a man whose claims on public consideration were free from all ambiguous pretext, the writer is compelled to confine himself to a few genuine traits of disposition and conduct, which can only trace the outline of the portrait. At no time did Mr. C. allow himself to indulge in the parade of factitious sentiment; and when the sure presage of approaching death convinced him, that in a few days more he would have done with this life, the decision with which he always spake, seemed *then* to gather peculiar force; and the kind-heartedness of his concern for others was as prompt as ever.

‘ It was in one of those hours in which decaying nature marks the measure of human existence, that the friend before mentioned found him evidently labouring under severe pain, but making strong efforts to restrain the expression of it: conscious, however, that he had not succeeded to the extent of his wish, he confessed the inequality of the contest: “but,” said he, “I conceal my real state from those around me, and I request you to keep my secret; if they knew what I suffered they would be afflicted; and whatever I may endure, I would not give pain to others.”

‘ Although he was then upwards of eighty, his energies did not forsake him. In his last illness his sufferings were severe, yet he was never heard to give way to complaint; not a single exclamation at any time escaped him that could indicate impatience or alarm; and the philosophy of his heart countervailed the anguish of his frame, so as to leave him at all times master of himself. To him might well be applied that fine observation of Tully—“When the wounded are carried off the field, the raw soldier uses the most mean and indecent exclamations; but the old weather-beaten veteran, made bold by his wounds, only calls for the surgeon to bind them up!”

‘ The application of this passage will not perhaps appear less apposite, by the relation of the following remark which he made to his medical

attendant on the day before that on which he died—"Sir, it is all over! you can do nothing for me, but you may smooth the passage."

'In the heaviest hours of his painful endurance, the estimable female to whom these Letters are addressed ministered to his comfort, and cheered his heart by her unwearied attentions, which never failed to restore him to complacency, if at any time a transient gloom chanced to gather round his thoughts. "She was unto him as a daughter;" and when the world seemed to have deserted him, and life was fast receding to its lowest ebb, he confessed and rejoiced in the cherishing support of her truly filial ministrations.

'At his death, his spirit fled unresisted in its departure by the slightest struggle of mortal agony; not a groan, not even a sigh, marked the moment of dissolution; and, in the expressive language of Scripture, "he fell asleep!"

There is nothing in the contents of the Letters at all remarkable, with the exception of the amiable sentiment which pervades them. It appears that Mr. Combe had conceived a warm and affectionate regard for a young lady, and his Letters are like those of a father to his child: he seeks to promote her innocent amusements, to direct her taste and opinions in a manner which shows that he felt her happiness to be a matter of dear concern to him, when all hope of enjoyment for himself was at an end. There is something very touching in the placid but saddened tone which characterizes these Letters whenever he speaks of death; and it is no less so to observe the solitary delight which the reflection of his young friend's virtues and amiable qualities shed over the twilight of his years. The following extracts from his poems are not only among the best, but they display more prominently than any others the feeling we have alluded to:

**' TO MARIANNE.**

FAR in the calm, sequester'd vale,  
Along the winding streamlet flows,  
Unruffled by the boist'rous gale,  
Alone the gentle zephyr blows.

But still, if, on its verdant side,  
Some sweet and lovely flow'r should  
grow;  
It sure would feel a native pride,  
That flower to reflect below.

Thus I, remov'd from life's gay  
throng,  
Nor wanting ought it can impart,  
Tell ev'ry hour that rolls along  
To view your image in my heart.'

**' ODE ON A DEATH BED.**

FEEBLY, feebly beats my pulse;  
I know thee, Death, 'tis thy convulse:  
Why this delay? I know thee, Death,  
Claim at once my forfeit breath.

Farewell, purple blossom'd May,  
On the sense your sweets decay;  
The sense that keener now devours  
Fragrance from celestial bowers.

Farewell, my lyre; thy loudest strain  
Would give it's melody in vain.  
Farewell; in my expanding ears  
Rings the music of the spheres.

Mary, farewell! to thee 'twas given  
To make of earth a transient heaven;  
But now, the eternal heaven I view,  
Where all are good and fair as you.'

**ITALIAN STORIES, BY MISS HOLFORD.**

MISS HOLFORD has caused us a very considerable disappointment in the publication of the volume before us. We thought, as well from its title as from the announcements which had preceded its appearance, that we were to expect translations from the tales of the elder Italian novelists. We knew well that they presented an almost inexhaustible store, and that the variety of the several styles was equal to their excellence. From what we have already seen of Miss Holford's

publications, we thought, too, that her taste and talent were just of the description to execute the task she had undertaken in a manner worthy of the subject. Our disappointment has been proportioned to the magnitude of our anticipations, when, upon the volume reaching us, we discover that the translator has selected only seven Stories, none of which possess the least novelty. All the books which have been written of late respecting Italy, from Mr. Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo di Medici*, down to the last numbers of the *Liberal*, have had something more or less of the stories of the Cenci, of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and of Ugolino. Miss Holford might have drawn from a deeper and a better source than *Bandello* for her tales: it is in the earlier novelists that are to be found those powerful and simple narrations which delight us no less by the purity and richness of their style than by the nature of their incidents. From the most profound pathos, to the lightest humour, those tales present all the varied emotions of which the human heart is susceptible, and each of them developed under the extraordinary influence of the moral and political condition in which the Italian states were placed for so many years. We have another objection to Miss Holford's work, which is, that she has written, and not translated, the tales before us. They bear no resemblance to the originals in diction; and we cannot but lament that the translator's desire to present them to English readers in an English dress has caused her to travesty them in so injudicious and so unnecessary a manner.

We have selected the Story of Catherina Canacci as one of the best as well as one of the least trite of the tales which compose the *Italian Stories*:

'There resided in Florence, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, a nobleman of the ancient family of Canacci, whose name was Giustino. This man had been happily married, and was the father of several children by his deceased wife; yet he continually regretted the felicity he had formerly enjoyed, and became so weary of his widowhood that he took the unfortunate resolution of endeavouring to renew his happiness by forming a fresh union, although he was now past sixty. The object selected for these second nuptials was in every point of view unsuitable: the gray hairs and half extinguished eyes of the venerable bridegroom seemed miserably assorted with the radiant smiling countenance, the fair bright tresses, and light-some steps of the young and beautiful Catherina. To complete the imprudence of the infatuated Canacci, his fair bride was as far his inferior in condition as she was superior in personal attractions, the author of her birth being no other than an honest dyer; and, as the children of a first marriage are seldom friendly to the introduction of a stepmother, however plausible her claims may be, so the family of Canacci found their indignation at the step their father was resolved to take aggravated to the highest pitch by this degrading misalliance.

'Catherina meanwhile was one of those light hearted mortals who care little who frown upon them. She considered the old count merely as the means by which she ascended to a pitch of wealth, splendour, and consequence, which a continuance in her own humbler class would have denied her, and as a convenient screen for those levities in which she determined to indulge without scruple or restraint.

‘ Amongst those who profited by these liberal dispositions were two young Florentine gallants, called Lorenzo Serzelli and Vincenzo Carlini ; and they, in process of time, introduced a third, of much more exalted rank and condition, the amiable and brilliant Duke Jacopo Salviati, who, for the sake of Catherina, neglected a beautiful consort of splendid race, and of a line whom it was not safe to offend or injure. Her name was Veronica Cibo, and her progenitors the Princes of Massa.

‘ The duchess had unfortunately one quality capable of eclipsing all her graces and prerogatives. Women are accused of being too fond of the distinctions of birth, and especially conscious of noble blood ; but the haughty arrogance of Veronica Salviati was beyond all example, and she looked on her fellow mortals as if all were equally unworthy to approach her. This lady, though she loved the man whose name she condescended to wear, could not, even for him, descend to the endearing and affectionate habits of domestic life ; she could not for one moment divest herself of the arrogance which swelled her bosom and exalted her head ; and she received his caresses with a sort of half disdainful acceptance, little flattering to the tenderness of a husband : in short, repulsed and chilled where his affections had the best claim on a return, Duke Salviati became gradually an indifferent spouse, a stranger at home, and a constant and welcome visitor in the mansion of Count Canacci, at least in that part of it which was dedicated to the use of the fair Catherina.

‘ Salviati flattered himself that his haughty duchess was too much enveloped in her own conscious dignity to inquire into his proceedings, or vouchsafe to trouble her thoughts with his infidelities, even were she aware of their existence. He was deceived. Jealousy is furnished with innumerable eyes and ears : once awakened, it speedily becomes paramount to every other passion, and rages most furiously in the haughtiest breast, inasmuch as mortified pride rushes to the aid of disappointed affection. Veronica meanwhile was well informed of the fascination to which her husband had surrendered up his fancy. She did not stoop to reflect how she had lost or how she might have retained the tenderness of her once ardently enamoured lord ; she thought on Salviati only as a base and unworthy traitor, rebellious to a chain which he ought to have gloried in wearing ; she looked upon herself as the most injured and insulted of ladies ; and in the depth of her heart she harboured a dark and deadly scheme of vengeance against the Circe whose seductions had troubled the tranquillity of a daughter of the Princes of Massa.

‘ Such were the meditations of the Duchess Salviati, when, happening to enter the church of San Pietro Maggiore, it so chanced that her detested rival had selected the same place and hour for her devotions. Being by no means personally strangers to each other, it is more than possible that the countenance of the fair Catherina wore or seemed to wear an air of saucy triumph ; however that might be, the indignation which had been smothering in the bosom of the injured wife now broke forth with irresistible violence. She approached the object of her wrath ; and, kneeling down beside her, whispered in her

ear : "I command thee from this hour never to admit the scandalous visits of Duke Salviati. Thy life hangs on thy obedience. Dare admit him to one interview more, and dread the vengeance of an insulted wife !" Catherina provokingly replied, that she was perfectly willing to relinquish the duke's society, provided the duchess had sufficient influence to detain him ; and that she could only advise her to exert her utmost attractions for that purpose ; adding, that should they fail, and the duke persist in his admiration of her inferior charms, she would not promise to shut her door on so amiable and noble a visitor. The tone of contempt and derision which accompanied these words fell bitterly on the heart of Veronica : she uplifted her veil, and cast one withering glance on the imprudent Catherina ; that glance conveyed a most eloquent and emphatic denunciation of vengeance, vengeance speedy and terrible.

'Meanwhile the duke visited with more perseverance than ever the object of a passion which now possessed him with uncontrollable violence. His whole soul was devoted to Catherina, his whole time consumed in the contrivance of new amusements for the light-hearted being who thus monopolized his affections, and he became equally indifferent to the feelings of his wife or to the observations of the multitude.

'The wrath of the duchess was thus led step by step to its climax, and she was only perplexed as to the means by which she might put her deadly design in execution. The silent agency of poison was her first resource ; but by some chance her attempt proved unsuccessful. Resolved not to be baffled a second time, she at once adopted another method more desperate and more decisive. She sent her confidante to Bartolomeo and Francesco, the sons of Canacci, requiring a conference with them ; she then artfully and forcibly set before them the dishonour of their father's house ; assuring them that the well-known frailties of their stepmother reflected contempt and ridicule even upon them, who, being of an age to avenge themselves, could nevertheless tamely contemplate the ignominy of their family. "If," cried she, "you are not yet made sensible that the injured honour of your name calls on you to cancel this foul stain in the blood of its author, I will no longer detain ye ; but if ye possess such sentiments as ought to inhabit the bosoms of noble youths like yourselves, if you have courage to do justice on this wretch, and avenge by one courageous act your father and yourselves, then be assured of my powerful co-operation ; and, as to the after consequences, I make myself answerable for your entire impunity. Should the deed ever be brought home to you, you will be regarded with esteem and admiration as the generous vindicators of your house."

'This proposal was at first received by both the young men with horror and dismay ; nor could Francesco be prevailed with to concur in the bloody enterprise farther than by swearing to conceal the overture he had received. Bartolomeo was persuaded finally by the arguments of the duchess to accept this horrible agency, and he set himself without delay to collect the means of accomplishing his dark task, and to contrive the introduction into his father's house of those who were destined by the duchess to effectuate her scheme of vengeance.



That implacable lady took into her service four ruffians, who held themselves in constant readiness to execute her commands at the first signal.

The fatal conjuncture arrived on the night of the 31st of December, 1638, and the act of vengeance was thus accomplished. Bartolomeo Canacci, about three o'clock in the morning, left the palace of the duchess, accompanied by his desperate agents, and went to the house of his father, who lived in the way of the colonnade near the Piazza of St. Ambrogio. Being arrived, the hired ruffians concealed themselves while Bartolomeo knocked gently at the door. Catherina's maid-servant looked forth from the window, and demanded who was there. Hearing the well-known voice of Bartolomeo utter the accustomed word "Friends," she instantly drew the cord. The door was no sooner opened than this ruthless avenger, followed by his four bloodhounds, entered immediately, and rushed furiously up the staircase. Catherina chanced at the moment to be solacing herself with the society of her friend Vincenzo Carlini, who, alarmed by hearing their violent approach and certain words of a menacing and appalling import, thought only of escape, which he effected with difficulty by means of a secret staircase which led out upon the roof, and from whence he contrived to obtain ingress into a neighbouring house. Arrived in the chamber of the ill-fated Catherina, these merciless butchers, regardless of the most piercing cries and affecting entreaties, barbarously murdered her; and, that there might be no witness of this scene of horror, her maid partook the miserable doom of that mistress of whose vices she had probably been the partaker and instrument.

Having done the deed, the assassins cut in small pieces the bodies of the two women, and, silently carrying forth their horrible burden, cast them into a pit which existed in the quarter of the Via Pentolini. They preserved, however, the head of the wretched Canacci, which they bore to the duchess, to satisfy that vindictive lady that this fatal tragedy was exactly accomplished, and that her sanguinary desires had been confided to faithful executors.

It was a custom with the duchess to send early in the morning on festal days, by one of her ladies, a silver bason to the duke, covered with a napkin, and containing the linen he would use for the day. Now, on the morning of the 1st of January, she sent him the bason as usual, but its contents were of a far different nature. The duke, having received the bason, and dismissed the messenger with a courteous message to his wife, presently rose; and having with a careless hand and unsuspecting heart withdrawn the napkin, his eyes encountered the ghastly present which a fiend in female form had prepared for him. For some moments, with the napkin uplifted in his hand, he stood as if rooted to the spot, his icy glance riveted to the grisly object before him. Those glassy extinguished eyes had, but a few hours ago, returned his impassioned gaze with playful tenderness; those lately blooming dimpled cheeks were shaded by the wan cadaverous hue of death; and the lips, whose beauty was ever animated by the most playful smiles, now exhibited all the distortion of her last hideous struggle; her bright luxuriant tresses had already assumed a



dusky hue, and the horrid hands of the executioners had defiled them with gory stains. As if some irresistible spell chained him to the floor, he stood motionless, his keen and pointed glances anchoring themselves in this most dismal object, till, awakening somewhat from the horror which seemed to stiffen his limbs and freeze his senses, shuddering to the centre, he let fall the napkin, and looked no more on that which, contemplated longer, would have made him mad.

‘ Duke Salviati was restrained, by a review of his own errors, from punishing this atrocious deed ; but his wife became to him an object of horror and antipathy—he commanded her to avoid his sight, and from that hour a total separation took place between them.

‘ In process of time the suspicions of justice were slowly awakened by the dark hints which were constantly muttered by the people, concerning the disappearance of Catherina : the mangled corpses were at length brought to view ; and on their evidence the whole family of Canacci were imprisoned. They were, however, all acquitted of the crime, with the exception of the guilty Bartolomeo. This wretch, having confessed the deed, was condemned to death ; and, on the 27th of November, 1639, he was beheaded at the door of the gaol, and his body left exposed during the day to the indignation of the people. The duchess had already escaped beyond the reach of the earthly dispensers of retribution, and had been called to account for her deeds before that awful tribunal from which all justice emanates, and before that all-seeing and impartial Judge to whom vengeance belongs.

We wish that justice may yet be done to the old novelists of Italy ; and, in the hope that Miss Holcroft’s attempt will have the effect of turning the public attention to this fruitful source of amusement, we refrain from pronouncing upon the volume before us the censure which we think it deserves. It is much to be wished, as well in justice to this branch of the literature of Italy as for the advantage of that of England, that a judicious selection from the works of those novelists should be adopted into our language.

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#### THE THREE PERILS OF WOMAN.

MR. HOGG has published a sort of sequel to his last novels, called *The Three Perils of Woman*. We are glad to see that they are considerably better than those which have immediately preceded them. We would not be understood to imply that they are remarkably excellent, but they are tolerable—*The Perils of Man* were not to be endured. We, however, congratulate Mr. Hogg upon having escaped one of the perils of authors—that of writing poetry. We are willing to believe he has renounced that dangerous and ungrateful task, in which, whatever he may once have thought, we venture to say Nature never intended him to succeed. No one can read middling poetry (and Mr. Hogg’s best never soared above mediocrity) ; but there is so universal a passion for novels, that it would almost be difficult to write one so badly as to fail of being read, which is an author’s first end and aim.

Mr. Hogg has a great deal of humour, and a natural simplicity, which is extremely rare, and would be no less valuable if it were not

spoiled by his overwhelming vulgarity. This is his besetting sin ; we can believe that he is as warm-hearted and as honest a man as breathes in the whole kingdom, but we cannot enjoy his jokes, nor always see his merit. In passages of simple pathos he is always powerful, because he is always purely natural ; but on almost every other occasion he either fails in his design, or he produces something which nobody cares to see. His style, when he writes English, is plain and smooth ; but the *patois* of the Highlands and Lowlands, which are so plentifully introduced, however excellent they may be, are, unfortunately, unintelligible to those who have the misfortune not to be born in Scotland. The Doric beauty of these dialects is lost upon us. The people of the *modern Athens* may understand them—we do not pretend to do so.

Mr. Hogg's knowledge of mankind is very limited, and he absolutely knows nothing of the world, nor of the ordinary manners of good, to say nothing of high, society. We know it would not be fair to state these of themselves as objections against an author ; but when one shall pretend, as Mr. Hogg does, to describe men and manners, his ignorance becomes as serious a fault as can be laid to his charge. If he would write a novel about a sheep-farm, we doubt not that it would be excellent ; but when he talks about the manners of persons of rank, and education, and fashion, he becomes pitifully ridiculous, because it is easy to see that he is talking about things of which he has heard and not seen. His best efforts are clownish ; his best sayings only echoes from the contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*. We wonder some of those gentlemen, his friends, do not hint so much to him. They are very fond of making him the buffoon of their party—the butt of all their jokes—a sort of jack-pudding to relieve the graver part of their quackery ; we marvel they do not tell him that, when he writes on subjects which he does not understand, he is as awkward as if he wore one of Ensign O'Doherty's regulation coats, or Mr. North's gouty slippers. To return, however, to *The Perils of Woman* : they are three—Love, Leasing, (which does not mean, as our unhappy English readers would have guessed, demising houses or lands, but *lying*), and Jealousy. The first of these, the author says, is written to caution young ladies against falling in love, in which he sees imminent peril. We cannot answer for the young ladies of Scotland ; but here, in England, we believe the consequences of so common an accident are hardly so frightful.

The heroine of this story, Miss Agatha Bell, is the daughter of a wealthy Scots sheep-farmer—a good specimen of his race, we dare be sworn. She falls in love with a young Highland chief, her brother's college companion ; and the young gentleman is no less enamoured of Miss Bell. The parents are very well pleased with the match, but Miss Bell is not satisfied with the youth's delay in making his declaration, which proceeds from bashfulness and terror at the lady's assumed frigidity. This misunderstanding leads to all kinds of inconveniences, which are spun out rather tediously. Among other ill accidents, when the young lady has positively declared she will not marry Mr. M'Ion, the Highlander, her father brings a relation of his own, Mr. Rickleton, to Edinburgh, for the purpose of becoming a suitor. This is the best character in the book : he is a Northumberland farmer, a great

brute, and as stupid and as fond of fighting as a bull-dog. Miss Bell's brother Joseph, for the purpose of having some fun with his kinsman, tells M'Ion, with whom they are both dining, to ask him questions upon certain topics which he is sure will breed a quarrel, and the event turns out to his expectation. The guests consist of Mr. Bell and his son, the Northumbrian, M'Ion, and two Highland officers, the latter of whom are also apprized of his singularities, and do not treat Mr. Rickleton with much ceremony. The whole scene of the dinner is so amusing, and so favorable a specimen of that style, in which the author writes evidently *con gusto*, that we have made rather a copious extract from it. We should premise that Mr. Rickleton had acquired the nick-name of the *heather-bloater*, from the odd and loud manner of his laughing :

‘ These vociferous notes still raised the laugh against him, though every one present felt for him, except Callum Gun and Joseph, who both enjoyed his boorish arrogance mightily, deeming that the more ridiculous he made himself, the sport was still the better; therefore, at some of his rude and indelicate jokes, Callum clapped his hands, and laughed even louder than the laird himself. The latter was so much pleased with this, that he turned to M'Ion, who sat next him, and asked him what was the chap's name.

“ Callum Gun,” said M'Ion.

“ Eh? do they really call him Gun?” said Dick.—“ By my faith, I wad break ony man's head that wad call me sic a daftlike name!”

“ It is his own name, sir,” said M'Ion, “ his father's name, and the name of his clan.”

“ Hoo-hoo-hoo!” vociferated Dick—“ heard ever ony body sic a made lee as that?—Hoo-hoo-hoo!—A gun his father?—I wad hae thought less an his mother had been a gun, and then he might hae comed into the world wi' a thudd! Then, according to thy tale, he's the son of a gun, and that used to be thought a name o' great insultation at our skule.—Na, na, Maister Mackane, ye maunna try to tak in simple fo'k that gate.—Ye may tak in a bit green swaup of a wonch, but ye maunna try to tak in *men* frae the same country.”

‘ M'Ion looked at Mr. Bell with astonishment, as if expecting some explanation, but the old man only blushed to the top of his nose, and then, to hide this confession of guilt, he applied his handkerchief, and uttered a nasal sound louder than a post-horn. Joseph was like to fall from his chair with laughing; and Callum, rolling his eyes from one face to another, felt great inclination to join Joseph, but the looks of his entertainer and the other stranger deterred him.

“ Certainly,” said M'Ion, not in the least understanding what Dick meant, or to what he alluded; but, assured that he meant insolently to some one, and anxious to turn his ideas into some other channel, he answered—“ Certainly; I think so too, sir. Pray, Mr. Rickleton, before I forget, could you procure me a pup from some of your Border breeds of dogs?—I am told that you have many curious and genuine breeds in that country. For instance, is there any remains of the *little wolf-dog* in your neighbourhood?”

‘ Dick gave over eating, raised himself slowly up in his chair, turned his face toward M'Ion, clenched his knife firmly in his hand, bit his

Up, and, with a countenance altogether inexplicable, looked stedfastly in M'lon's face, without uttering a word. M'lon had wished to improve on one of the hints given him by his young friend Joseph, desiring him to make the boor at least tolerable, by drawing him into some subject that he liked, and that he understood something about; and, quite unconscious of having given any offence, he met Richard's eye several times with the most mild and gentlemanly demeanour possible. The latter continued his threatening attitude without moving, fixed in the position of a dog that has taken up a dead point. All the party sat in silent alarm; and even Joseph gave over laughing, for he perceived his savage attitude, which M'lon did not, he being sitting close beside him, and engaged in helping some of the party with his good cheer. Dick at length, seeing nobody like to take any notice of him, or to appear the least frightened, broke silence, and, in a stentorian voice, said—"I'll tell thee what it is, honest man; bee the Lord, speer thou that question at me again, if thou dares, for the life o' thee!"

"Dares, sir!" said M'lon, without any anger in his voice—"I hope you did not mean to apply that term to me by way of defiance? I made the request to you in good fellowship, and I shall certainly do it again, until you either comply, or refuse it.—Can you, I say, procure me from your country a breed of the *little wolf-dog*?"

"Ay, ay!—gayan bauld chap, too!" exclaimed Dick, and again fell to the viands before him; but at every bite and sup he took, he uttered some term of bitter threatening.—"Little wolf-dog, i'faith!—No very blate neither! Weel, weel, I'll mind it!"

"Thank you, sir," said M'lon.

"Thank me, sir!" exclaimed Dick; "sutor me an I disna thank somebody though, or them and me part!"

Callum perceiving his savage humour, and likewise desirous of drawing his attention to something else, and knowing of nothing save that which he had been talking of before, it struck him that it would be better to lead his thoughts again to that, or any thing, rather than *the little wolf-dog*, so he interrupted his smothered declamations with a speech.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. M'lon," said he, "but I think you interrupted this gentleman, Mr. Rickleton, as he was proceeding with some very interesting remarks about a gentleman that had abused the confidence of a fair inamorata; and as I am always interested in every thing that relates to the other sex, may I beg of him to let us hear that business thoroughly explained? Pray, sir, were you not hinting at some story about a fellow, that had whispered in a girl's ear, and who had fallen into a slough, or pond, just as *the little wolf-dog* popped in?"

"Little wolf-dog again!" exclaimed Dick; "whispering a girl! a slough and a pond! and all crammed together? Why, thou son of a gun, I suppose thou wants a neck-shaking, dis thou?"

"Nephew, I beg you will tak a wee thought where you are," said Daniel, "and no speak to gentlemen as they were your toop herds. You hear the story of the *little wolf-dog* and the ostler's wife has been tauld a' the way to Edinburgh; and ye ken gentlemen maun be

letting gang thae hits at ane anither. Let me hear anither ill word out o' your mouth, and I'll soon put thee down."

'Richard wanted to show off before his uncle in courage and strength, and felt no disposition, at that present time, to go to logger-heads with him, so he judged it proper to succumb, and he again sunk into the sullen, muttering occasionally to himself such words as these: "Dammit, but I'll wolf-dog them yet! them, the heeland pipers!" In short, he continued so surly through a part of the afternoon, and contrived to render himself so disagreeable in spite of all that could be done to please him, that at length, when the wine began to operate a little, none of the three north-country gentlemen cared any further how much they offended him, for they all felt offended *with him* already, but judged him below their notice, farther than to make game of.

'Accordingly, at a convenient time, M'Ion thought he would make an experiment of the other hint given him by his young friend Joseph, who, at his father's command, had by that time gone down stairs to the ladies. To be sure the last had succeeded remarkably ill, but it was likely this would succeed better, and if not he did not care. "Is there a creature on the Border fells that they call a heather-blooter?" said M'Ion carelessly, looking Dick in the face.

"Wha the devil bade thee ax siccen a question as that, mun?" returned Dickie. "I'll tell thee what it is, sir—Here I sit. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burlhope, a freehauder i' the coonty o' Northumberland, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer o' seventeen thousand acres o' land. I hae as muckle lying siller ower and aboon as wad hire ony three Heilandmen to be flunkies to the deil, and I winna sit nae langer to be mockit. I scart your buttons, sir."

"Shentlemens! Shentlemens!" cried Peter M'Turk, "what for peing all this prhould offence? There is such a fellow as the hadder-blooter. I have seen her myself, with her long nose; and she pe always calling out Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo."

"I scart your buttons too, sir," said Dick, scratching the ensign's button with his nail. "I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" "Nbo—Tamn me if I dhoo!" said Peter, with great emphasis.

"Then I suppose thou understands that, dis thou?" rejoined Dick; and at the same he lent Ensign M'Turk such a tremendous blow a little above the ear, that it knocked him fairly down, and he fell with a groan on the floor, like a bull from the stroke of a butcher's axe.

"Good God! what does the brute mean?" cried Callum, in a key of boundless rage.

"Sir, this must be answered elsewhere, and in another manner," said M'Ion, opening the door; "you are not fit to sit in the company of civilized beings—I desire you to walk out."

"Sutor me if I stir from the spot till I have satisfaction," roared Dick in his native bellow. "I am a gentleman. My name is Richard Rickleton, Esquire. I am laird of Burlhope, a freehauder, a trustee on the turnpike roads, and farmer of seventeen thousand acres of land. I have been insulted here where I stand, and I'll have amends."

"This is my house for the present, sir. There shall be no brutal

uproar here. I say walk out before matters get worse, and do not compel me to force you."

"Thou force me! Nay, coome; thou's joking now. I should like to see an double thy pith force me either out or in!"

'M'Ion in one moment had him by the shoulder, and ere Dick had time to get his brawny legs set firm, or so much as look about him, he was at the door, and that bolted behind him.'

The consequence of this is that the Northumbrian gets into the hands of the police, and the next day challenges the three gentlemen with whom he had quarreled. He fights them all, and comes off with a broken arm, and having wounded M'Ion: the whole account of the duel is too absurd even to be laughed at.

After some mischances M'Ion and Miss Bell are married, and live in perfect happiness for some time. At length the lady falls ill; she wastes gradually, and believes she is dying: she seems to die; but, after a short time, animation returns, though her afflicted husband finds that her reason is gone. She is conveyed to an asylum in Edinburgh, where her husband takes a house to be near her, and lives in it with his mother. Three months after her removal she is delivered of a boy, who thrives, and grows intelligent and beautiful, while his poor mother remains in a state of insensibility for the space of three years. At length she recovers, and is brought by her husband to his own house, where a scene ensues which is worth all the book besides; and to introduce which we cannot but think all the rest was written. Her friends have been afraid to shock her by telling her that she has been for three years deprived of her senses; she is ignorant that she has a child, and thinks she has only been ill a few weeks. The manner in which she is introduced to her child is in that simply pathetic style which we have before said is the author's forte:

'She was still devoutly religious, without being half crazed about it, and loved her husband as dearly, without loving to distraction. She became convinced that something had happened to her that could not be told, else it would have been communicated to her; and she therefore resolved to keep a watchful eye and an attentive ear, and gain by her own ingenuity what was denied her in confidence. When she looked at the alteration in the features of her parents, and the apparent improvement in the manly form of M'Ion, she would ween at times that she had died and risen again. These were but fleeting vagaries, that could not bear reason; but that she had been carried off by the fairies for a few years, and won again from them; appeared to her occasionally the least objectionable supposition that she could form.

'One day, while in the midst of these pleasing and wild illusions, she and Mrs. Johnson were sitting together at a window in the drawing-room, and, though a day in November, it was a fine day, bright and warm; so the two sat in the sun, conversing about many things. Gatty, chancing to lean forward on the window, beheld, immediately below her eye, two children, gorgeously dressed in the Highland garb, with bonnets and plumes, kilts, trowsers, &c. They were playing at foot-ball in her own bleaching-green, and from the moment that her eye caught a glance of them, her whole attention was riveted to the tiny elves. Mrs. Johnson was all in the 'fidgets, looking one time at



the boys, and another time at her daughter-in-law, anxious to catch every look and every motion of each of them.

“Look at the dear little lambs, Mrs. Johnson!—why won’t you look?—you never saw any thing like it! See! they don’t play against each other, but always the same way, and their great ambition is, who to get most kicks. Well, that is delightful!—They are so like two fairies!—I never saw aught in my life so beautiful! Why don’t you look, Mrs. Johnson?”

“So I do—I do look, my dear. Think you there is nothing worth looking at here but the play of children?”

“I declare you are always looking at me!—What have you to see here, while such a delightful scene is exhibiting below the window? Look at the lesser boy, Mrs. Johnson, how pretty he is!—and dressed in the tartans of my husband’s clan too!—Is he of the same?”

“Ay, and not far from the head of it neither,” said Mrs. Johnson; and at that moment Daniel and M’Ion entered the room from their morning’s walk. Gatty turned round, and called to them, with a degree of lively interest which M’Ion had never witnessed in her from the time she had become his wife, “O Diarmid, come hither!—Here is such a sight as you have not seen in your walk!—Dear father, look at this!”

‘They both rushed to the window, but could see nothing.

“Is it yon towering cloud, like a range of Highland hills, that you mean?” said M’Ion.

“Is it that drove o’ mug sheep?” said Daniel—“They’re gayan weel heckit beasts, gaun rockie-rowin wi’ their cock lugs. But I hae seen an otherwise sight than that.”

“Ah, hear to them!” exclaimed Gatty; and looking in her husband’s face archly, she added, imitating his tone, “A white cloud, like a range of Highland hills!—A drove of mug sheep!” (looking at Daniel)—“Heard ever any person such barbarians? See you nothing below your eye better worth looking at than towering clouds and mug sheep?”

“Oh! the children at their play, is it?” said M’Ion; “we see that so frequently we pay no attention to it.”

“Is’t the bairns ye mean?” said Daniel—“Ay, that is a sight worth the while to some o’ us!”

‘Mrs. Johnson touched him on the leg with her foot, to restrain him from going farther, for Daniel’s eyes were beginning to goggle with delight.

“I never saw a more lovely animated little fellow than that clansman of ours!—See how he waddles at the ball!” cried Gatty, in raptures. “Dear Mrs. Johnson, pray go and fetch him up to me, that I may look at him, and take him on my knee!—I long to kiss him, and hear him speak.”

“If you will but listen where you are,” said M’Ion, “you shall soon hear him speak enough.—He is an impertinent little teasing brat, I warrant. Better let him stay at his play, for haply you may get enough of him, as I intend by and by to request of you to adopt him as your son.”

‘Gatty looked in his face and smiled,—as much as to say, It’s

surely time enough to think of that. Daniel coughed, and fidgeted, and turned up the one cheek ; but then his laugh went backward,—that is, in the contrary direction of other people's ; for whereas other laughers give free vent to their breath in a loud ha-ha-ha ! or a more suppressed he-he-he ! Daniel drew his laugh inward, making a sound something like hick-kick-kick ! at long intervals ; and ever and anon he drew the bow of his elbow across his eyes. “ Ye canna do't—ower soon,” said Daniel,—“ for it's a vera—good—bairn—I never saw a better—callant sin' I was born o' my mither !”

“ Dear father, what do *you* know about the child.?” said Gatty, with evident surprise.

“ All their eyes glanced to Daniel, as with cautionary hints. “ O, no very muckle,” said Daniel ; “ but ony body may see he's a prime bairn—He gangs as tight on his shanks as he war o' the true Coolly breed.”—Daniel was driven to this reply, not knowing what to say to get clear off.

“ As they were chatting thus, little Colin and Robert Forbes continued their tiny game. Forbes was taller, but not so stout and well set as Colin, and the latter got the greater part of the kicks at the ball. As they ran on, Colin keeping foremost, Robert Forbes gave him a push on the neck, with intent to make him run by the ball, but in place of that, it made him fall on his face on the gravel walk. Gatty uttered a suppressed shriek, and was in the act of throwing up the window to reprove Robert. But M'Ion held it down, saying, “ Stop, stop ! take no notice, love, till we see whether or not the urchin resents this insult.” He well knew that he would ; and accordingly Colin rose in a moment, wiped the gravel from his hands on his philabeg, and, without saying a word, struck Forbes on the face. The latter, conscious that he was the aggressor, tried to hold his assailant off ; but Colin both kicked with his feet, and laid on with his open hands, till the other fled. As Colin fought, too, he threatened thus :—“ Wat you 'bout, Yobbit Fobby ? Me lain you nock down young chief !”

“ What does the fairy say.?” said Gatty.

“ Colin then, pursuing him round the walk, overtook him, and pushed him over in his turn. Forbes cried ; on which M'Ion, fearing he was hurt, threw up the window, and reproved Colin.—“ For shame, Colin !” cried he—“ How dare you hurt poor Robert.?”

“ Colin looked abashed, took Forbes by the hand to help him up, and said, “ Haud tongue, Yobbit—Colin vedy soddy—No doo't again, ittle Yobbit.”

“ God bless the dear little lamb !” exclaimed Gatty—“ Did ever any living see such a sweet forgiving little cherub ? Dear Diarmid, call him up, call him up !”

“ Come in instantly, and speak to me, sirrah !” cried M'Ion.

“ Ise and go wit me, Yobbit Fobby,” said Colin, hanging his lip ; “ see, papa vedy angry.”

“ What does he say.?” said Gatty, hardly able to breathe—“ Papa.?”

“ No one answered a word, but all looked at one another. M'Ion blushed like crimson. He had no reason to blush ; but he did so from

an apprehension of what his wife might be thinking at the time ; for he saw there was but one natural way in which she could interpret this exposure made by the inadvertent boy, and yet he had not heart to give a true explanation.

‘ The child, as he had been ordered, came up stairs as he could win, which was not very fast, leading Forbes by the hand. He called at the door several times for admission ; his father and grandmother hesitated, but Daniel could stand the child’s modest request no longer, as he came on command, so he rose and let him in. Colin went straight up to M’Ion at the window, leading Forbes by the hand.—“ No be angy at poo Colin, papa—ittle Yobbit no hut, and Colin vedy soddy.”

‘ Gatty never so much as opened her mouth, nor did she caress the boy, although he came to her very knee, and gave two or three wistful looks in her face. She gave M’Ion a momentary glance, but withdrew her eyes again instantaneously. Daniel was sniffing, as if labouring under the nightmare, and Mrs. Johnson’s eloquence consisted all in looks, but these were expressive of the deepest interest. M’Ion gave each of the boys sixpence to buy toys, and desired Colin to kiss Robert, and shake hands with him, which he did ; and then Mrs. Johnson led them out. As they went, Colin kept looking behind him, and said, “ Who ’at bonny lady, gand-mamma ? She be angy at Colin too. No peak one wod to poo Colin.”

‘ Gatty’s ear caught the appellation grand-mamma at once, and all doubts that the boy was her husband’s son vanished from her fancy. Strange unbalanced ideas, at war with one another, began to haunt her teeming imagination ; and, in the mean time, her complexion changed from ruddy to pale, and from pale again to red, successively. She thought the mystery of the grand house, of which she had never heard before, was now about to be explained ; and that it had been furnished with such splendour to be the residence of some favorite mistress. But then how did this sort with her husband’s character and principles ? And how came her father and mother, and all, to be living in that house, without taking any offence ? How fain would she have put the question, “ Who in the world is this boy ? ” but she had not the face to do it ; and so the conversation stood still. It stood long still ; and Daniel was the first who endeavoured to set it once more agoing, with what effect the reader will judge.

“ Why, daughter, ye hae neither taen the little dear bairn on your knee, nor kissed him, after a’ the fraze ye made. That’s unco step-mother-like wark, an’ I dinna like to see’t. There never was a finer callant i’ this yirth, an’ the sooner ye acknowledge him the better, for ye hae it aye to do.”

‘ Gatty looked at her apron, and picked some small diminutive ends of threads from it, and M’Ion cleared the haze from a pane of the window, and looked out. He found that it was a subject, the management of which required a delicacy that he was not master of. He could not shock the sensibility of his dear wife, so lately and so wonderfully rescued from the most dreadful of all temporal calamities, by telling her at once, that she had lain three years in a state of utter un-

consciousness; and he was just thinking to himself, whether he had not better suffer her to remain in her present state of uncertainty, regarding the latitude of his own morality, than come out with the naked truth, when he was released from his dilemma by an incident that threatened to plunge him still into a deeper one.

‘A young gentleman entered the room, with his plumed bonnet in his hand; and this gallant was no other than little Colin M’Lon-vich-Diarmid again, who came straight up to his mother’s knee; and, kneeling down, he held up his rosy chubby face toward hers, and lisped out the following words:—“Poo Colin come back to beg a kiss fom his own dea mamma.”

‘Gatty’s heart clove to the child; it yearned over him, so that she could resist the infantine request no longer. She burst into a flood of tears, pressed the boy to her bosom, kissed him, and pressed her moist burning cheek to his; then again held him from her to gaze on him. Daniel went to a corner of the room, in which he fixed his elbow firm, and leaned his brow upon his arm. Colin, who was as sharp as a briar, and had been getting his lesson from Mrs. Johnson in another apartment, now added, “But Colin beg you blessing too, fo you his own mamma.”

“Yes, may the God of Heaven shower his blessings on your guiltless head, lovely boy!” said she, emphatically. “And though I am not so happy as to be your mamma”——

“But I say you are!” shouted Daniel, as he advanced from his corner, holding his face and both his hands straight upward, and at every step lifting his foot as high as the other knee. “You are his mother, dame; an’ I winna hear ye deny your ain flesh an’ blood ony langer. I canna do it, whatever the upshot may be. O, bless ye baith!—Bless ye! bless ye! bless ye!” and Daniel kneeled on the floor, folding the mother and son in his arms. “I tell you ye *are* his mother, Gatty, as sure as my wife was yours.”

‘Mrs. Johnson, hearing the noise that Daniel made, came in; and on her Gatty fixed her bewildered eyes for an explanation. “My father raves,” said she; and man never witnessed such a countenance of pale amazement.

“He tells you nothing but the truth, my dear,” said Mrs. Johnson—“he tells you nothing but the truth. Your life, as you truly said the other day, has been a mystery to yourself; it has been a mystery hid with God. But be assured that is your son—the son of your own body; for I was present at his birth, and have nursed him on my knee, and in my bosom, since that hour. May he be a blessing and a stay to you, my dear daughter; for he is indeed your own child!”

‘Gatty was paralysed with a confusion of perplexed ideas; but she involuntarily clasped the child to her bosom; and, in the mean while, Daniel had his arms round them both.

‘Matters were now like to be carried too far for Colin, who, though the beginner of the fray, began to dislike it exceedingly; and, kicking furiously, he made his escape, saying, as he fled across the room, “Colin not know ’bout tis.”

‘Daniel could not contain himself; he wept for joy, and absolutely

raved, till Mrs. Bell entering the room from looking after the household affairs, rebuked him ; but he snapped his fingers at her, and said, " He cared not a fig if he died the morn."

The second story is one of little interest indeed. Mr. Hogg is fond of collecting Jacobite tales ; if he had lived in the year 1745 he would have been killed at Culloden, or hanged afterwards. We have seen a farce, the subject of which is a man's falling in love with the picture of a lady who lived three generations before him. Mr. Hogg is like that man ; he is a violent Jacobite after the Stuarts have ceased to exist. The man in the farce, however, has this advantage—the picture is one of a beautiful woman ; the Jacobite cause was one of the most odious to free men and lovers of their country that can well be imagined. The tale itself (for the two Perils, Leasing and Jealousy, make up only one story) is dull enough, and totally impossible. We really think our ingenious author would be well advised to try some other subject. The injustice of the pretensions upon which the Stuart family's claim to the crown of England was founded is notorious ; it can only be equalled by the base and contemptible character of the persons in whose favour so much brave blood was spilled. It is worse than idle to be making silly novels, at this time of day, the means of spreading absurd falsehoods about the sanguinary cruelty of English soldiers, whom Mr. Hogg pretends to have butchered women and children for sport. Let him be content to tell such stories in the winter to his shepherds and their dogs, and the old women about his own ingle-nook : they may, perhaps, believe as he does, that a smith and twelve men routed one thousand five hundred men of Lord Loudon's troop with his lordship at their head. For ourselves we do not believe the relation as it stands, and as we have heard and read it a thousand times, any more than we do the exploits of Baron Munchausen.

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#### THE HERMIT ABROAD.

THE ingenious gentleman who has adopted the title of the *Hermit* has been so long before the public, and has been so universally agreeable, that he is looked upon as an old acquaintance. The volumes which he has recently published present a continuation of his speculations abroad. It would be superfluous to criticise at length a work, the style and merit of which are so well known : we shall therefore content ourselves with saying that the third and fourth volumes are neither inferior nor different from those which have preceded them. There is the same agreeable lightness and garrulity, the same kind and charitable scanning of foibles and follies, the same desire which the author has always manifested of being thought to belong to the higher ranks of society (and this harmless vanity we would not quarrel with), which are already identified with the character of the amiable Hermit.

In a work, the subjects of which are so miscellaneous, it cannot be expected that each essay should please to the same degree or in the same manner. That upon John Bull is at once true and amusing : the fidelity of the sketch will be recognised by all those who, having visited Paris, have alternately had occasion to be proud and ashamed

of their countrymen ; and even those who have not (if, in this age of travelling, such there be) cannot fail to be amused at the portrait :

‘ JOHN BULL.

‘ Untravelled John Bull is certainly a rough homespun article : his prejudices are many, and his pride, which consists not in conceit, affectation, fine clothes, or arrogance, is excessive ; yet this vice borders on a virtue, for his nationality is closely interwoven with patriotism : he scorns to be an imitator, he is independent, and glories in his freedom, little seeking to please, and unsuccessful if he attempts the minor yet fascinating arts of amiability ; distant, and almost repulsive, silent, circumspect, and considering, *seemingly* cold (for he is not so in reality), and calculating, it is not easy to get acquainted with him, much less to win his regard : but once obtained, it is a rock to which the possessor may cling in all storms and changes, in all circumstances and times. With such a character, and a novice abroad, poor John cuts a sorry figure amidst foreign levities, and contrasted by the light and easy manner of the French. The travelled Englishman is quite another being : the polish of the diamond is always the same, whether it be given at the court of the Tuileries or at that of Carlton Palace ; but I shall stick to honest, rugged John Bull. Hard as it is to form an opinion of him at first sight, dry and shy as his manner is, yet how very seldom is the true unsophisticated, pure, and genuine character of this same honest John met with in the streets of Paris, Brussels, or elsewhere ! This being, so much laughed at by the undiscriminating and unthinking, this object for scenic misrepresentation, for calumny and caricature, is still a rare animal, a “ *rara avis in terris*,” and whilst various strange bipeds and nondescripts overrun the continent, the real Jack Roast-Beef (as he is contemptuously termed) is not every where to be found ; the reason is, that so many play the character merely, and so few foreigners give themselves either the time or the trouble to examine, or to analyze the object which they cut up inconsiderately. Every thing that appears grotesque, antigallican, awkward, fat, and heavy, is immediately set down by a Frenchman for *John Bull* ; for instance, if a man with a rubicund complexion, purple nose, protuberant paunch, filmy eye, and exotic appearance, with long skirts to his coat, loose roomy gaiters, and his hat stuck on the back of his head, waddles up *la rue de la Paix*, it must indubitably be John Bull ; if a thin carcass, with his clothes hung on him as if on a peg, with an umbrella under his arm, and a greyhound at his heels, saunters, whistling, through the Palais-Royal, it can be no other than John Bull ; if a fellow with a hunting frock, brown top’d-boots, mail-coach style, and an appearance of easy circumstances, runs after a frail fair one, or gapes in at a jeweller’s window, with his bull-dog or faithful terrier by his side, this must be Milord John Bull, or my Lord Gueule, or, at all events, Milord Anglais (how unlike ! ) ; finally, if an idle graceless fellow yawns at a play, he must be English ; and when ill-dressed women and vulgar men make their appearance on the Boulevards, at the theatres, at the restaurants, public places, or public walks, the cry is, “ here are the English ! ”



‘ Now, the question is, first, are they really English? and next, what English are they? of what cast, class, and description? Are they the noblemen of the British court? certainly not; are they the patriots and orators of the senate? no; the naval heroes who embellish the pages of their national history, or rival the military brave? no; the closeted author and moralist? no; the merchant, whose ample coffers contribute in time of war to subsidize half Europe, and in that of peace to aid extensively all benevolent institutions, to build up a future title and a name, to bear a huge proportion of the public burdens, and whose “white sails” glide over the seas in all directions; and, finally, whose name and credit stand high in every quarter of the globe? not often, or long, is he found from home; but the idler, the rake, the ruined man, and gamester, the splendid pauper, or needy speculator, the adventurer, and bankrupt, are everywhere to be met with abroad; and the proportion of nobility and gentry travelling on the continent is not more than as one in twenty, so that the odds are nineteen to one as to who the John Bull is, who disfigures his appearance by some bad style of dress, misrepresents the national character by his extravagances, awkwardness, and vulgarities, or dishonours his country by his errors and misconduct.

‘ But, in order to prove this statement more clearly and satisfactorily, I shall give a few examples of the travelling and migrating English to be met with in Paris, and I hope that the hint will be useful to both nations; to that from which they are the useless, or obnoxious exports, and to that to which their importation can neither be agreeable or advantageous, save only as far as the drawing of their purse-strings, which sometimes fail. Let me see, one pinch of snuff, and then—it is more than some of them are worth. I remarked one day a very fat man and his wife, issuing from Beauvillier’s; a job-carriage stood at the door, and a French servant hired by the day; the man was dressed for dinner, and had a massy ring on every finger, a heavy gold chain round his neck, a dozen valuable seals dangling to his watch-pocket; his wife was overdressed in the extreme, but all *à la mode de Paris*; he had just paid a bill, and was *à going to the opera*; his glittering purse shone with double Napoleons, but he was vulgar to the superlative degree, whilst madam was comparatively better bred, but positively of under breeding and of the plebeian class. Waiters, servants, &c. flattered and extolled them; the man was *Milord Anglais*, and the woman was a *Milady pour rire*. I inquired his name, and, upon referring to my Directory, I found that he was a tallow-chandler by trade; his travels had hitherto been confined to *grease* (not to *Greece*); but he was now come to see France, or rather a small part of it, and counted on his superiority over his neighbours on his return.

‘ Lounging along the Champs-Élysées, a man porpoise met my eye, dressed like a rich country squire, with an affectation of the negligent, and a sort of hunting style about him; the disguise of spectacles set in gold finished his costume, and he murdered a French air as he went along, hitting carelessly his jockey boots, to which *the spur of the occasion* was added. I examined him minutely, and recognised a Lon-

don bailiff, having signed a bail-bond formerly in his presence, in order to save my spendthrift cousin, Gerald Valmont, from durance vile. At the door of the Café-Française, on another occasion, stood a simpering, good-looking fellow, seemingly in high feather and spirits, and disregarding the expense of a week's trip to Paris. He looked a little confused at first, but at length addressed me; this was Mr. Morocco, a boot and shoe maker, not a hundred miles from St. James's Street: he had come over to look after his bad debts, and to add pleasure to profit: the former, I believe, he purchased pretty dearly; but in the latter, he informed me, he *was out in his reckoning*; but, he observed, many of his quality customers had treated him very kindly, and had asked him to dinner, and "the like of that:" though his books remained *in statu quo*; this was but just, as my Lord Hazard observed, *since he stood in his shoes* (his lordship is himself one of the *legs*); however, he (the shoemaker) was quite proud of his trip to Paris. Foremost of the gay throng in the Bois de Boulogne rode George Gamble, mounted on a blood mare, and having assumed the style of a gay young colonel of lancers in plain clothes; the soi-disant *captain* is the son of a retail tradesman, who became a bankrupt many years ago; he (George) ran away from an attorney's office, and forfeited his fee of indenture; he was fit for nothing, but the honorable Mortimer Mandeville got him a half-pay ensigncy at *the close of the war*, for services rendered by his papa, namely, the bailing him whenever he was in a scrape. The gay ensign's bloodless sabre adorns his costly lodgings in Paris, and Mr. Drake has promoted him to a cavalry officer, by letting out his steed to him; his whiskers have been purchased at a hair-dresser's and perfumer's shop, and his consequence is borrowed from a half imitation of French military men.

'I could give a thousand examples of this kind; these few, however, I should suppose, will suffice. It is the mistaken character of the English, grossly confused in persons and in ranks, and mixed up by the hand of ignorance or malevolence into one and the same *John Bull*, which has degraded him abroad; but foreigners would gain by a thorough intimacy with the more respectable part of the British nation, and the prejudiced English would improve by studying the real French character in its purity and its higher classes. The integrity of honest Bull is not unworthy the imitation of the world at large, whilst the gracefulness of social qualities, the polish of the courtly class of the French; the easy manners of the travelled gentleman, and the experience of the man of the world, would form a rich acquisition for our proud islanders (*ces fiers Insulaires*). To see this blending and interchange of good qualities, this alliance of peace and friendship, this combining of the lily and the laurel with the rose and the monarch oak, would present to the rest of the world an irresistible force, "like the bundle of sticks in the fable;" it would also produce a graceful assemblage in these tranquil evil times, and has long been the ardent wish of

'THE WANDERING HERMIT.'

That paper which has pleased us most is entitled *The Priest*. It is in the author's happiest style, and, besides the intrinsic merit which it possesses, it has delighted us, because it does justice to a class of men whose virtues and usefulness have not been fairly estimated.

The clergy in France are, speaking of them as a body, a set of men whose practical piety, blameless lives, and devotedness to the offices of their religion, cannot be excelled by the ecclesiastics of any country. They have been long suffering under the oppressive and degrading effects of that sceptical spirit which must work the downfall of every country, as it did that of France ; and this, aiding the influence of their religion, has stamped upon them an air of humility which is peculiarly touching and venerable. It would be difficult to find in our times any set of men, whether of lay or clerical functions, who have endured with a more Christian temper reverses which were as painful as they were unexpected. The following sketch is from nature :

THE PRIEST.

‘ *C’est notre père*, it is our father, said the soldier’s orphan, as he ran in before an old man, bent nearly double with age, and of a venerable appearance, (this occurred in one of my many visits to a cottage inhabited by the widow of a soldier.) “ I am happy,” said I, addressing myself to the widow, whose eyes brightened up at the moment, “ I am happy to find that you have some relation left ; this respectable old man is doubtless the father of your late brave husband.”—“ *Hélas ! non*,” replied the mourner (he now approached nearer) ; “ you see that he is a clergyman, and that good man is the father of many, in a word, of all the distressed.”—“ *Bon jour, notre père*,” now sprang from every mouth. “ *Eh bien ! mes enfans*,” said he, and (making a low bow to me) he flung himself into a ragged arm-chair, exclaiming, “ I am quite faint with the heat, but I was afraid that you might want something that I could do for you.” At this moment the child was on his knees, and was rifling his pockets—“ what hast thou got for me, father ?”—“ Stop, you little rogue,” answered the old man, with a smile, whilst the orphan kissed his cheeks, and still turned out his pockets, “ there, in the first place, some sugar-candy, and a piece of two sols, and a spelling-book, and a rosary.”—“ How good thou art, my father,” exclaimed the child. “ *Eh bien, es-tu content ?*” replied the patriarchal-looking man, “ we will begin to learn to read to-morrow, when you have got your prayers by heart.” He now fumbled in his coat pocket, and brought out a bottle of wine ; “ that,” observed he, “ is for grandmamma, and, perhaps, this strange gentleman would honour me by tasting it ?” I declined his kind offer ; “ and this,” unloading the other coat pocket, and producing a slice of ham and some fruit, “ is for sisters.” Every eye beamed with affection, and reflected his picture, which was most interesting, being that of innocent old age decked with the smile of benevolence. “ Well, I am very tired,” continued he, “ but I am grateful to be able to walk thus far, it is a great blessing to a man of my age.” I inquired the number of years, and he informed me that he was now near eighty ; the young women respectfully kissed his forehead, and he pronounced, in a low but zealous tone, a benediction on them.

‘ The arch-looking child had now seized his walking staff, and was riding round the room upon it, and the cat was seated on his shoulders, and playing a thousand pranks to show its caresses ; the old man laughed heartily at the scene with the artlessness and sincerity of a

child.—“ Here, Mimi,” cried he, and pulled out a biscuit, or rather a soft cake, for the cat. “ Every animal loves you,” remarked the grandmother. “ *Je ne veux pourtant pas grande chose,*” quoth he, with great humility, “ but duty must be done, and (taking out a huge book from his bosom) I will enjoy the coolness of your garden, and read my breviary there.” He uncovered himself, composed his features, which looked beyond the common cast of clay, and which were gilded with the expression of devotion, and walking forth in their little ruined garden, he fixed himself under an alder tree, and proceeded in his devotions.

‘ Whilst he was absent the family gave me his history, but I shall reserve that for the end of the chapter ; and now describe his departure ; he returned refreshed, as it appeared by repose, and by the balm which active sanctity administered to his bosom ; he embraced the child tenderly, and conjured him to think on him, and to be a good boy, and never to disobey *son amie* (thus the child called his grandmother), and to love his mother and aunt, and to be mild with every one ; if mildness and placidity can be communicated, they might have been borrowed from the old priest ; he next slipped a piece of money into the grandmother’s hand, and looked all kindness ; then packing up all his things, he proceeded to the door with “ peace be with ye all ;” the young woman and child bent their knees and begged a blessing, which he pronounced and performed with grace : then turning to me, he thus addressed me,—“ Fare you well, sir ; all this must appear strange to you, but I am a very old man, and these honest people are so good to me.”—“ When shall we see you again ?” came from every mouth. “ My children, we must not say that,—I hope to-morrow—but time belongeth not to me, and mine must be short at any rate ; fare ye well, bless ye, my children ! I must now go to visit the sick, and I shall scarcely have sun-shine to get home ; fare ye well, my good people, fare ye well.” •

‘ Not a word was uttered for a few seconds ; tears stood in the widow’s eyes, the old woman crossed herself with the piece of money, and then put it in her bosom ; the little boy looked his benefactor out of sight as he stood at the cabin door ; at length the grandmother broke silence with a sigh,—“ that *is* (laying strong emphasis on the word) a good man.” She need not have told me that, my heart now felt the fact, and I would have given a crown and sceptre, if I had possessed them, to have exchanged places with him at the time.

‘ The sun went down gently on the old man as he turned the winding of the valley !—“ Thus may his sun set !” thought I to myself, “ peacefully and unclouded ;” but let me come to his history.—He had exercised the priestly office from his youth until the hour of the revolution, when, persecuted and hunted down, he could not long conceal himself amongst that flock of which he was the revered pastor, and he accordingly fled to England, and there associated himself to a community which preserved a perfect seclusion for twenty years ; in this retreat he offered up his orisons for religion and his country, for the re-establishment of the altar and the throne, for the return of mercy and of peace, for forgiveness of his enemies, and that he might at last lay his head on the land of France, there to take his long adieu. He had not only suffered persecution and learned mercy, but, always

merciful, his charity was warmer and more glowing in proportion, as oppression encumbered and kept it down. His wishes were realized, he has seen a country and a king once more; but, for the world, he is still as much out of it as when he was voluntarily immersed in exile, he even does not know any other quarter of Paris but the suburb which he inhabits; nor has he any walk but to his church and to his cottage. His own wants are so few, that, on a very small pittance, he still divides his means with the indigent; his life is only diversified by different acts of virtue, his devotions, his alms-giving, and his tending of the sick; yet he is cheerful, and welcome to every roof, for he enters none except to hallow it with good works unknown to all on earth, save those who benefit by them.

‘I have heard the monastic and priestly life often slandered and misrepresented, branded with the reproaches of selfishness, deceit, idleness, and interested views—surely such a state as this old man’s cannot merit these remarks: the clergy in general are poor in France; the *many* are so, but the few are the contrary, and amongst them I could mention extensive charity, but I confine myself to this happy old man, happy even here, where true felicity is dealt out sparingly—for it is not of earthly growth.

‘How valuable is such a man to humanity! retirement is never wearisome to one who looks not to the world for happiness or support. The loneliness of the cloister suits well two opposite characters, the man who has never engaged in mundane pursuits, and humbly hopes to be translated from as much peace as human infirmities can allow him here below, to that peace which *surpasseth all understanding*, and him who, weary of the world and aware of all its delusions, pants for a resting place, there to reflect and to labour in private at repairing his imperfections—perhaps too, in the decline of life, such characters as

THE HERMIT ABROAD.’

Of all the nonsensical cant to which we are condemned occasionally to listen, none is more annoying than the odious comparisons which people are in the habit of making between London and Paris, and the unjust preference which they affect to give the latter. We say affect, because, if we thought there was any thing of sincerity in such a preference, we should hold it unnecessary to say or to think more on the subject. There are many points in which London and Paris are totally at variance: there are many sensual pleasures in Paris which are not enjoyed in London, simply because the people of the latter city have no taste for them; if they had, what should prevent their possessing them? But it is for superficial coxcombs and thoughtless persons to decry London, which has not its like upon the earth, and, most monstrous of all, by a comparison with Paris! Our friend, the Hermit, has taken up the cudgels in this quarrel; and, if he has not fought it out so well as he might have done, we are thankful to him for the attempt:

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF LONDON.

‘*Fieta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.*’

‘Whether it was to amuse himself or the company, to indulge national prejudice, or from a wanton departure from truth, the lawyer favoured us with the following account of the British capital, I



am at a loss to determine ; but (as he is a scholar, and dealt out no dearth of quotations in his conversation) I could wish him to keep the above lesson from old Horace in view, when next he indulges in the historical. Our orator had now closed his rapid view of Paris ; all eyes looked approvingly on him ; and the ultra brunette forgot her politics in her patriotism ; the flattering sketch of the dear city drew applause from every heart but mine ; for although I sincerely agree in a great part of his statements, yet his exaggerations required so much aid from the pruning-knife, that I could not accept of the whole as a faithful picture. He pulled out his snuff-box, adjusted his cravat, looked round for a second, and then proceeded, addressing himself to me by gently placing two of his fingers on my arm, bowing with a smile, and elevating his huge arched eyebrows in token of interrogation.

“How different is *your* London ?” (I was all attention) “How vast, how extensive, how almost unlimited,” (he called it *une ville qui ne finit pas*,) “yet how dull, how dark, how unwholesome, how monotonous ! Your brick buildings make your finest houses look mean and shabby ; every face in the streets is a countenance of business or of vacuity, of pride, or of cupidity ; your ale-houses supply the place of our gay, airy, coffee-houses ; in lieu of the *beaux* and *belles* sitting on chairs on our Boulevards, you have draymen, coal-porters, and vagabonds, swearing on benches, and getting drunk with a mixture of opium, tobacco-juice, wormwood, salt, *coccus indicus*, &c. called *Porter* !” (The three other passengers laughed. I was going to interrupt him, but he craved patience to the end.) “If you want to take the air you must perform a journey from Whitechapel to Hyde Park or to St. James’s ; the former is too extensive to concentrate its attractions ; the latter is as dull as a cloister, has a huge mortar instead of a bubbling fountain to decorate it, and a muddy stream is in its centre. Where are the orange-trees of the Tuileries, the fragrant flowers of the Luxembourg, or the graceful statues of either ? In Hyde Park you have my Lord *Vilainton* naked.” (I could not refrain from bursting into the laughter of contempt.) “*Un moment* ; you have an Achilles in a state of nature, set up by the ladies to represent Lord *Vilainton*, with a seven-fold shield, who looks as if he was going to show us the *boxes*,” (boxing he meant.) “Then where are your palaces ? Carlton House looks like a theatre ; its pillars resemble the court of a stone-mason, for they support nothing. St. James’s is like a prison ; Buckingham House is all brick ; Warwick House a dungeon ; and the hotels of your nobility are like private houses. Where are your huge court-yards in front, and your delightful gardens behind, leading either to the Elysian Fields, or to some outlet or private walk ? Then, your taverns are destruction ; the charges are as heavy as your fare is solid and indigestible ; and if you get a beef-steak, and a bottle of black ink, called port, you have a Napoleon to pay for getting a fever,” (loud applause.)

“Your theatres,—(Do you speak English ?) “I do not, but I can judge nevertheless,”)—“are as expensive as your *ale-houses* and inns ; and, after all, they are noisy, and want the attraction and variety of ours, which are suited to every taste, and to every purse ; instead of



the elegant ices and sherbet of ours; your people drink beer and spirituous liquors; and we see filthy pots and mugs handed about in decent society!" (The women stared, and I observed, I will answer you by-and-by.) "*Un moment.* Where is your Palais Royal? Where your reunions for play, or other amusement in which the fair sex (taking off his hat) mingle and form the principal charm?" (This was special pleading.) "Now with us the ladies are admitted into every circle, from the coffee-house and restaurateur's to the highest. On Sunday again, the town is in mourning until the evening, when every body is drunk, in and out of the streets, and the *methodist's* chapel (so he pronounced it) seems to be the principal amusement. Lastly, where are your *bals-champêtres*, your Sunday and festival entertainments, your dances of every description, from the most magnificent down to the simple but not less pleasurable ball of the handicraft and private soldier? Where that superlative taste for dress which our ladies evince; that *air du plaisir*, that talent for society, that facility of becoming acquainted? Your women are beautiful, but they disfigure themselves by their manner of putting on their clothes, and by that look which you call *shy*, as if they were afraid of every body, especially strangers; and which is a companion to the *sulky* of the other sex, which never lifts a hat to a female unless she be of his own rank, and who passes by the *lady* serving in a shop or at a tavern, as if she were a *bull-dog*," (loud applause.)

"Such is London, and the reason is this; the men are so given to drink, that politics, gaming, commerce, pleasure, and science, must all be discussed over the *ponch*; the women are banished after dinner; and your nation is so proud as to copy from no other nation in the world!" "Bravo!" exclaimed his brother black-coat.

"*Un moment*," said I, in my turn; "that London is huge and vast, and almost *interminable* for one whose pocket confines him to foot exercise, I will allow; but I must be permitted to disagree with you respecting its darkness, its dulness, and its insalubrity. The court-end of the town, the whole extensive west quarter of the city, its many suburbs and outlets, its squares (very many indeed), are all open, airy, and healthful. As for the national countenance, I shall leave it to stand for itself, only observing that, when your countrymen have met mine, in or out of the field, they had a very different report to make to what you have honored us with." He smiled, but it was not mirth—the women looked surprised. "The ale-houses I have never frequented, nor sat on their benches; and the timidity of our females, which you censure, added to education, forbids them to mingle in public-house circles, of however high a degree these haunts may be. I studied chymistry merely for my amusement, and I have not as yet made an analysis of the component ingredients of porter. With respect to the journey from Whitechapel to the parks, you must pre-suppose that a person lives there, before he takes such a *stretch*; and I may with equal propriety imagine that you must have tenanted some of the narrowest and most miserable streets about the margin of the Thames and Tower-hill to have been so obnubilated with the gloom and busy faces which you painted in such strong colours. The scenery of Hyde Park is certainly very diversified, and in our cold

climate we are obliged to pluck our laurels and rare plants amongst strangers, as war and commerce may direct us. (The women looked grave.) Lord Wellington (you say) is a brave man; I will leave him with you as such, to stand alone without the statue, or its shield; the mortar may speak for itself when occasion requires, and whenever that may be, I fear not that its *report* will be unfavorable to our national character. Carlton House is not worthy of its illustrious proprietor, yet I cannot hold it so cheaply as you do; you have evidently not seen its interior, therefore I cannot dispute the point with one who is but *half* informed on the subject. The other palaces are antiquated, but they are little used; and we have stately Windsor, Hampton Court, and other royal houses, as a relief and off-set to them. You must have sadly omitted to frequent the genteel quarters of the town—to have shut your eyes upon Chesterfield House, Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, and to many other splendid hotels betwixt court-yards and gardens. The beef-*take* I very seldom *take*, and I have as often drunk of the juice of France in England as in France itself; but when it has fallen to my lot to take a glass of port or sherry, I have done it without losing my temper, or being heated and feverish. (The orator looked irascible.) The liquors you mention are only drunk amongst the rabble in our theatres, and I have perceived in your's some small beer circulating; but, as we only observe these things aloft, I should consider either as unworthy of notice. A Palais-Royal in London would be what it is in Paris—a focus of vice, the haunt of gamblers and prostitutes, and we have not the armed police and general system of spies to keep them in check, which you possess in France. Your not understanding English ought to have made you backward in criticising our dramatical entertainments: we have them of all kinds, from the Italian opera to Sadler's Wells: their variety is great, no expense is spared to make them attractive, and we have every thing that music and dancing, the most costly scenery, tragedy, comedy, broad mirth, the equestrian, the gymnastic, the pantomimic, the burlesque,—nay, even the aquatic, can produce. Our theatres are very many in number—in all quarters of the town: we have a Vauxhall for Tivoli tea-gardens; every square is the promenade of its inhabitants, and we have other *nearly* public walks, such as the Temple Gardens and Gray's Inn, which might be more frequented.

“Sunday we consider as a day of devotion and sober cheerfulness; yet even on that day our brilliant assemblage of carriages in Hyde Park beats your Longchamp; and we have many private parties in high life: lastly, the shy and the sulky, the distant and uncivil, belong not to our higher classes, and until you are well acquainted with them, I advise you not to finish your Panorama of London.”

“Here are the Tuileries!” was all the answer made; we parted distantly, and I perceived that I had lost the good opinion of the *brunettes*. Not so, I hope, with the candid reader of

‘THE HERMIT ABROAD.’

And here we close our notice of our ingenious friend's sketches: we have had so many proofs of his agreeable talent and his industry, that we say to him, with as much confidence as pleasure, ‘*Au revoir, M. L'Hermite.*’

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REV. ADAM CLARKE, L.L.D. F.S.A.

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## MEMOIR OF ADAM CLARKE, LL.D. F.R.S.

THE mere circumstance of an individual undertaking, and succeeding to a certain extent, in the translation of the Holy Scriptures, is sufficient to attach a degree of importance to his character. The gentleman whose portrait is at the head of the present number has, however, other claims to attention scarcely less important.

Dr. Adam Clarke is a native of Ireland, where his father, who was an Englishman, had been long settled. He was born at Magherafelt, in the year 1763, and received the first rudiments of a classical education from his father, who had the reputation of being a good scholar. The circumstances of his family, and the nature of their occupations, afforded, however, little time for cultivating his talents, which had at an early period given a promise of excellence. He was obliged to assist in tilling a small farm, and to renounce even the slender opportunities for study which he had before enjoyed. Soon after this he was employed in a linen manufactory, but, having for some reason conceived a strong dislike against this business, he quitted it.

His father was a man of strict and pious habits, and the manners of the other members of his family could not fail to draw the attention of a person so disposed as was the subject of this memoir to the importance of religious duties. He manifested a strong desire to assume the ministry of the Gospel; and began to preach at an age so young, that in any other place but that remote district, and at the singular period in which he lived, would not have been advisable, nor even permitted.

His zeal, which at this age was probably his most remarkable qualification, caused him to be mentioned to the celebrated John Wesley, on one of his visits to Ireland. The young man was introduced to the preacher; and the latter received so favorable an impression from this interview, that he recommended Mr. Clarke to become a pupil in the school at Kingswood, where he might supply some of the deficiencies under which he laboured, and become qualified by education for a function to which he seemed admirably adapted by nature. This offer he very readily accepted, and quitted Ireland shortly afterwards. He remained only a short time at Kingswood; and Mr. Wesley, finding in him a person infinitely above those who were treading the same path, appointed him to a circuit, as was then his custom; and at the age of nineteen the youth began his labours as an itinerant preacher. His inexperience, his zeal, his fervour, and a certain natural eloquence, which, if not very refined, is always striking, soon made him exceedingly popular with the persons in the district to which his exertions were directed. He is said to have attracted crowds not inferior in point of numbers to those which decorated the triumphs of his master and friend, Mr. Wesley.



In the midst of this popularity Mr. Clarke, however, found time to indulge his passion for study: the extent and depth of his acquirements are the best proofs that can be offered of the exertions which it must have cost him to procure them; and we can conceive none more decisive of his strength of mind than the resolute self-denial with which he turned from the charms which the general applause of his hearers presented to him, and devoted himself to severe and unremitting study. The temptation would have been too powerful for most men, and more particularly young men, to resist. He is said to have been occupied in such labours from as early an hour as four or five in the morning until ten at night for many years, without any other intermissions than such as were caused by his ministerial avocations, and the time otherwise necessarily consumed. Surprising as this may appear, when it is considered that he had to begin his education at a time when that of other men is often completed, it will be readily admitted that he could by no other means have conquered the difficulties which lay in his way.

The respectability of his parts and his character have long made Dr. Clarke eminent among that body of dissenters to which he belongs, and he is usually looked upon by them as a person in every way qualified to take the lead whenever the concerns of their society require any public expression of their wishes or opinions.

After five-and-thirty years passed in the constant discharge of such labours as these, Dr. Clarke retired to an estate he possesses in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, where he enjoys the honorable ease which ought to wait upon such exertions as his. It is a singular and characteristic fact, that Dr. Clarke's farm and grounds are said to bear the marks of that vigorous skill which have distinguished all his actions: it seems that his lands are not only so well cultivated as to be more productive than those of any of his neighbours, but that the very boundaries of his domain are best pointed out by an air of neatness and propriety which differs from those of the surrounding lands. Some men possess this quality of improving whatever they touch—a real Midas-like art—and such a one is Dr. Clarke said to be.

Of Dr. Clarke's works, his Translation of the Scriptures is in every sense the most important. It has been exposed to much criticism, and the censure which it has received has been in many instances well deserved. The impossibility of any one man discharging satisfactorily such a task would, however, amply shelter him from the consequences of some trifling failures; while the praise and admiration to which piety, learning, and industry, are entitled, cannot fail to be awarded to him. The difficulties which oppose a complete and faultless translation of the Bible are such as are almost insurmountable by human wisdom; nothing short of inspiration would seem to suffice for such a task; and, although many mere sciolists are sufficiently qualified to cavil at parts of the execution, there are few who have heads and hearts sufficiently clear and strong to undertake so great a labour. Dr. Clarke's other works are of a miscellaneous character, and, although far inferior to that of which we have been speaking, possess considerable merit. The following list is nearly a correct one:

*Dissertation on the Use and Abuse of Tobacco: London, 1797,*

8vo.—A Bibliographical Dictionary, containing a Chronological Account of the most curious books, in all departments of literature, from the infancy of printing to the beginning of the 19th century ; to which are added, An Essay on Bibliography, and An Account of the best English Translations of each Greek and Latin Classic. 1802, 6 vols. 12mo. and 8vo.—The Bibliographical Miscellany, or a Supplement to the Bibliographical Dictionary, down to 1806, 2 vols. 12mo. and 8vo.—Baxter's Christian Directory abridged. 1804, 2 vols. 8vo.—Claude Fleury's History of the Ancient Israelites, with an Account of their Manners, Customs, &c. and a Life and fine Portrait of Claude Fleury. 1805, 12mo.—The Succession of Sacred Literature, in a chronological arrangement of authors and their works, from the invention of alphabetical characters to the year of our Lord 345. 1807, 12mo. and 8vo. vol. 1st. : a second vol. is designed to bring the succession down to the year 1440.—Shuckford's Sacred and Profane History of the World connected, including Bishop Clayton's Strictures on the work, embellished with a set of maps. 1808, 4 vols. 8vo.—Sturm's Reflections, from the German, 4 vols. 12mo.—The Holy Scriptures, &c. &c. with the Marginal Readings, a Collection of Parallel Texts, and copious Summaries to each Chapter ; with a Commentary and Critical Notes, designed as a help to the better understanding of the Sacred Writings. 4to. 1810.—Harmer's Observations. 4 vols. 8vo.—Clavis Biblica ; or a Compendium of Scripture Knowledge. 8vo.—Dr. Clarke has also published several sermons and detached pieces.

He was employed several years by Government in collecting materials for a new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*, in folio, of which he saw the two first vols. through the press. This work is now superintended by a commission under Government.

Dr. Clarke has had a large family, of which six only remain alive. His eldest son is the principal clerk in the Record Office of the Court of Exchequer ; his second is a printer in London ; and his third, and youngest, a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

He is one of those persons whose example is not less valuable than his labours ; and, to say nothing of the worth and usefulness of his exertions as a preacher, the proof which he has given that application, steadiness, and integrity, can lead a man from insignificance, ignorance, and comparative poverty, to honour, learning, and wealth, is of incalculable worth. In such a country as England it is 'worth a thousand homilies.'

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*A View of the Past and Present State of the Island of Jamaica ; with Remarks on the Moral and Physical Condition of the Slaves.*  
By J. STEWART.

THE painful interest which has been excited by the statements made, in the last session of Parliament, with respect to the slaves in the West India settlements, induces us to turn with considerable eagerness to whatever source seems likely to afford information on the subject. The more recent accounts received here of the insurrection in Demerara, and which seems unquestionably to have been brought about by the proceedings in Parliament, changes that interest which was felt on the score of humanity to a sensation of serious alarm.

The volume before us becomes, on these accounts, entitled to a more general attention than it would otherwise have commanded, and concerns the public as nearly as it does those persons whose property is vested in the West India Islands. The author appears to be a man of intelligence, and, what is still more important in this case, of great candour. Fully qualified by a long and intimate acquaintance with the slaves as well as the other inhabitants of Jamaica, he never expresses an opinion in favour of either the one or other, without stating the grounds of that opinion so fairly that the reader may ascertain its value, and use his own reason in coinciding with it. There are no airs of authorship about the composition; the style is plain, and suited to the statistical nature of the subject: whenever this is departed from, which is only in few instances, it is done so modestly and frankly that it may be pardoned. The stock of information which this work contains would be interesting and valuable at any time; and, under existing circumstances, we are glad that the task of imparting it has fallen into hands so able and impartial as those of Mr. Stewart.

The opening part of the volume contains a succinct history of the principal events which have occurred in the history of the island, and particularly with respect to the Maroon war. The natural history of the island, and its various productions, is interestingly and agreeably described, and the political and other institutions clearly explained. It is, however, the succeeding parts of the work—which contain particulars of the white population, and of the slaves, and the treatment they experience—which claims our more immediate attention, and from which we proceed to lay before our readers some extracts:

‘The white inhabitants of Jamaica consist of creoles, or natives of the country, and Europeans. There may be about three of the former to two of the latter. Formerly there was a marked difference in the habits, manners, and mode of life of those two classes, but that no longer generally exists. The primitive creolian customs and manners are fast disappearing, being superseded by the more polished manners of European life. Even within the last fifteen or twenty years a very considerable improvement has taken place in the state of society here. This is owing in a great measure to the now universally prevailing practice of sending the children of both sexes to Great Britain for their education.

‘There are obstacles, however, in this country, which must necessarily operate to keep down the state of society far below that improvement of which it would otherwise be capable. These partly grow out of, and are inseparably connected with, a state of slavery, but more especially arise from the gross immorality which too generally prevails among all ranks.

‘Human nature is shaped and governed by the force of early habits and of example. The very children, in some families, are so used to see or hear the negro servants whipped, for the offences they commit, that it becomes a sort of *amusement* to them. It unfortunately happens that the females, as well as the males, are too apt to contract domineering and harsh ideas with respect to their slaves—ideas ill suited to the native softness and humanity of the female heart,—so that the severe and arbitrary mistress will not unfrequently be combined with the

affectionate wife, the tender mother, and agreeable companion—such is the effect of early habits and accustomed prejudices, suffering qualities so anomalous to exist in the same breast. A young lady, while yet a child, has a little negress of her own age pointed out to her as one destined to be her future waiting-maid; her infant mind cannot conceive the harm of a little vexatious tyranny over this sable being, who is her property; and thus are arbitrary ideas gradually ingrafted in her nature. The growth of this unamiable propensity is not sufficiently guarded against and corrected by the parents, who are too fond and indulgent to check these indications of *spirit* in their darlings; while, should the little black retaliate the ill usage she meets, she is immediately chastised for her *impertinence*. The more ignorant of the natives do not appear to be sensible that there is any impropriety in suffering their children to be witnesses of a most improper spectacle—the punishment of the slaves. The chastisement may have been justly inflicted; but why should the pliant mind of unhackneyed youth be thus early hardened and contaminated by witnessing such scenes? Such inflictions may in time be viewed with a sort of savage gratification; in the males it may produce brutality of mind; and in the females, to say the least of it, an insensibility of human misery, and a cold contemplation of its distresses—qualities little in unison with the female character, of which humanity and compassion should ever form a part, for without these, beauty, wit, and accomplishment would lose half their charms. Such is the power of habit over the heart, that the woman accustomed to the exercise of severity soon loses all the natural softness of her sex. Nothing was more common formerly than for white mistresses not only to order their slaves to be punished, but personally to see that the punishment was duly inflicted! It must, however, in justice to the white females of Jamaica of the present day, be remarked, that such characters are now very rare, except among the most low and ignorant; and the author can with truth say, that he has known ladies who were as kind, attentive, and indulgent to their slaves, as their relative situations would admit. The mistress of a family, where there is a crowd of black and brown servants, has a more difficult and painful duty to perform than can well be conceived; they are often so refractory, vicious, and indolent, that, in managing such a household, she is perhaps, in effect, a greater slave than any of them. There is something in their manner, their behaviour, their language, and, not unfrequently, their dress, which to one not accustomed to such attendants must appear exceedingly disgusting. To the master, or mistress, whose pride is gratified by a numerous train of slaves around them, who know how to *manage* them, and who are accustomed to their ways, all this is pleasant enough; but to those who have been used to decent and orderly attendants, who require not the stimulus of the lash, such a barbarous retinue would be intolerable.

‘ These semi-barbarous customs and practices, as they may well be called, will sufficiently show that this is not the happiest country in the world for a virtuous and well-educated female. The young ladies who are sent early in life to Great Britain to be educated readily perceive this, on their return, and often think with a sigh on the happier and more civilized country they have quitted. This alienation of

attachment for their homes, and even their friends, the parents dread as one of the evils of an elegant and accomplished education in England, and not perhaps without reason ; for a young lady, so educated, cannot help feeling dissatisfied and disgusted with many things she sees around her ; and, however a sense of duty may dispose her to act, she must see, and be too prone to despise, the inferiority even of her nearest relatives. There are few females, so situated, that would not consider a permission to live in Great Britain, instead of Jamaica, as the greatest boon on earth.

‘ The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. Their complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which, to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular—their eyes rather expressive than sparkling—their voices soft and pleasing—and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasion, particularly when dancing, an amusement of which they are particularly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness, and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indolence ; and *outré* examples of this are given by those whose object is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self-indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed, before dinner, is so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose.

‘ To sum up, in few words, the character of the creole ladies,—they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusements, that they would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else ; balls in particular are their great delight : they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted ; reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour ; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues. They are modest and decorous in their behaviour, and, when animated, sprightly and agreeable ; they are obliging, generous, and hospitable (the latter virtue may be said to be proverbial of the creoles of both sexes), and, above all, scrupulously correct, as has been said, in their conduct. In short, they are, on the whole, formed to become affectionate wives, tender mothers, and warm-hearted friends.

‘ The low, ignorant creole men are, generally, indolent, extravagant, unprincipled in their dealings, and depraved in their habits ; in the two last of which qualities they are indeed rivalled by many of the Europeans of the same class. But the creole gentleman, who has received a liberal education in Great Britain, is in no material respect different from the well-educated gentleman of any other country.’

On the character of the slaves the author gives the following information :

‘ The characters of the negro slaves are no doubt deteriorated by the nature of their condition. They have, however, good qualities mingled with their bad ones. They are patient, cheerful, and commonly submissive, capable at times of grateful attachments, where uniformly well treated, and generally affectionate towards their friends, kindred, and offspring. The affection and solicitude of a negro mother towards her infant is ardent even to enthusiasm. The crime of infanticide, so repugnant to nature, is seldom or never heard of among the negro tribes ; though it is said, that, prompted by avarice, the African father will sometimes sell his child to the European slave-trader. It is no easy matter to delineate correctly the true character and dispositions of the negro slaves, collectively considered ; there will occur examples among them that bid defiance to analogy. The dispositions of some are a disgrace to human nature ; while there are others whose good qualities would put many of their white rulers to the blush. This diversity of character is, in part, owing to the different dispositions of the various tribes brought to the island, and which may in some measure pass to their respective descendants, the creole negroes.

‘ The passions and affections of the negroes, not being under the control of reason or religion, sometimes break out with frightful violence : rage, revenge, grief, jealousy, have often been productive of terrible catastrophes ; but it is only in their intercourse with each other that this impetuosity prevails ; they are so far subdued by an habitual awe of the whites as to have a mastery over their passions ; and, if ill treated, they brood in silence over their wrongs, watching a favorable opportunity of revenge.

‘ Many examples are given us of the gratitude and attachment of the negro race. These are far from being surprising ; on the contrary, nothing is more easy than for a humane master to attach to him, by ties of gratitude, a slave of good dispositions, whom he is in the habit of employing near his person, where a reciprocity of kindness, on the one hand, and fidelity on the other, must necessarily produce that effect. But it rarely happens that two such characters shall be associated : more frequently the indulgent master and perverse slave, or the faithful servant and harsh unfeeling master, meet unhappily together. As for the great bulk of the slaves, they are beyond the ken of their master’s immediate observation : indeed there are many of the great attorneys who do not personally know a tenth part of the numerous slaves belonging to their constituents. They see them once a year, collected to receive their annual allowance of clothing, and this is the only opportunity they have of knowing any thing about them, except by report.

‘ Two instances may here be given of uncommon gratitude and attachment in slaves towards their masters, both of which are well authenticated :

‘ Soon after the breaking out of the insurrection in St. Domingo, when the unfortunate whites were every where hunted and massacred, and their dwellings given up to fire and pillage, a negro, who loved his master, hastened to him with the first intelligence of the revolt, and



the imminent danger in which he stood ; “ but,” said this faithful slave, “ I will save you, or perish myself in the attempt.” He immediately conveyed his master to a place of safety, where he could be concealed for a while. In the dead of the night he put him into a sack, and, placing him across a mule, conveyed him to some distance before dawn of day, and again concealed him in the cavern of a rock : at night he again renewed his journey ; and in this manner did this faithful creature safely conduct his master a distance of an hundred miles, till he brought him to a navigable river, where he procured a canoe, and at night paddled it down with the stream till he came to a post occupied by the whites, to whom he delivered his master in safety and unhurt.

‘ The other instance occurred in Jamaica during the Maroon war, and is well attested by several respectable gentlemen, who were eye-witnesses of the transaction. During the ambuscade-attack of the Maroons on Lieutenant-colonel Sandford’s party of dragoons and militia, at a narrow defile leading from the New to Old Trelawny Maroon Town, a gentleman’s negro servant, being close to his master, and observing a Maroon’s piece levelled at him, he instantly threw himself between him and the danger, and received the shot in his body. Happily it did not prove mortal, and the faithful slave lived to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his master’s gratitude.

‘ Numerous instances of the gratitude and attachment of negro slaves towards their masters have come within the author’s knowledge ; though he has also had occasion to witness the most hardened ingratitude in individuals of this race, not only to their masters and their fellow-slaves, but even to their parents, when age and decrepitude had rendered their kindness and assistance doubly necessary and welcome. Filial gratitude is not so powerful an affection as parental love, and among the negro race this is often strikingly exemplified.

‘ Very affecting scenes often occurred of negro sales during the existence of the slave-trade. Groups of slaves were seen with their arms entwined round each other’s necks, waiting, with sad and anxious looks, the expected moment of separation. Perhaps they were sisters and friends—perhaps a mother and her children—perhaps a husband and wife. In vain was the endeavour to separate them—they clung closer together, they wept, they shrieked piteously, and, if forcibly torn asunder, the buyer had generally cause to regret his inhumanity ; despair often seized on the miserable creatures, and they either sunk into an utter despondency or put a period to their lives.

‘ Though scenes of this kind often occurred, it is yet too true that the unnatural African father, prompted by the love of lucre, will sometimes sell his children, the children trepan their parent, and one friend betray another ! This is no groundless allegation ; the author has often heard recitals of this savage conduct from their own mouths. He was once an eye-witness of a curious scene arising from a circumstance of this nature. A negro, who had been some years in the country, happening one day to meet an elderly slave who had just been purchased from a slave-trader recently arrived, he recognised him as his father—who, it seems, had sold him to the Europeans. Without explanation or preface, he addressed to him a speech, in his

country dialect, which he thus translated to the bystanders.—“*So you old rogue, dem catch you at last—no.—Buckra\* do good—you no care for your pickininnic (child)—but they will make you feel work pinch too.*”

‘The negroes, though so rude and ignorant in their savage state, have a natural shrewdness and genius which is doubtless susceptible of culture and improvement. Those who have been reared among the whites are greatly superior in intellect to the native Africans brought at a mature age to the country. Many are wonderfully ingenious in making a variety of articles for their own use, or to sell; and such as are properly brought up to any trade show a skill and dexterity in it little inferior to the Europeans.† In reckoning numbers they are somewhat puzzled, being obliged to mark the decimals as they proceed. Some author mentions a nation so extremely stupid that they could not reckon beyond the number five. The negro can go beyond this—indeed, give him time, and he will, by a mode of combination of his own, make out a pretty round sum; but he is utterly perplexed by the minuter combinations of figures according to the European system of arithmetic.

‘Their sayings often convey more force and meaning, and would, if clothed in a more courtly dress, make no despicable figure even among those precepts of wisdom which are ascribed to wiser nations. When they wish to imply, that a peaceable man is often wise and provident in his conduct, they say, “*Softly water run deep;*” when they would express the oblivion and disregard which follows them after death, they say, “*When man dead grass grow at him door;*” and when they would express the humility which is the usual accompaniment of poverty, they say, “*Poor man never vex.*” Mr. Bryan Edwards mentions an instance of sagacious wit in a negro servant of his. He had fallen asleep, and, on one of his fellow-servants awakening him, and telling him, somewhat tartly, that “*Massa heart burn (angry) because him de call him—call him, and him de sleep and no hearie,*” he drily observed that “*Sleep no have massa.*”

‘The negroes are astonished at the ingenuity of the Europeans, and there are some articles of their manufacture which appear quite unaccountable to them, as watches, telescopes, looking-glasses, gun-powder, &c. The author once amused a party of negroes with the deceptions of a magic lantern. They gazed with the utmost wonder and astonishment at the hideous figures conjured up by this optical machine, and were of opinion that nothing short of witchcraft could have produced such an instrument. They are also astonished at the means by which the Europeans can find their way to Africa and other remote countries, and guide their vessels, through trackless oceans, with as much certainty as they can travel over a few miles of well-known country. This they can only attribute to some supernatural gift of knowledge. A master of an African trader, travelling in Jamaica, and not knowing his way, inquired of a negro whom he

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\* ‘White men.’

† ‘On the plantations there are negro carpenters, masons, coopers, &c. some of whom are as expert as white mechanics.’

met, the road to Mr. —'s house. The negro recognising him to be the captain of the ship in which he had been brought from his native country, eyed him with a look of ineffable contempt, without making any reply: on the question being reiterated, he replied with much indignation, as conceiving himself jested with by one who had injured him so deeply—"You want for make fool of me—no?—you can find pass go in a Guinea country bring me come here, but you can't find pass go in a massa house."

Their mode of living, their domestic comforts, and their amusements; are thus described:

'The houses of the slaves are in general comfortable. They are built of hard wood posts, either boarded or wattled and plastered, and the roof formed of shingles (wood split and dressed into the shape of slates, and used as a substitute for them), or thatched with the leaves of the sugar-cane, or the branches of the mountain-cabbage: the latter is of so durable a nature that it will last for thirty or forty years. The size of the houses is generally from fifteen to twenty feet long, and from ten to fifteen wide. They contain a small hall, and one or two bed-rooms, according to the size of the family. The furniture of this dwelling is a small table, two or three chairs or stools, a small cupboard, furnished with a few articles of crockery-ware, some wooden bowls and calabashes, a water-jar, a wooden mortar for pounding Indian corn, &c. and various other articles. The beds are seldom more than wooden frames spread with a mat and blanket.

'Adjoining to the house is usually a small spot of ground, laid out into a sort of garden, and shaded by various fruit-trees. Here the family deposit their dead, to whose memory they invariably, if they can afford it, erect a rude tomb. Each slave has, besides this spot, a piece of ground (about half an acre) allotted to him as a provision-ground. This is the principal means of his support; and so productive is the soil, where it is good and the seasons regular, that this spot will not only furnish him with sufficient food for his own consumption, but an overplus to carry to market. By means of this ground, and of the hogs and poultry which he may raise (most of which he sells), an industrious negro may not only support himself comfortably, but save something. If he has a family, an additional proportion of ground is allowed him, and all his children from five years upwards assist him in his labours in some way or other. On the sugar plantations the slaves are not allowed to keep horses, cows, sheep, or goats, and they are obliged to prevent their hogs from wandering over the estate.

'The common food of the slaves is salt meat (commonly pork), or salted fish, boiled along with their yams, cocoas, or plantains, mixed up with pulse and other vegetables, and highly seasoned with the native pepper (*capsum Indicus*). Pimento they never use in their food. They receive from their masters seven or eight herrings per week, a food which most of them, who can afford better, despise; and they accordingly sell them in the markets, and purchase salted pork, of which they are exceedingly fond. They also get about eight pounds of salted cod-fish once or twice a-year: this food is more a favourite with them than the herrings, for no reason that can be imagined, but because the former is a greater rarity than the latter. They cannot

afford to indulge themselves with a fowl or a duck, except upon particular occasions.\*

‘The common dress of the male slaves is an osnaburgh or check frock, and a pair of osnaburgh or sheeting trowsers, with a coarse hat. That of the women is an osnaburgh or coarse linen shift, a petticoat made of various stuff, according to their taste and circumstances, and a handkerchief tied round their heads. Both men and women are also provided with great-coats (or *croocas*, as they call them) of blue woollen stuff. Neither sex wear shoes in common, these being reserved for particular occasions, such as dances, &c. when all who can afford it appear in very gay apparel—the men in broad-cloth coats, fancy waistcoats, and nankeen or jean trowsers, and the women in white or fancy muslin gowns, beaver or silk hats, and a variety of expensive jewellery. But it is only a small proportion who can afford to dress thus finely. The annual allowance of clothing which they receive from their owners is as much osnaburgh as will make two frocks, and as much woollen stuff as will make a great-coat; with a hat, handkerchief, knife, and needles and thread to make up their clothes. This specific quantity an owner is obliged by law to give to his slaves. But all of them who can afford to buy a finer dress, seldom appear, excepting when at work, in the coarse habiliments given them by their masters.

‘The slaves have little time to devote to amusement, but such occasions as offer they eagerly embrace. Plays, as they call them, are their principal and favourite one. This is an assemblage of both sexes, dressed out for the occasion, who form a ring round a male and female dancer, who perform to the music of drums and the songs of the other females of the party, one alternately going over the song, while her companions repeat in chorus. Both the singers and dancers show the exactest precision as to time and measure. This rude music is usually accompanied by a kind of rattles, being small calabashes filled with the seed of a plant called by the negroes *Indian shot*. Near at hand this music is harsh and clamorous, but at a distance it has not an unpleasant sound. When two dancers have fatigued themselves, another couple enter the ring, and thus the amusement continues. So fond are the negroes of this amusement, that they will continue for nights and days enjoying it, when permitted. But their owners find it prudent and necessary to restrain them from it, excepting at Christmas, when they have three days allowed them. This and harvest-home may be considered as their two annual festivals. Little do they consider, and as little do they care, about the origin and occasion of the former of those festivals; suffice it to say, that *Buckra* gives them their three days—though, by-the-by, the law allows only two, in consideration of the injury they may sustain by three successive days of unbounded dissipation, and of the danger, at such a time of unrestrained licentiousness, of riots and disorder.

‘On these occasions the slaves appear an altered race of beings. They show themselves off to the greatest advantage, by fine clothes and a profusion of trinkets; they affect a more polished behaviour and mode of speech; they address the whites with greater familiarity; they

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\* ‘Some of the Africans eat the cane-field rat, which they regard as a great luxury.’

come into their masters' houses, and drink with them; the distance between them appears to be annihilated for the moment, like the familiar footing on which the Roman slaves were with their masters at the feast of the Saturnalia. Pleasure throws a temporary oblivion over their cares and their toils; they seem a people without the consciousness of inferiority or suffering.

'Plays, or dances, very frequently take place on Saturday nights, when the slaves on the neighbouring plantations assemble together to enjoy this amusement. It is contrary to the law for the slaves to beat their drums after ten o'clock at night; but this law they pay little regard to. Their music is very rude; it consists of the *goombay*, or drum, several rattles, and the voices of the female slaves, which, by-the-by, is the best part of the music, though altogether it is very rude. The drums of the Africans vary in shape, size, &c. according to the different countries, as does also their vocal music. In a few years it is probable that the rude music here described will be altogether exploded among the creole negroes, who show a decided preference for European music. Its instruments, its tunes, its dances, are now pretty generally adopted by the young creoles, who indeed sedulously copy their masters and mistresses in every thing. A sort of subscription balls are set on foot, and parties of both sexes assemble and dance country dances to the music of a violin, tambarine, &c. But this improvement of taste is in a great measure confined to those who are, or have been, domestics about the houses of the whites, and have in consequence imbibed a fondness for their amusements, and some skill in the performance. They affect, too, the language, manners, and conversation of the whites: those who have it in their power have at times their convivial parties, when they will endeavour to mimic their masters in their drinking, their songs, and their toasts; and it is laughable to see with what awkward minuteness they aim at such imitations. They have also caught a spirit of gambling from their masters, and often assemble and play at games of hazard with the dice, though there is a law against such species of gambling, and such slaves as are found assembled for this purpose are liable to punishment. At horse-races, betting goes on among the negro servants who are present as regularly as among their masters.

'At their funerals, the African negroes use various ceremonies, among which is the practice of pouring libations, and sacrificing a fowl on the grave of the deceased—a tribute of respect they afterwards occasionally repeat. During the whole of the ceremony, many fantastic motions and wild gesticulations are practised, accompanied with a suitable beat of their drums and other rude instruments, while a melancholy dirge is sung by a female, the chorus of which is performed by the whole of the other females, with admirable precision, and full-toned and not unmelodious voices. When the deceased is interred, the plaintive notes of sympathy are no longer heard, the drums resound with a livelier beat, the song grows more animated, dancing and apparent merriment commence, and the remainder of the night is usually spent in feasting and riotous debauchery.

'Previous to the interment of the corpse it is sometimes pretended that it is endowed with the gift of speech; and the friends and relatives alternately place their ears to the lid of the coffin, to hear what

the deceased has to say. This generally consists of complaints and upbraidings for various injuries,—treachery, ingratitude, injustice, slander, and, in particular, the non-payment of debts due to the deceased. This last complaint is sometimes shown by the deceased in a more *cogent* way than by mere words; for, on coming opposite the door of the negro debtor, the coffin makes a full stop, and no persuasion nor strength can induce the deceased to go forward peaceably to his grave till the money is paid; so that the unhappy debtor has no alternative but to comply with this demand, or have his creditor palmed upon him, as a lodger, for some time. Sometimes, however, the deceased is a little unconscionable, by claiming a fictitious debt. In short, this superstitious practice is often made subservient to fraudulent extortion. A negro, who was to be interred in one of the towns, had, it was pretended by some of his friends, a claim on another negro for a sum of money. The latter denied any such claim; and accordingly, at the funeral of the deceased, the accustomed ceremonies took place opposite to the door of his supposed debtor; and this mummary was continued for hours, till the magistrates thought proper to interfere, and compelled the defunct to forego his claim, and proceed quietly on to his place of rest.

From the information contained in this volume, as well as from all that we have read and heard before upon this subject, the conclusion is forced upon us, that, however desirable it may be to see the blessings of freedom extended to the negroes of the West Indies, they are yet in no condition to enjoy them. Much is yet to be done to place them in the requisite condition, and this must be by means of religious and other instructions. Until they are more virtuous and more enlightened they cannot become free. If those persons who are loudest in their declamations on the subject, and who at a very cheap rate gain themselves a certain reputation for sanctity, would direct their exertions to this end, they would escape the imputations of canting and insincerity which are at present with some reason fixed upon them.

We conclude our notice of this deserving work with the author's opinions on the important subject of the emancipation of the slaves, in which we mainly concur, and which deserve very deep consideration:

‘ With respect to the policy of the measure, in a national point of view, it may be reduced to the very momentous questions—first, whether, in such an event, the mother-country would be in a condition to pay nearly one hundred millions of money to her subjects whose capitals were embarked in West-India property, under the guarantee of *British laws*, for the loss of that property:—which she would be as much bound in honour and good faith to do, if she gave freedom to the slaves, as to keep faith with the national creditors? and, secondly, whether she could afford to suffer a defalcation in her revenue of five millions and a half, derived from her colonial commerce—the loss of a market for her manufactures to the amount of more than three millions and a half per annum—a great nursery for her seamen, and employment for a considerable portion of her shipping? \* It is easy to

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\* ‘ It was stated in the House of Commons, that, from the papers laid before Parliament in 1822, it appeared that, on an average, the exports



speculate on such a subject ; but theory and practice are very different. The warmest rational friends of humanity would hardly advocate a measure fraught with so much evil on one side, without being likely, on the other, to be attended by the good contemplated.

‘ But though such would be the awful consequences of a too precipitate emancipation of the slaves, let no one draw from thence an argument in favour of the perpetuation of slavery. It is clearly repugnant to the immutable principles of reason and justice as well as to the mild spirit of Christianity ; and those who endeavour to justify or excuse it, by telling us that it has prevailed from the remotest times, and existed among all the great nations of antiquity—the Greeks, Romans, &c., and under the Jewish and Christian dispensations—merely inform us that a great moral evil was suffered to exist in those times and among those nations. Bryan Edwards, one of the most able and zealous champions of the West Indies, speaking of slavery, abstractedly, says, “After all, I will not conceal that I am no friend to slavery in any shape, or under any modification.” If then a West Indian, holding large properties in one of the islands, makes this candid avowal, what shall we think of those who gravely set up a defence of slavery, and would thus justify its indefinite continuance ? Nothing surely can be more revolting than the thought that a state of degrading bondage (for such slavery at best must be considered) shall be handed down from generation to generation—to beings yet unborn, on whom the morn of freedom shall never dawn ! The strong plea of necessity is the only ground, in short, on which the continuance of slavery, for a time, can be defended. The national weal—the incontrovertible right of a large and opulent body of British subjects, whose whole property is embarked in the colonies, under the sanction and faith of acts of the British legislature—and even the welfare of the enslaved themselves—forbid other than a gradual extinction of slavery, by progressive ameliorations. The liberal-minded West Indian himself must look forward, with pleasure, to a period when the boon of rational freedom shall be extended over the American Archipelago—in other words, a just and secure reciprocity of interests and services between the landholder and the labourer, in which the wholesome control of just and impartial laws only shall have force. By what progressive measures such a state of things may be brought about, without danger or substantial injury to the possessors of the soil, and, of consequence, to the parent state, is a question full of difficulty, and involving many considerations of deep interest. Time and a gradual improvement of system can only develop the safest and wisest means of bringing about that effectual change in the moral and political condition of the slaves, which the liberal and enlightened of all parties seem to view as so desirable.

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from Great Britain and Ireland to the West Indies amounted in value to the sum of 3,560,000*l.* annually,—that Great Britain derived from West-India commerce an annual revenue of 5,500,000*l.*,—and that 23,700 seamen, and 438,000 tons of shipping, were employed in that commerce. The average annual amount of revenue in the five years ending the 5th of January, 1813, was 6,585,643*l.* In 1816 the value of exports from the united kingdom to the colonies was 4,155,163*l.*: during the war they are sometimes little short of five millions.’

‘Such are the author’s unprejudiced opinions on the question of the abolition of slavery in our West India colonies—a question surpassed by none in magnitude and importance, whether as it regards the rights, property, and safety, of a numerous, opulent, and respectable body of British subjects, or the vital interests of the empire at large. A precipitate emancipation of the slaves is allowed by all parties to be a wild, impolitic, and ruinous scheme. Such a change must be the work of time, and of a preparatory moral and intellectual improvement of the slaves. In the mean time, such improvements in the slave-laws as can with perfect safety be made at the present moment should be carried into effect—not by the imperial parliament, as has been strangely recommended, but by the colonial legislatures, to whom belongs the right of regulating all matters connected with their internal policy. The former, and the government, may indeed recommend to the latter such enactments as they conceive would be productive of good; but any attempt to force such enactments on the colonies would most assuredly *be resisted at all hazards*. Those who would persuade the British parliament to legislate for the colonies may be very well-meaning people, but, unquestionably, they are not aware of the consequences of what they recommend. The colonial assemblies have uniformly and strenuously resisted all interference of the British parliament in their internal affairs, even in matters of inferior moment, on the ground that it was a direct violation of their right to legislate. What, then, would they think of such interference in a matter of vital importance, involving not merely their rights, but their lives and property?—that if they submitted to it their authority would be but a shadow and a mockery. Jamaica, in particular—an island almost equal in value and importance to all the other colonies—has always been most inflexible on this point. A contention between the imperial parliament and the colonial assemblies, on such a subject, would be pregnant with the most dangerous consequences. The slaves, made acquainted with what was going on, would be incited to disaffection and rebellion, and thus an event would be brought about which would too probably terminate in scenes of havoc and bloodshed, and, finally, *in the loss of the colonies to Great Britain.*’

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*Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years 1819 and 1820, by order of the Honorable J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Major Stephen H. Long; from the Notes of Major Long, Mr. T. Say, and other Gentlemen of the exploring Party. Compiled by EDWIN JAMES, Botanist and Geologist for the Expedition. In 2 volumes, with an Atlas. Philadelphia, 1823.*

THE interesting nature of the work which forms the subject of the present article will, we trust, form an ample apology for our introducing it to our readers, although it has not yet been published in England. It is impossible but that the affairs of America must always appear to us to be more intimately connected with our own than those of any other nation. The expedition of Major Long being, moreover, directed to a part of America nearly adjoining our own possessions:

there, gives the account of his discoveries a more immediate claim on our attention. The length of the work renders even the most extensive account we can give it but inadequate, and compels us to reduce all preliminary remarks within the smallest possible compass :

‘ This expedition started from Pittsburgh, in the spring of 1819. It was projected by the Secretary at War, for the purpose of exploring the Mississippi, Missouri, and their navigable tributaries, as far as the Rocky Mountains. The chief command of the expedition was given to Major Long. Dr. Baldwin was attached to it as a botanist, Mr. Say as a zoologist, Mr. Jessup as a geologist, Mr. Peele as an assistant naturalist, and Mr. Seymour as a draftsman. The gentlemen named, with other officers and members of the party, appear to have co-operated with each other toward promoting the common object, with singular harmony and zeal. The labours of Dr. Baldwin, however, were unhappily brought to a close by consumption in the progress of the expedition ; and the extracts from his botanical journal are sufficient proofs of the loss which the party suffered by this misfortune.

‘ The expedition was embarked on board the *Western Engineer*, a steam-boat, destined to be the first that should proceed a considerable distance up the Missouri, and which accomplished the trip to the Council Bluff, the station of the military post of the United States in that quarter.

‘ On the 3d of May the expedition departed from Pittsburgh, and arrived the next day at Wheeling, where the great national road from Cumberland meets the road from Zanesville, Columbus, and Cincinnati.

‘ On the 8th the party passed, at the mouth of the Kenhawa, the little village of Mount Pleasant, situated on the spot where, in 1774, a battle was fought between the Indians on one side, and the Virginian troops on the other, in which Logan, the Mingo chief, avenged himself for the murder of his family. The eloquent speech, which he afterwards delivered, has owed perhaps as much to its reporter, as Lord Chatham’s did to the pen of Johnson.—Having arrived at Cincinnati, on the 9th, the party was detained there till the 18th, by the declining health of Dr. Baldwin. On the night of the 18th they passed in the river the boats, containing the sixth regiment of the United States army, destined, like themselves, to the Missouri ; and they arrived on the morning of the 19th at Louisville.

‘ On the 29th of May our travellers passed the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, the two largest tributaries to the Ohio, and on the 30th arrived at a point above the mouth of the Cash river, where a town has been laid out, called America. It is on the north bank of the Ohio, about eleven miles above the Mississippi ; and, for reasons which our authors have given in detail, it seems likely that this spot, or some one near it, will become the depôt of a very extensive trade. They even go so far as to say, that “ in view of the great extent of inland navigation centering at this place, and the incalculable amount of products to be realized at no distant period, from the cultivation of the rich valleys and fertile plains of the West, a great proportion of which must find a market here, no doubt can be

entertained that *it will eventually become a place of as great wealth and importance as almost any in the United States.*"

On the 30th our travellers reached the mouth of the Ohio, having descended that beautiful river, from its head at Pittsburgh to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 1,333 miles, through a country surpassed in fertility by no part of the United States. Their course was henceforward to be more slowly made against the powerful current of the Mississippi and the Missouri. They passed several steam-boats, ascending with stores for the troops of the United States; and affording the spectacle of the last and most powerful improvements in machinery thus pushed forward into the wilderness, scarcely as yet embraced within the compass of our geography. On the 3d of June they passed the insular rock in the middle of the Mississippi, called the Grand Tower. It is about 150 feet high, and 250 in diameter. Between this rock and the right bank of the river is a channel, of about 150 yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Our authors are of opinion that a bridge might here be constructed, for which this rock might serve as a pier.

Having given a character of the fertility of the soil in the 'great American bottom,' above the mouth of the Kaskaskia river, on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and having also observed that the lands on the opposite bank, though less fertile than the American bottom, are yet highly valuable, and have long been objects of *scandalous speculation*, our authors subjoin the following anecdote, in justification of this remark :

'Among a variety of stratagems practised in this part of the country to obtain titles to lands, was one which will be best explained by the following anecdote, related to us by a respectable citizen of St. Genevieve. Preparatory to taking possession of Louisiana in 1805, the legislature passed a law, authorizing a claim to one section of land, in favour of any person who should have actually made *improvements* in any part of the same, previous to the year 1804. Commissioners were appointed to settle all claims of this description, more commonly known by the name of Improvement Rights. A person, somewhere in the county of Cape Girardeau, being desirous of establishing a claim of this kind to a tract of land, adopted the following method :—The time having expired for the establishment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the law, he took with him two witnesses to the favorite spot, on which he wished to establish his claim, and in their presence marked two trees, standing on opposite sides of a spring, one with the figures 1803, the other 1804, and placed a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then brought the witnesses before the commissioners, who, upon their declaration that they had seen corn growing at the place specified, in the *spring* between 1803 and 1804, admitted the claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to the land.'

On the 19th of July a temporary division was made in the party. Messrs. Say, Jessup, Seymour, and Dougherty, (an interpreter in the service of Major O'Fallon, Indian agent, at the Council Bluff, who had joined the party below,) accompanied by Major Biddle, left Franklin, intending to traverse the country by land to Fort Osage, and there to await the arrival of the steam-boat. The party now con-

sisted of Major Long, Major O'Fallon, Mr. Peele, and Lieutenants Graham and Smith, and in three days arrived at Charaton, a small village, of which the settlement began in 1817. The steam-boat, *Western Engineer*, in which the party was embarked, was the first that had ever ascended the Missouri, above this point; and we can readily conceive the interest taken in beholding the onward progress of this herald of civilization. We rejoice to find in the report of the gentlemen of this expedition abundant confirmation of the fact, that coal exists in extensive beds, in various parts of this thinly wooded country.

On the 1st of August the steam-boat arrived at Fort Osage, and found the party of Mr. Say, which had left them at Franklin, there encamped. They had arrived at the rendezvous on the 24th of July, a week before their companions in the boat. Here another division of the party was projected, which terminated unfortunately for the portion detached. For the sake of a more thorough examination of the tract between Fort Osage and the Konzas river, and also of the region beyond the Konzas and the Platte, a party was detached from the steam-boat, with instructions to cross the river Konzas, at the Konza village, thence to traverse the country by the nearest route to the Platte, and to descend that river to the Missouri. The party consisted of Mr. Say, to whom the command was given, Messrs. Jessup, Peele, Seymour, and Swift, Mr. J. Dougherty, and five soldiers. Previous to the departure of the steam-boat from Fort Osage, Major O'Fallon, the Indian agent, dispatched a messenger across the country to the Konzas nation of Indians, residing on the Konzas river, summoning their chiefs to a council to be held at Isle au [?] Vache, on the arrival of the *Western Engineer*. The steam-boat moved up the river from Fort Osage, and arrived at the island on the 14th of the month. The council with the Indians had been appointed for the 18th, but Major O'Fallon's messenger having reached the Konzas village at a time when the Indians were hunting, they were unable to attend before the 24th. We subjoin the following account of the council:

' On the 24th the chiefs and principal men of the Konzas, to the number of one hundred and fifty, assembled under an arbour prepared for their reception. The Indian agent addressed them in a speech adapted to the occasion, setting forth the causes of complaint which they had given by their repeated insults and depredations upon the whites, giving them notice of the approach of a military force, of sufficient strength to chastise their insolence, and advising them to seize the present opportunity of averting the vengeance they deserved by proper concessions, and by their future good behaviour to conciliate those whose friendship they would have so much occasion to desire.

' The replies of the chiefs were simple and short, expressive of their conviction of the justice of the complaints made against them, and of their acquiescence in the terms of reconciliation proposed by the agent. There were present at this council one hundred and sixty-one Konzas, including chiefs and warriors, and thirteen Osages. The most distinguished men were Na-he-da-ba, or *Long Neck*, one of the principal chiefs; Ka-he-ga-wa-ta-ning-ga, *Little Chief*, second in rank; Shonga-ne-ga, who had been one of the principal chiefs, but had resigned



his authority in favour of Ka-he-ga-wa-ta-ning-ga; Wa-ha-che-ra, *Big Knife*, a partisan or leader of war parties; Wom-pa-wa-ra, *He who scares all men*, more commonly known to the whites as Plume Blanche, or White Plume, a man rising rapidly in importance, and apparently destined to become the leader of the nation. In addition to the Indians, the officers of the garrison and a few gentlemen were present at the council. The ceremonies were commenced by a discharge of ordnance from the steam-boat; the flags were hoisted in their appropriate places, a council-flag being placed near the chair occupied by the agent. The Indians appeared gratified at the displays made on the occasion; but their attention was more particularly aroused by the exhibition of a few rockets and shells, fired for their entertainment. At our departure, which, on account of the Indians, was delayed until the 25th of August, many of them were present, and manifested some surprise at witnessing the operations of the steam-boat.'

At the Isle au Vache Major Long's party was strengthened by a detachment of a boat and fifteen men from the United States troops there, and on the 25th of August moved up the river. On the 1st of September, while the boat was sailing by the mouth of Wolf River, it was hailed from the shore by Dougherty, one of Mr. Say's party, detached, as we have stated above, to explore the region between the Konzas and the Platte. Mr. Say's party had arrived safely at the Konzas village, of which the chiefs and warriors were, as we have seen, absent at a council with Major O'Fallon; and during his visit among this people, Mr. Say had opportunity of making much curious observation on their character and peculiarities, for which we must refer to the work before us. Having finished his visit to the Konzas, he proceeded onward with his companions, and had the misfortune to fall in with a war party of the Republican Pawnees, by whom they were robbed and insulted; and, being deprived of their horses, rendered incapable of prosecuting their projected tour. They had no alternative but to return to the village of the Konzas, whence they had just departed.

' Mr. Say's party were kindly received at the village they had left on the preceding day. In the evening they had retired to rest in the lodge set apart for their accommodation, when they were alarmed by a party of savages, rushing in armed with bows, arrows, and lances, shouting and yelling in a most frightful manner. The gentlemen of the party had immediate recourse to their arms; but observing that some squaws, who were in the lodge, appeared unmoved, they began to suspect that no molestation to them was intended. The Indians collected around the fire in the centre of the lodge, yelling incessantly; at length their howlings assumed something of a measured tone, and they began to accompany their voices with a sort of drum and rattles. After singing for some time, one who appeared to be their leader struck the post over the fire with his lance, and they all began to dance, keeping very exact time with the music. Each warrior had, besides his arms, and rattles made of strings of deer's hoofs, some part of the intestines of an animal inflated, and enclosing a few small stones, which produced a sound like pebbles in a gourd-shell. After dancing



round the fire for some time, without appearing to notice the strangers, they departed, raising the same wolfish howl with which they had entered; but their music and their yelling continued to be heard about the village during the night.

‘ This ceremony, called the *dog dance*, was performed by the Konzas for the entertainment of their guests. Mr. Seymour took an opportunity to sketch the attitudes and dresses of the principal figures.’

Mr. Say and his party now crossed to Isle au Vache, where the council already mentioned had been held; but had the mortification to find that the Western Engineer had already ascended the river. Messrs. Say and Jessup, unable from illness to travel further on foot, determined to remain for the present at Isle au Vache; while the rest of the party, under the direction of Mr. Dougherty, who was thoroughly acquainted with the country, undertook to cross it, in the direction of Wolf River, where this latter person, in the manner we have mentioned, arrived in season to hail the Western Engineer, as she was passing, on the 1st of September. On the following day the whole party, with the exception of Messrs. Say and Jessup, moved up the river; on the 15th of September arrived at the mouth of the Platte; and on the 17th encamped near the spot destined to be the winter quarters of the expedition, just above the trading establishment of the Missouri fur company, known as Fort Lisa, from Mr. Manuel Lisa, one of the most active persons engaged in the Missouri fur trade.

The position selected for the establishment of winter quarters for the exploring party was on the west bank of the Missouri, about half a mile above Fort Lisa, five miles below Council Bluff, and three miles above Boyer’s river. At this place the party came to anchor on the 19th of September, and in a few days had made great progress in cutting timber, quarrying stone, and in other preparations for the construction of quarters. The first object of Major O’Fallon was to obtain redress of the Pawnees for their outrage on Mr. Say. Messengers were sent across the country to stop the traders, who had already departed with merchandise for that tribe, and shortly after Mr. Dougherty, with two Frenchmen acquainted with the language of the Pawnees, was sent to them to demand restitution. He had previously been dispatched with a deputation of Konzas to the village of the Otoes, with whom the Konzas had been at war, with proposals of peace on the part of the latter. On the 4th of October a council was held by Major O’Fallon with about one hundred Otoes, and a deputation of the Ioways. The day before the council a dance was performed by the Indians, which is thus described:

‘ The principal chiefs advanced before their people, and upon invitation seated themselves. After a short interval of silence, Shongatonga, the *Big-horse*, a large portly Indian of a commanding presence, arose, and said,—“ My father, your children have come to dance before your tent, agreeably to our custom of honoring brave or distinguished persons.”’

‘ After a suitable reply by Major O’Fallon, the amusement of dancing was commenced by the striking up of their rude instrumental and vocal music; the former consisting of a gong, made of a large keg,

over one of the ends of which a skin was stretched, which was struck by a small stick ; and another instrument consisting of a stick of firm wood, notched like a saw, over the teeth of which a smaller stick was rubbed forcibly backward and forward ; with these, rude as they were, very good time was preserved with the vocal performers, who sat around them, and by all the natives, as they sat, in the inflection of their bodies, or the movements of their limbs. After the lapse of a little time, three individuals leaped up and danced around for a few minutes ; then, at a concerted signal from the master of the ceremonies, the music ceased, and they retired to their seats, uttering a loud noise, which, by patting the mouth rapidly with the hand, was broken into a succession of similar sounds, somewhat like the hurried barking of a dog. Several sets of dancers succeeded, each terminating as the first. In the intervals of the dances, a warrior would step forward and strike a flag-staff they had erected with a stick, whip, or other weapon, and recount his martial deeds. This ceremony is called *striking the post*, and whatever is then said may be relied upon as rigid truth, being delivered in the presence of many a jealous warrior and witness, who could easily detect and would immediately disgrace the *striker* for exaggeration or falsehood. This is called the *beggars' dance*, during which some presents are always expected by the performers, as tobacco, whiskey, or trinkets. But on this occasion, as none of those articles were immediately offered, the amusement was not, at first, distinguished by much activity. The master of the ceremonies continually called aloud to them to exert themselves ; but still they were somewhat dull and backward. *Ietan* now stepped forward and lashed a post with his whip, declaring that he would thus punish those who did not dance. This threat, from one whom they had vested with authority for this occasion, had a manifest effect upon his auditors, who were presently highly wrought up by the sight of two or three little mounds of tobacco twist, which were now laid before them, and appeared to infuse new life.

‘ After lashing the post and making his threat, *Ietan* went on to narrate his martial exploits. He had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Konzas ; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the *Ietan* nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omawhaws, and once from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps ; the Spaniards, excepting a man and a boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party ; he was shot at and missed by the man, whom he immediately shot down and struck. “ ‘ This, my father,” said he, “ is the only martial act of my life, that I am ashamed of.” After several rounds of dancing, and of striking at the post by the warriors, *Mi-a-ke-ta*, or the *Little Soldier*, a war-worn veteran, took his turn to strike the post. He leaped actively about, and strained his voice to its utmost pitch, whilst he portrayed some of the scenes of blood in which he had acted. He had struck dead bodies of individuals of all the red nations around, Osages, Konzas, Pawnee

Loups, Pawnee Republicans, Grand Pawnees, Puncas, Omawhaws, and Sioux, Padoucas, La Plais or Bald Heads, Ietans, Sauks, Foxes, and Ioways; he had struck eight of one nation, seven of another, &c. He was proceeding with his account when Ietan ran up to him, put his hand upon his mouth, and respectfully led him to his seat. This act was no trifling compliment paid to the well-known brave. It indicated that he had still so many glorious acts to speak of, that he would occupy so much time as to prevent others from speaking, and put to shame the other warriors by the contrast of his actions with theirs.'

On the day succeeding this friendly council the Pawnees, who had been summoned to give account of the outrage mentioned, and of various other acts of violence, appeared at the encampment. They advanced leisurely onward in a narrow pathway, in *Indian file*, led by a grand chief. Near this pathway the American band of music had been stationed; and when Long-hair, the chief, arrived opposite to it, the band struck up suddenly and loudly a martial air. 'We wished to observe the effect,' add our authors, 'which instruments, that he had never seen nor heard before, would produce on this distinguished man, and therefore eyed him closely; and were not disappointed to observe, that he did not deign to look upon them, or to manifest, by any emotion whatever, that he was sensible of their presence. The Indians arranged themselves on the benches prepared for them, and the cessation of the music was succeeded by stillness, which was suddenly interrupted by loud explosions of our howitzers, *that startled many of us, but did not appear to attract the notice of the Pawnees.*' We have never seen so complete an illustration of the control possessed by these savages over their curiosity, and the command they are able to exercise over their nerves. The council terminated, after much of the property taken from Mr. Say's party had been restored, and promises given that the offenders should be punished with a whipping.—Having thus established his party at the Council Bluff, Major Long, with Mr. Jessup, on the 11th of October, took leave of their friends at the encampment, and descended the Missouri in a canoe, on their way back to Washington and Philadelphia.

On the 28th of May, 1820, Major Long reascended to the encampment, having performed the journey from St. Louis to the Council Bluff by land. By orders of the Secretary at War, the direction of the party up the Missouri was countermanded, and a land journey to the source of the River Platte, and thence, by the way of the Arkansa and Red Rivers, to the Mississippi, was directed.

On the 21st of July a division of the party into two sections was ordered, of which the one under Major Long was destined to cross the Arkansa, and travel southward in search of the sources of the Red River; the other, under Captain Bell, to proceed down the Arkansa, by the most direct route, to Fort Smith. On the 24th the two divisions started on their respective destinations. The length to which our article has already extended prevents our following the motions of either. Misled by the information of the Kaskaia Indians, and in some degree by the incorrectness of the maps, the party of Major Long mistook the Canadian River for the Red River, of which they

were in search, nor did they discover their error till their arrival at the confluence of the former and the Arkansa, when it was too late to retrace their steps. On the 13th of September they arrived at Fort Smith, the place of rendezvous, which Captain Bell's party—by the direct route of the Arkansa—had reached before them. A different misfortune had befallen the latter party. In the course of their route three of the soldiers of the party had deserted in the night, after plundering the company of whatever they could carry off, and taking with them, among articles more easily replaced, some whose loss was irreparable:

‘Our entire wardrobe, with the sole exception of the rude clothing on our persons, and our entire private stock of Indian presents, were included in the saddle-bags. But their most important contents were all the manuscripts of Mr. Say and Lieutenant Swift, completed during the extensive journey from Engineer cantonment to this place. Those of the former consisted of five books, viz. one book of observations on the manners and habits of the mountain Indians, and their history, so far as it could be obtained from the interpreters; one book of notes on the manners and habits of animals, and descriptions of species; one book containing a journal; two books containing vocabularies of the languages of the mountain Indians; and those of the latter consisted of a topographical journal of the same portion of our expedition. All these, being utterly useless to the wretches who now possessed them, were probably thrown away upon the ocean of prairie, and consequently the labour of months was consigned to oblivion by these uneducated Vandals.’

Shortly after this the party returned to the place of rendezvous, and the further prosecution of their labours was terminated. The reason given for this is the most absurd that can be imagined: it is because ‘the state of the national finances, during the year 1821, having called for retrenchments in all expenditures of a public nature, the means for the further prosecution of the objects of the expedition were accordingly withheld.’ Such parsimony is foolish, and would be unworthy even of a less boasting nation than America.—Such ill-judged economy is not the road to greatness. It is really distressing to find that the energies of men whose zeal and talents seem to have fitted them for the task they had undertaken should be thus restricted by the meanness of authorities who could not understand the importance of their labours.

The literary execution of the work is upon the whole respectable; and the Atlas, describing the country drained by the Mississippi, is highly interesting.

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*Ghost Stories; collected with a particular View to counteract the vulgar Belief in Ghosts and Apparitions, and to promote a rational Estimate of the Nature of Phenomena commonly considered as supernatural.*

WE opened this volume with the expectation of finding that it would be useful in eradicating a superstition which, although it is less openly displayed, is probably no less prevalent at the present day than in less enlightened times. We have, however, sustained a great disappoint-

ment: the collection has little novelty to recommend it, and its execution is entirely worthless. The longest tale is called *The Green Mantle of Venice*, and is only remarkable for its dulness and obscurity. The following tale has some little spirit, and, slight as this is, it forms a singular contrast to the other contents of the volume:

**'THE PRIAR'S GHOST IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT VIENNA.**

'The beautiful Aurora Königsmark had just given birth, in 1692, to the infant who became, in the sequel, the renowned Marshal Saxe, when Augustus II. Elector of Saxony, tore himself from her arms, and followed the call of honour to Hungary, where the Imperial army was opposing the Turks.

'The camp was not a harem. The dangers and the hardships of war formed so disagreeable a contrast to the magic festivities of Moritzburg, that Augustus soon grew weary of his new career; and at the end of the campaign he quitted the army, returning by way of Vienna for the purpose of paying his respects to the Emperor. Leopold received and treated the Elector with such distinction and attention as no Protestant prince had ever before experienced at the Austrian court.

'The easy and agreeable manner of Augustus paralysed, for a time, the Spanish etiquette of that court, and gave rise to a series of brilliant *fêtes* in honour of the Elector. Equality of age, and similarity of disposition, soon produced a close friendship between him and Joseph, King of the Romans, which seemed to the courtiers to be of a political tendency, and therefore attracted universal notice. In order to discover the secret, they endeavoured to involve the Elector in love intrigues; but this stratagem at first failed. At length the proud and voluptuous Countess Esterle tried her powers of fascination, and the lovely Aurora was soon banished from his thoughts.

'Intoxicated with the rapture of the first enjoyment, Augustus was yet revelling in delicious morning dreams, when he received a summons to attend the King. He repaired without delay to his apartment; but what was his astonishment to find this prince, whom he had left perfectly well the preceding night, pale, perturbed, and indeed half delirious in bed?

"Good God!" exclaimed the Elector, "what is the matter? What has happened to your Majesty?"

"A most frightful adventure," replied Joseph, collecting himself; "you shall hear, and I am certain you will tremble along with me. Last night I was visited by the most horrid apparition that, perhaps, ever terrified mortal. I had been in bed about two hours, when the door of this chamber flew open with a great noise. Under the idea that it was my page, I did not undraw my curtain, but reprimanded him severely for disturbing me. Judge, however, what was my terror, when all at once I heard the rattling of chains, and near me stood a tall white figure, which, in a hollow frightful tone, thus addressed me:—

"King Joseph! behold in me a spirit which is enduring the pains of purgatory, and is commissioned by a higher power to announce to thee, that, by thy friendship for the Elector of Saxony, thou wilt infallibly plunge thyself into the abyss of destruction. I come to warn,

and to save thee. Renounce, then, this unhallowed connexion; or expect everlasting damnation !”

“ With this threat the clanking of chains was redoubled, and, as fright fettered my tongue, the spectre proceeded : “ What, Joseph ! dost thou not answer me? Wilt thou have the audacity to defy the Almighty ? Is the kindness, is the favour of a mortal, of more value to thee than the grace of God, to whom thou owest every thing ? In three days I will come for thy answer ; and if thou art then resolved to continue thy intercourse with the Elector, thy destruction and his are inevitable.”

“ With these words the figure vanished, and left me in an agony not to be described. I had not power to call my attendants. After some time I rang my bell with great difficulty, and my valet found me almost insensible.

“ I am now somewhat more tranquil ; for I am resolved to amend my life, and hope to obtain forgiveness of my sins. I am only apprehensive for you, and therefore conjure you to embrace our holy religion : throw yourself into the bosom of that Church through which alone there is salvation, and thus assure yourself of eternal life.”

‘ Here the King finished his narrative, which cost him manifest effort, and sunk exhausted on his pillow. The Elector was too much confounded and affected to reply. He silently considered the possibilities and probabilities of this mysterious occurrence ; but his sober reason could not find any ground for attributing the extraordinary circumstance to supernatural agency.

‘ He endeavoured at first to persuade his friend that the apparition was nothing but a lively dream, the phantom of a morbid imagination ; but the King repeatedly assured him he knew, alas ! but too well, that it was a reality ; that he was awake, and that his statement was perfectly accurate.

“ But,” said the Elector, “ may it not have been a wilful deception ?”

‘ Joseph, with genuine *grandezza*, refused for a moment to entertain this idea, because he was sure that no one would have the audacity to palm so gross an imposition upon him.

“ Appearances, indeed,” courteously rejoined Augustus, “ are against this conjecture, but the host of intriguing priests, by which this court is encompassed, embraces many inventive geniuses. Might not some of these have formed a plan for ridding it of me, from a notion that our conversation may relate to religious topics, and that I may be revealing their rogueries to your Majesty ?”

‘ This idea had some weight with the King.

‘ The Elector asked, whether his confessor had never raised objections against their friendship ? and Joseph frankly acknowledged, that he had not only frequently exhorted him to break it off, but even threatened to refuse him absolution, in case he should not discontinue his intercourse with the Elector. “ Now we come to the point !” cried the Elector, recovering all at once his usual flow of spirits. He then explained to the King the probable motives of the plan, and the means employed for its execution, and undertook to unmask the prophet of evil. Both promised to observe inviolable silence respecting the result of this conversation, and Augustus retired to his apart-



ment, which he did not quit for three days, under pretext of indisposition. The fair Esterle endeavoured, but in vain, to draw him from his seclusion, and he, meanwhile, matured his plan.

‘ On the third night he undressed and went to bed as usual ; but no sooner had he dismissed his attendants, than he rose and repaired by a private door to the King’s chamber. Here he waited in concealment for the midnight hour. The clock struck twelve, and the spectre appeared, with all the horrors that had attended its first visit.

“ King Joseph !” began a sepulchral voice ; but it was prevented from proceeding by the Herculean arm of the Elector, who seized the apparition by the throat, and dashed it on the floor. “ What impudent scoundrel art thou ?” thundered the Elector. The King trembled behind his curtain for the fate of Augustus.

“ Jesus !—Maria !” shrieked the spectre—“ Mercy !—For God’s sake !—I am a *Pater*.”

“ What !” cried the Elector—“ thou art a spirit ! then hie thee back to purgatory, whence thou art come.”

‘ He had, meanwhile, opened the window, and with a long, loud shriek, down rolled the pretended ghost over the roofs of the buildings of the imperial palace. The chains clanked amid the stillness of night, and accelerated the fall. The noise brought a sentinel on duty at the palace to the spot, and in the unlucky spectre he recognised a dependent of the King’s confessor.

‘ The miserable wretch certainly did not expect to be thus remunerated for so honorable a mission. He was dashed almost in pieces, and expired in a few hours ; but his spirit has not been known to have ever returned from purgatory.

‘ Shame, horror, and indignation, were now expressed in the countenance of the King. He was incensed at the base intrigue, and vowed, on his accession to the throne, to expel all the Jesuits from the country. Time, however, moderated the vehemence of this rash resolve : he did not keep his word ; indeed, he was scarcely able to dismiss a confessor by whom he had been so egregiously imposed upon.

‘ This adventure excited an extraordinary sensation at Vienna, and strong interest and admiration in behalf of the Elector. The Emperor Leopold alone expressed his displeasure at this precipitate conduct at a foreign court, and became evidently colder towards Augustus, who seemed not to observe the change, finished his intrigue with the ambitious Hungarian Countess, and then quitted Vienna in triumph.

‘ The cunning fathers of the Society of Jesus were obliged, for that time, to relinquish the plan they had matured, for catching in their net one of the most powerful apostates of Germany, whose ancestors had so essentially promoted the Reformation. But it was only for a time.—What priestcraft could not on this occasion accomplish was effected soon afterwards by an unlucky longing after the Polish crown. The very same Augustus, who had so zealously defended the principles of Protestantism, voluntarily deposited his solemn recantation of the faith of his forefathers in the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Raab. In possession of an imaginary dignity, he was, in the sequel, involved in a series of humiliations and difficulties, which obscured his glory, and cooled the attachment of his honest Saxons.

‘ He continued till his death in what is styled the only true faith. He now suffered spirits to walk at pleasure, and his annals even relate that he treated all subsequent nocturnal apparitions with peculiar complaisance.’

The *Bear of Friedrichshall* is not a ghost story, but it is perhaps something better :

‘ When Charles XII. of Sweden was besieging the town of Friedrichshall, in Norway, in the winter of the year 1718, one night between twelve and one o’clock, something that had the appearance of a huge bear was perceived in the place not far from the powder-magazine. His tremendous roar as he approached drove the sentries from their post, and terrified them to such a degree, that they ran breathless to the guard-house, declaring that the devil in the form of a bear haunted that part of the town.

‘ For this violation of their duty the men were instantly put in irons, and a subaltern was ordered to proceed immediately with a fresh party to occupy the post which they had deserted. These, however, together with the subaltern, presently betook themselves to flight. They protested that the monster had advanced straight to meet them, and that he had vomited flames of fire from his gasping jaws.

‘ An officer now received directions to go with a sufficient force and sift the story of this formidable apparition to the bottom : but after their arrival no traces of the shaggy quadruped were to be seen. It had vanished, probably because the clock had already struck one ; for it is well known that the devil and his imps are visible only in the same hour with spectres and apparitions.

‘ The very next morning the rigid commandant, adhering to the letter of the articles of war, caused the soldiers belonging to the two parties who had abandoned their post, the subaltern not excepted, to be hanged. They died in the firm conviction that it was the devil whom they had seen.

‘ When the troops for guard-duty were drawn up on the parade, and had their different posts, among which was that at the powder-magazine, allotted to them, those to whom the watch there between the hours of eleven and one was assigned could not by any means be prevailed on to do their duty. “ Since we have the choice,” said they, “ of having our heads screwed off by the devil, or being tuckered up by the hangman, we would rather die by the hand of the latter than fall into the tremendous claws of Beelzebub.”

‘ The commandant, who knew all his men, selected from among them the most intrepid, and promised each of them, who would undertake the midnight duty at the powder-magazine, twelve ducats, and promotion to a halbert. After a long pause, two sturdy Pomeranians offered to take the duty at the two posts in the front and rear of the building, but only on the condition that each post should this time consist of two men, and that two others of their comrades should agree to accompany them. Two more were accordingly found, and the four resolute fellows, after loading their muskets with a brace of balls, and providing them with fresh flints, repaired to their posts.

‘ The whole garrison was in fearful expectation, which became more and more intense the nearer the dreadful hour approached. Not a

snore was heard on the benches of the guard-house ; not a subaltern narrated his achievements ; not a drummer played merry-andrew tricks ; a dead silence every where prevailed. At the powder-magazine the four sentries, with quick strides, paced up and down their beat, at the same time repeating their prayers aloud.

‘ The dreadful hour arrived, and with the last stroke of the clock a low growl was heard at a distance. The faint glimmering of fire was soon afterwards discerned. The roaring became more frightful, and the infernal bear himself appeared. Two of the sentries, without waiting the nearer approach of the monster, ran away ; a third, one of the Pomeranians, in the act of taking aim, fell to the ground, and broke his arm ; and the fourth, his countryman, alone fired. But he had either missed his foe, or, what seemed most likely to him at this critical moment, he was destined to learn from experience the truth of the ancient well-known adage, that “ spirits cannot be wounded.” The tremendous animal, with horrid roar, now made towards him, and he also took to his heels.

‘ The commandant had given strict orders, that if any thing occurred during the night, it should be instantly reported to him. A subaltern was accordingly dispatched ; but before he returned, an old captain resolved to go and meet the goblin. He ordered a sergeant to follow him ; the latter refused, till the drawn sword of the captain forced him to obey.

‘ Before he set out he armed himself with a hatchet, stuck a loaded pistol in his sash, and made the sergeant take a carbine. He moreover posted men at small intervals all the way towards the powder-magazine, that in case of emergency they might hasten the more speedily to each other’s assistance. The undaunted officer then went forward, followed by the sergeant. On approaching the dangerous spot he saw a glimmering light at the door of the powder-magazine. He redoubled his pace. “ Quick, comrade, but softly !” said he in a low voice ; “ this is a devil of a peculiar kind.”

‘ He succeeded in approaching the magazine unobserved. Without losing a moment, he gave the bear, which was groping at the door of the building, such a blow on the head with the hatchet, as laid the monster sprawling.

“ Clap the carbine to his throat !” cried the captain to his companion ; “ but don’t fire till he stirs !” He then discharged his pistol as a signal to his men, and several soldiers immediately hastened with torches and lanterns to the spot.

‘ The bear, which was still alive, being stripped of his hide, proved to be a resolute Swede, provided with picklocks and crow-bars. He had contrived to produce the appearance of vomiting fire by means of the lighted end of a match which he held between his teeth, and with which he designed to have blown up the magazine.

‘ The commandant caused him to be hanged the next day in his ursine accoutrements. The brave captain was immediately promoted to the rank of major, and the sergeant to an ensigncy.’

Upon the whole this is a very insignificant affair, and, if it were not for its title-page and plates, although the latter are not very excellent, would be totally undeserving of notice.

## MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG GREEK LADY.

THIS is one of the most absurd and truly French follies that have been lately displayed. The impudent audacity of the person who has thus chosen to thrust herself and her adventures upon the notice of the public can only be equalled by the trite indecency of which they are composed. Her story is one which the most limited knowledge of the world is sufficient to inform us is neither new nor rare. A young unprotected female falls an easy prey to the seductive arts of a nobleman. This nobleman is a Duke of Saxe Coburg—a brother of that person who derives so large an income from the bounty of this nation, and who puts forward such very slender claims to the respect of the English people. She is afterwards induced by the persuasions of her seducer to go to the capital of his dominions, where she experiences every sort of cruelty and mortification from the ignorance, the meanness, and the pride, which are known to abound in those parodies upon monarchies. Although she, with her child, was exposed to every inconvenience and privation, she seems to have been less moved by them than by the gross and ungallant manner in which the brutal German carried on his tender intercourse with her. The following account, perhaps a little coloured, will illustrate her faculty in this particular style:

‘The duke had a small country house at Russenau. The distance from Russenau to the farm of Eberhard is a good quarter of a league. After a brilliant fête, at which I was present, and at which the duke had over-fatigued himself, he sent me word that he was very ill, and obliged to remain at Russenau, and he begged that I would go to see him. The night was set in; the weather was shocking; the rain fell in torrents, and some flashes of lightning portended a violent storm. However, I did not hesitate, and I followed with a quick step the guide whom the prince had sent to me.

‘When I thought I perceived in the distance the masses of the house of Russenau, impatient to arrive there, and having already been longer than I expected, I began to run: but the man who attended me ran after me, and growling loudly when he overtook me, made me return back part of the road, placed me, sentinel-like, under a large tree which I had left behind me, and told me, with a great German oath, to wait there until I should be called. I was mute with astonishment. It was still worse when I saw my guide go alone into the house; he shut the door, bolted it doubly, and disappeared.

‘I heard the noise of the unwieldy bolts which he made fast. I saw the light which he carried as he ascended the stairs, and made several windings through the buildings, and at length he vanished from my eyes. All was silent around, and nothing was heard, save that low and plaintive murmur which precedes and follows tempests, and marks the intervals of their cessation. Terror, suspense, the effect of the rain and the wind upon my delicate and agitated nerves, gave me a shivering; all my limbs were chilled and trembling. For two hours I remained in this situation; not a being came near me.

‘At length I heard a voice that called me; I was so agitated, so frightened, so benumbed with cold, that I had not courage to quit my position under the tree. I was called again; I distinctly recognised

the voice of the prince ; I approached and I perceived him at a small window, holding a small lantern in his hand, and beckoning to me.

“ Come, come, Pauline ! ” — “ Is the door open ? ” — “ No, there would be danger ; something would be suspected ; the porter, besides, is gone to bed ! ” — “ But how can I go ? ” — “ At the foot of this wall I have placed a ladder. ” — “ Ah, I beg of you, Ernest, do not come down ; it is too high ; you will kill yourself. Ernest, my prince, my friend, do not come down, I conjure you. ” — “ There is nobody going down, you are to come up ; it is for you, Pauline, as you were coming to see me, it was for you I have placed the ladder. ” — “ ’Tis well I see you are not so ill as I was told, you are jesting too pleasantly for that. ” — “ I swear to you I am not jesting ; ’tis no joke, I assure you. ” — “ You are laughing. ” — “ No, upon my honour, Pauline. You will be heard if you do not come up quickly. Be quick ; it rains heavily. See, there is lightning, you may be sure ’tis going to thunder. I am alarmed for you ; come—ascend. ” — “ Where is the ladder ? ” — “ There it is, under the window. ” — “ But it does not reach half way ; I shall never be able to get up to your balcony. ” — “ I will reach you a chair through the window, and will lift it up with both my hands. ” — “ But I shall be killed. ” — “ Bah ! ”

‘ I was considering with fear the five or six feet which were between the balcony and the top of the ladder, when there came a loud peal of thunder. Terrified, I mounted quickly, without knowing what I was doing, and in danger a hundred times of killing myself, I ascended the ladder, the chair, and the balcony. I was scarcely landed, when a blast of wind broke the panes of the window ; the ladder slipped away, and the prince saw me fall insensible in his arms.

‘ Such were the attentions of a prince for a woman whom he had seduced, and who was to present him with a son ;—such was the delicate gallantry and sensibility of the Duke of Coburg ! ’

The flippant authoress finds time, in the midst of all the horrors which she somewhat copiously scatters over her narration, to have some fun with the bad French of her ducal lover. The following letter of the Prince Leopold serves to show that the parsimony of which he has been accused is not a habit which he has acquired in England :

‘ *Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg to Pauline.*

‘ Mademoiselle,—I send you through M. Tittel a hundred florins, to serve for your expenses ; and I would advise you to be economical, because it is not possible to send you money every moment ; it is not very long since money has been sent you ; therefore live so as to conform yourself to your finances.

‘ (Signed) LEOPOLD, PRINCE OF SAXE COBURG. ’

After living for some time at Coburg, the heroine resolves to go to Vienna for the education of her son. On the road, as she says, her life and that of her son were attempted by one Fichler, an agent of the duke, to whose care he had intrusted her. This story is highly improbable, but somewhat romantic :

‘ An old berline was our vehicle. If the duke were sending it to the infernal shades, he could not have made a better choice. Broken, old, and mouldy, it looked as if it would fall to pieces at the second turn

of the wheel. Fichler was with me. A sombre cloud spread over his grotesque countenance: his conversation was interspersed with moral saws and broken phrases, and sad and ridiculous witticisms. His manner was constrained: he uttered numberless religious effusions; and at every crucifix which we came to on the road, he made signs of the cross, in deep and gloomy silence. He sighed, and talked at random; made reproaches against the duke for his cruelty, and against me for not sufficiently detesting him, as he merited. I was soon heartily tired of such a travelling companion.

‘I was sleeping by his side, holding my child in my arms, when, all of a sudden, I felt several violent blows. I was stunned, and overpowered, and at last I awoke. It appeared to me as if an unknown hand were precipitating me from heaven to earth. I thought that, half stifled and almost insensible to pain, I rolled, in the twinkling of an eye, from precipice to precipice, down to the very centre of the earth. I thought I was dying; and with difficulty I pronounced those two words of which my heart was so full, “*My child!*” He answered me with a prolonged groan. I found myself stretched amidst the ruins of the berline, on the snow, at the bottom of a horrible precipice, my head cut, and the blood rushing from my wound. “I am not hurt in the least,” said Ernest. I recovered breath to embrace my child; and I saw Fichler above us on the verge of the road, conversing with the postilion, and looking down with unmoved eye upon this perilous scene! . . . . .

‘By a singular precaution and foresight, it happened that the baron and the postilion had left the vehicle and horses at the moment when this wretched machine was about to pass over the rocks of a ravine. . .

‘Even in this horrible situation there was something ridiculous. The embarrassment of Fichler in seeing me revive, the appearance of my blood, my screams and those of my child, the snow stained with blood to a considerable distance, the effusion still continuing in spite of all the efforts which I made to stop it, by forming my shawl into a bandage, the terror of the baron himself, all contributed to give this odious person an unique and frightfully ludicrous appearance. “*Madame, madame!*” said he to me, with his husky voice, “this misfortune has saved you from a greater one.” What did he mean? It will be seen hereafter. I escaped this misfortune. I was not to escape another. . . Fichler merits the attention of those who observe the human mind: that silent enigma!

‘I was taken to a little inn. In spite of my continual swoons, I had the presence of mind to observe closely the master and the valet. Both were perfectly sound; not a scratch appeared on their faces. In the mean time my wound was dressed; and Fichler (who recollected that he ought to have been injured too) came back, with a large towel twisted round his head, to tell me that his eye was strained out of its orbit, and that he feared he should lose it. The postilion too had his ribs broken; and, notwithstanding that, he was going to send him off. Lies upon lies! The blockheads! to betray themselves so easily! I was silent. . . . .

‘Fichler, no doubt, would remain to take care of me. . . . .



Nó, he took his departure, took with him the postilion, and abandoned me, alone and dying, in a lonely cabin.

‘I want strength to continue this narrative; and I dare not say what was attempted against me. The German boors began to insult me, as being a Frenchwoman, and afterwards they attempted to poison me.

‘Alas! I would have suffered them to succeed, if I had not felt my child near me. But though life was a burden to me, that of a child whom I loved so much obliged me to preserve it. I observed the proceedings of these cruel wretches, and I saved his life and my own. Sometimes a cream carefully prepared, and greenish at the top, was given me; sometimes a glass of camomile, the edge of the vessel betraying, by its brownish colour, the *resin of opium*, which the barbarians had mixed with it: sometimes bitter coffee, the first drop of which burned my lips: sometimes cheese made up with art enough to conceal the *sulphate of magnesia* which it contained; the chocolate, the bouillon, every thing they gave me, was intended to infuse death into my veins. Did I ask for milk? This and oil were the only things which my hostess could not find in the village. I pretended that I did not know one word of German, and I heard them (I shudder even now to think of it) consulting on the means of getting rid of me.

‘After eight days of this martyrdom, Fichler’s huntsman came to the auberge. As I had a great interest in knowing every thing, I questioned this man with an air of indifference upon several important points. “Pray, is the baron hurt?”—“He has no mark of any injury.” “I thought his eye was injured.”—“It is not, madame.” “Has he sent away his postilion?”—“No; Frederick is always highest in his confidence.” “Is Frederick hurt?”—“No; my master and his valet have both come home in sound health.”

‘With this man I was desired to set out. Thus delivered up to my enemies, I was compelled to follow them, and to see myself entirely in their hands. What a scene of suffering!

‘But I began to accustom myself to death; I looked upon it with a resigned countenance. By a Frenchwoman, whom I accidentally met, I sent my shawl, stained with blood, to my poor sister, letting her know who had shed this blood, and in what manner.

‘The huntsman conducted me, in an old voiture, to the house inhabited by Fichler and his family. The genius of evil seemed to hover over this place. It seemed naturally destined to be a scene for murder. *The convent of the forest* (such was the appellation of this frightful place) was concealed amidst a vast and sombre mass of trees, which covered, with their thick shade, the breasts of a rude mountain. Weak, and yielding to grief, I could not look upon the retreat, to which I was conducted without terror; and my faculties, which had been so repeatedly plunged in stupor, awoke again, when I came in view of this savage habitation.

‘Fichler embarrassed, his wife too polished not to have received her lesson, a melancholy silence, and the terror inspired by the resuscitated victim, marked my reception in this place of horror. Its antiquity, desolation, and gloom, would serve for the most terrific scenes of a German poet; they petrified me at the first glance.

' The same fears were renewed on my part ; I would not eat except of the same dishes of which M. Fichler and his worthy spouse made use. I heaped all the furniture I could find against the door of the immense chamber which was assigned to me in the most remote part of the château. I strictly forbade my son to take food from any body. It will be seen whether or not these precautions were necessary.

' I had already once observed, that M. Fichler poured out wine for himself, his wife, and his son, from one bottle, and that another bottle, placed on a different part of the table, contained the wine which he wished to give me. Determined to penetrate this circumstance to the bottom, I requested of M. Fichler at dinner to give me some wine. He uncorked the bottle which was near me, poured the liquid out with strange precipitation, blushed, turned pale, and made signs to his wife. I pretended to observe nothing. I raised the glass to my lips, and appeared to take a few sips, but laid it down again untouched. A few minutes after, his son, a child of ten or twelve years of age, came near me ; I seized this opportunity of giving him my glass ; he was going to drink ; Madame Fichler saw the fatal liquid in his hands, screamed and rushed towards him like lightning, overturning the table, and snatched away the glass, and broke it, exclaiming, like a mad woman, *Don't drink ! don't drink ! don't drink !*

We presume our readers are satisfied with this specimen of Madlle. Panam's book ; and here, therefore, we pause, with the single observation, that, as it is evident the many advertisements which preceded the book were for the purpose of extorting from the fears of the Coburg family what their honorable feelings could not be persuaded to grant to the authoress, so the publication of it is in the hope of obtaining for her some of that, the want of which is the burden of her song—money.

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*The Manuscript of 1814. A History of Events which led to the Abdication of Napoleon.* By BARON FAIN, Secretary of the Cabinet at that Epoch, &c.

OF the multitude of works which have been published relative to the late Emperor of the French, there are none which seem to us to possess fairer claims to attention than that now before us. The period and the events to which it relates, although in themselves sufficiently interesting; do not constitute alone its pretensions to the praise which we bestow upon it ; but it is chiefly on account of the candid and manly style in which the author has discharged his task that he succeeds in commanding the respect of his readers. Of his fidelity there can be no doubt ; and the facts of which he is the chronicler have, in the main, been already established by an authority totally inimical to those feelings which, it must be known, swayed him ; so that his veracity is placed beyond question. The narrative, in some places, is so meagre, that, if we were not acquainted with the particulars to which it refers, we should be puzzled to understand it : this, however, divesting the whole work of the appearance of bookmaking, gives us a still higher opinion of the author's character. There is one remarkable feature in the book : the author nowhere indulges in those reproaches which the treachery and duplicity of Buonaparte's former

adherents would so amply justify : a passing exclamation, or a significant expression of disdain, is all that their almost unprecedented baseness extorts from him. With such inducements as must have presented themselves to him for showing up the perjured and cowardly, the Baron Fain's forbearance speaks powerfully for the manliness of his character. He seems to think it unwise and unworthy of himself to spare a word upon persons so signally contemptible, and leaves them to that fate which has overtaken, or rapidly pursues them, even under the imperfect retributive system which prevails here.

The most severe justice seems to pervade the narrative : the author, although faithful to Buonaparte, never goes out of his way, unnecessarily, to praise or to gloss over his actions : bound to him by a strong attachment, he loves the truth still better than the liege lord to whom his fealty was plighted ; and, while he gave a dear proof of the latter, the former sentiment is the distinguishing character of his book.

The narrative commences in November, 1813, and describes concisely, but very interestingly, the preparations made by Buonaparte to preserve the integrity of France, and to make, consistently with that object, a peace with the allied sovereigns. These particulars are given shortly, and with a rapidity which almost emulates the movements they describe ; and yet they convey, more forcibly than any relation we have yet met with, the singular events of that short campaign. Our wonder is constantly excited that, against such odds, even Buonaparte could do so much. The principal features of the opposition which he offered to the entrance of the forces under Prince Schwartzburg and General Blucher are well known, and it is only the more minute particulars which at this time can be amusing. Of these the following anecdote of Victor is interesting on its own account, as well as for the recent disgrace of that general by the Bourbons, for whom he became a traitor :

‘ Unfortunately the bravest men were those of whom the emperor had most cause to complain. . . At the battle of Nangis, a movement of cavalry, which would have proved fatal to the Bavarians, failed, and the blame attached to the General l’Heritier, a man distinguished for his intrepidity. On the preceding evening the enemy had surprised some pieces of artillery at the bivouac, and they had been confided to the care of the brave General Guyot, commander of the Chasseurs of the Guard. At Surville, during the heat of the engagement, there was a want of ammunition on the batteries ; and this negligence, which, by the rigid laws of the artillery, amounted to a crime, was attributable to General Digeon, one of our most distinguished artillery officers. The forest of Fontainebleau was abandoned to the Cossacks without resistance, and General Montbrun was accused of not having taken sufficient advantage of either his position or his adversaries. To sum up all, perhaps the battle of Montereau might have been unnecessary, and all the bloodshed it cost might have been saved, if on the preceding day our troops had come up with sufficient expedition to surprise the bridge ; but fatigue prevented them from arriving in time, and the Duke of Belluno, formerly the indefatigable Marshal Victor, was so unfortunate as to be compelled to urge this excuse.

‘ Napoleon could no longer repress his dissatisfaction. Meeting

General Guyot on the road, he reproached him in the presence of the troops, for having so ill guarded his artillery. He was no less violent towards General Digeon, and he ordered that he should be tried by a council of war. He sent the Duke of Belluno permission to retire from the service, and gave the command of his corps to General Gerard, whose courage and activity had surmounted many difficulties during the campaign. In short, Napoleon acted with a degree of severity at which he was himself astonished, but which he conceived to be necessary in the imperious circumstances of the moment.

‘ General Sorbier, the commander-in-chief of the artillery, after allowing the first moment of anger to pass away, ventured to call to mind the many important services of General Digeon. Napoleon listened to these representations, and then tore the order which he had dictated for the General’s trial by a council of war.

‘ The Duke of Belluno, with deep mortification, received the emperor’s permission to quit the army. He repaired to Surville, and with powerful emotion appealed against this decision. Napoleon gave free vent to his indignation, and overwhelmed the unfortunate marshal with expressions of his displeasure. He reproached him for reluctance in the discharge of his duties, for withdrawing from the Imperial head-quarters, and for even manifesting a certain degree of opposition, which was calculated to produce mischievous effects in a camp. The conduct of the Duchess of Belluno was also the subject of complaint : she was the Lady of the Palace, and yet had withdrawn herself from the empress, who indeed seemed to be quite forsaken by the new court.

‘ The duke in vain attempted to defend himself ; Napoleon afforded him no opportunity of reply. At length, however, he gained a hearing. He made a protestation of his fidelity, and reminded Napoleon that he was one of his old comrades, and could not quit the army without dishonour. The recollections of Italy were not invoked in vain. The conversation took a milder turn ; Napoleon now merely suggested to the duke that he stood in need of a little respite from the exertions of a military life ; that his ill health and numerous wounds now probably rendered him unable to encounter the fatigues of the advanced guard and the privations of the bivouac, and too frequently induced his quartering officers to halt wherever a bed could be procured.

‘ But all Napoleon’s endeavours to prevail on the marshal to retire were ineffectual. He insisted on remaining with the army, and he appeared to feel the emperor’s reproaches the more severely in proportion as they became the more gentle. He attempted to justify his tardy advance on the preceding day ; but tears interrupted his utterance : if he had committed a military fault, he had dearly paid for it by the fatal wound which his unfortunate son-in-law had received.

‘ On hearing the name of General Chateau, Napoleon was deeply affected : he inquired whether there was any hope of saving his life, and sympathized sincerely in the grief of the marshal. The Duke de Belluno, resuming confidence, again protested that he would never quit the army : “ I can shoulder a musket,” said he ; “ I have not forgotten the business of a soldier. Victor will range himself in the

“ranks of the guard.” These last words completely subdued Napoleon. “Well, Victor,” said he, stretching forth his hand to him, “remain with me. I cannot restore to you the command of your corps, because I have appointed General Gerard to succeed you, but I give you the command of two divisions of the guard; and now let every thing be forgotten between us.”

‘The scene here described has at various times been the subject of misrepresentation; but it was thus Napoleon expressed his displeasure, and thus he was appeased.’

Of the emperor’s personal courage the following instance is mentioned:

‘How very far was Napoleon from suspecting, harassed as he was with timid counsels and discouraging accounts, that he was still capable of intimidating his enemies to such a degree as to make them adopt steps so highly distinguished for caution! In attempting to manœuvre on their flanks, he fell into the new direction they had just taken, and found himself engaged with their advanced guard. Napoleon was personally exposed to the greatest danger. Enveloped in the dust of cavalry charges, he was obliged to extricate himself sword in hand. He several times fought at the head of his escort, and, instead of shunning the perils of the battle, he seemed on the contrary to defy them. A shell fell at his feet, he awaited the explosion, and quickly disappeared in a cloud of dust and smoke. He was thought to have been killed, but he got again upon his legs, threw himself on another horse, and went to expose himself once more to the fire of the batteries! . . . Death refused him for his victim.’

The author seems to think with Buonaparte that his fall was the consequence of some fatality which he could not control; and yet he occasionally seems to think that, if all the emperor’s adherents had remained true, he would have been enabled at least to keep the enemy so long in check that he might have made better terms.

It is at the period that Buonaparte took up his quarters at Fontainebleau that the narrative becomes most interesting. The success of the royalist party at Paris, now in the occupation of the Allies, enabled them to stipulate for Buonaparte’s abdication; and, while he saw the probable necessity of consenting to their demands, he did not omit to prepare himself for a defence:

‘Meanwhile the Duke of Vicenza arrived at Fontainebleau; and on the night of the 2d of April he presented himself to Napoleon.

‘Though the Allies had declared themselves against the person of Napoleon, yet hope was not entirely lost. The Duke of Vicenza had obtained an interview with the Allied powers; and had succeeded in bringing about a return of feeling favorable to the interests of the King of Rome and the Empress Regent. This course also had its legitimacy, and carried with it great weight of opinion. It now balanced in the minds of the sovereigns the opposite resolutions that were suggested to them in favour of the Bourbons. But a speedy decision was necessary on the part of Napoleon; and the Duke of Vicenza now came to solicit his abdication.\*

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\* ‘M. Beauchamp, in his *History of 1814*, vol. II. says: “The Duke de Vicenza neglected nothing that could be urged in favour of the Régency. The Emperor Alexander seemed to hesitate—Schwartzemberg had refused to march on Fontainebleau—Austria was favorable to the Régency.”—He afterwards adds: “In spite of the abdication, the Régency might have been established seven days after the entrance of the Allies into Paris!”



‘ Napoleon conceived that such a step should not be adopted precipitately; he resisted the solicitations of the Duke of Vicenza, and refused to explain himself. In the morning he mounted his horse to inspect the line of his advanced posts, and the whole of the day (the 3d) was spent in military operations.

‘ The troops were in good spirits, and received with acclamations of joy the project of delivering the capital from the hands of the enemy. The young generals, inspired with military ardour, were ready to brave new danger and fatigue. But it was not thus with the officers in the more elevated ranks: enough has already been said to show how they were influenced by the events of Paris. They trembled at the thought of the miseries which a single movement might bring upon the wives, children, friends, &c. whom they had left in the capital. They dreaded to lose, in what might be called a headlong adventure, the rank and fortune which had been so dearly purchased, and which they had not yet enjoyed in peace; and the eagerness of the troops to make a rush upon the capital excited the highest degree of alarm.

‘ Probably Napoleon had not kept sufficiently secret the proposal that had been made for his abdication. This delicate question was now publicly canvassed: the subject was whispered in the gallery of the palace, and even on the staircase of the *cheval blanc*. Unfortunately the abdication was agreeable to the views of a numerous party. It was the least disgraceful mode of getting rid of Napoleon, because they would thus be released from him by his own free will. It was therefore deemed most advisable to bring matters to a conclusion in this way; and in case Napoleon should reject the proposition, some even spoke of breaking the sceptre in his hand.

‘ During this state of things, intelligence arrived that the senate had proclaimed the abdication. Napoleon received the *senatus consultum* on the night of the 3d, by an express from the Duke of Ragusa. The news was almost immediately circulated among all the most distinguished individuals in Fontainebleau, and it became the general topic of conversation.

‘ On the 4th, orders were issued for transferring the Imperial headquarters to a position between Ponthierry and Essonne. After the parade which took place every day at noon in the court of the *cheval blanc*, some of the principal officers of the army escorted Napoleon back to his apartment. The Prince of Neufchatel, the Prince of the Moskowa, the Duke of Dantzick, the Duke of Reggio, the Duke of Tarento, the Duke of Bassano, Grand Marshal Bertrand, and some other individuals, were assembled in the saloon, and the close of this audience was expected to be the signal for mounting horse and quitting Fontainebleau. But a conference had been commenced on the situation of affairs; it was prolonged until the afternoon, and when it ended, Napoleon’s abdication became known.

‘ One thing forcibly struck Napoleon, namely, the want of spirit evinced by his old companions in arms. He yielded to what was represented to him as the wish of the army.

‘ But if Napoleon abdicated, it was only in favour of the succession of his son, and the regency of the Empress. The act of abdication which he wrote with his own hand was as follows:

“ The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon



was the only obstacle to the restoration of peace in Europe, the emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to resign the throne, to quit France, and even to sacrifice his life for the welfare of the country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, those of the regency of the empress, and the maintenance of the laws of the empire.

“ Given at our Palace of Fontainebleau.

“ April 4, 1814.

“ NAPOLEON.”

“ This act was transcribed by a secretary; and the Duke of Vicenza prepared immediately to convey it to Paris. Napoleon directed the Prince of the Moskowa to accompany him. He wished that the Duke of Vicenza should also be accompanied by the Duke of Ragusa. The latter was Napoleon's oldest companion in arms; and he conceived that at a moment when the last interests of his family were about to be decided, he might stand in need of the faithful services of his old aid-de-camp. The Duke of Ragusa was therefore about to be furnished with the necessary powers, when some one represented to Napoleon, that in a negotiation in which the army was concerned, and was to be represented, it was proper to employ such a man as the Duke of Tarento, whose influence would be the greater, since it was known that he had lived less about the person of Napoleon, and perhaps enjoyed a less share in his affections. The Duke of Bassano, being questioned on this subject by Napoleon, replied, that whatever might be the opinions of Marshal Macdonald, he was a man of too much honour not to discharge faithfully a trust of such a nature. Napoleon immediately appointed the Duke of Tarento to be his third plenipotentiary. He gave orders that the plenipotentiaries, on their way through Essonne, should acquaint the Duke of Ragusa with what had taken place, and inform him that it was left to himself to decide whether he might not be most useful in remaining at the head of his corps; but that if he wished to fulfil the mission with which Napoleon had proposed to intrust him, he would instantly be furnished with powers to that effect.

“ The three plenipotentiaries, having received their last instructions, stepped into the carriage that was waiting for them. MM. de Rayneval and Rumigny accompanied them as secretaries.

“ Immediately after their departure, Napoleon dispatched a courier to the empress. He had received letters from her, dated from Vendôme. She was to arrive at Blois on the 2d; and it was requisite that she should be informed of the negotiation which had been entered upon. In this extremity, the absence of her father the Emperor of Austria was a misfortune which hourly increased. Our march on Fontainebleau had caused the roads to be intercepted, and had prolonged the stay of the Emperor Francis in Burgundy. Napoleon authorized the empress to dispatch to her father the Duke of Cadore, to solicit his intercession in favour of her and her son.

“ Overpowered by the events of the day, Napoleon shut himself up in his chamber. He was now about to receive the severest wound that had ever yet been aimed at his heart.

“ On the night of the 4th, Colonel Gourgaud, who had been dispatched with orders to Essonne, returned in the utmost speed, to announce that the Duke of Ragusa had forsaken his post, and repaired to Paris; that he was treating with the enemy; that his troops, having received secret orders to move, were at that moment passing the Russian cantonments, and that Fontainebleau remained undefended.

‘ Napoleon at first could not credit what he heard : but when he could no longer find room to doubt the extraordinary facts that had been communicated to him, his eye became fixed; and he threw himself into a chair apparently absorbed in melancholy reflections. At length breaking this distressing silence, “ Ungrateful man !” he exclaimed, “ but he will be more unhappy than I !”

‘ Napoleon naturally sought relief by giving vent to the painful feelings which oppressed him. To the army he disburdened his heart in impressive terms :—But he must speak for himself :

“ ORDER OF THE DAY.

“ TO THE ARMY,

“ *Fontainebleau, March 5th, 1814.*

“ The emperor thanks the army for the attachment it has evinced for him, and principally because it acknowledges that France is with him and not with the people of the capital. It is the soldier’s duty to follow the fortune and misfortune of his general, his honour and religion. The Duke of Ragusa has not sought to inspire this sentiment in the hearts of his troops. He has gone over to the Allies. The emperor cannot approve the condition on which he has taken this step ; he cannot accept of life and liberty at the mercy of a subject. The senate has presumed to dispose of the French government ; but it forgets that it owes to the emperor the power which it now abuses. The emperor saved one half of the members of the senate from the storms of the revolution, and the other half he drew from obscurity, and protected against the hatred of the people. These men avail themselves of the articles of the constitution as grounds for its subversion. The senate blushes not to reproach the emperor, unmindful that, as the first body in the state, it has participated in every public measure. It goes so far as to accuse the emperor of altering acts in their publication.\*

“ A sign was a command to the senate, which was always ready to do more than it was required to do.† The emperor has ever been accessible to the remonstrances of his ministers, and he therefore expected from them the most complete justification of the measures he adopted. If public speeches and addresses received the colouring of enthusiasm, then the emperor was deceived ; but those who held this language must blame themselves for the consequences of their flattery.

“ The senators have spoken of libels published against foreign govern-

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\* ‘ The same reproach has also been cast upon Cæsar, and yet no disgrace is thereby attached to him in history. “ I sometimes learn,” says Cicero, “ that a *senatus consultum*, passed on my recommendation, has been sent to Syria and Armenia, without my knowing that it had ever been executed ; and many princes have addressed to me letters of thanks for having recommended that the title of king should be conferred on them, when I have been ignorant not only of their being elected kings, but even of their existence.”—(*Cicero’s Familiar Letters, letter 9.*)

† ‘ The emperor above all things complained of the servile disposition of the senate. This was a great cause of dissatisfaction to him throughout the whole of his life. But in this respect he was like most men ; he wished for things that were contradictory. His general policy was not in unison with his particular passions. He wished to have a free senate, that might secure respect to his government ; but at the same time he wished for a senate that would be always ready to do whatever he wanted.’—(*Montesquieu, Grandeur et Decadence des Romains.*)

ments, forgetting that these libels were prepared in their own assembly ! So long as fortune continued faithful to their sovereign these men also remained faithful to him. If the emperor despised mankind as he is said to have done, the world will now admit that it was not without reason. His dignity was conferred on him by God and the people, who alone can deprive him of it ; he always considered it as a burden, and when he accepted it, it was with the conviction that he was enabled adequately to sustain it. The happiness of France seemed to be connected with the fate of the emperor ; now that fortune frowns on him, the will of the nation can alone induce him to retain possession of the throne. If he is to be considered as the only obstacle to peace, he voluntarily makes the last sacrifice to France. He has, in consequence, sent the Prince of the Moskowa and the Dukes of Vicenza and Tarento to Paris, to open the negotiation. The army may be assured that the honour of the emperor will never be incompatible with the happiness of France."

The enemy were, however, not less vigilant ; their arms, and, as it is said, a less honest influence, had deprived Buonaparte of the assistance of those upon whom he relied, and without whom his daring projects could not be put in practice :

"These movements on the part of the enemy wonderfully assisted those counsellors who maintained that Napoleon had no alternative but to break his sword. "How," said they, "shall we assemble those wrecks of our army on which dependence seems still to be placed ? The different corps are so dispersed that even the generals who are nearest each other are, at least, more than a hundred leagues asunder. How, then, can they be made to act together ? And are we, who are here, sure of being able to join them ?"

Next arrived the news of the night—the appearance of the enemy's scouts on the Loire—the occupation of Pithiviers ;—our communication with Orleans intercepted, &c. &c.

Napoleon listened coolly to all this. He appreciated justly the unequal strength of the net which was represented as being drawn around him, and he promised to break through it when the proper moment arrived.

"A road that is closed against couriers will soon open before fifty thousand men," said he ; and yet, notwithstanding his confident tone, it was evident that he hesitated in the execution of his project ; being doubtless restrained by a secret dissatisfaction which he could not overcome. He foresaw too well the difference that would exist between his future and his past circumstances.

He who had always commanded great armies, who had never manœuvred but to meet the enemy, who in every battle had been accustomed to decide the fate of a capital or a kingdom, and who had hitherto been accustomed to commence and conclude a war in one campaign, saw that he must henceforth assume the character of partisan leader, an adventurer roaming from province to province, skirmishing and destroying without the hope of attaining any decisive success.

The horrors of civil war also helped to darken the picture which was exhibited to him in the most unfavorable light. But it is vain to attempt to describe this interval of painful anxiety and hesitation. Suffice it to say that those who represented to Napoleon the possible chances of a civil war, had most influence in inducing him to form his resolution.—"Well, since I must renounce the hope of defending France," cried Napoleon,

“ does not Italy offer a retreat worthy of me? Will you follow me once more across the Alps!” This proposal was received in profound silence. If at this moment Napoleon had quitted his saloon and entered the hall of the secondary officers, he would have found a host of young men eager to follow wheresoever he might lead them! But a step further, and he would have been greeted at the foot of the stairs by the acclamations of all his troops! Napoleon however was swayed by the habits of his reign: he thought success could not attend him if he marched without the *great officers* whom his imperial dignity had created. He conceived that General Buonaparte himself could not renew his career without his old train of lieutenants. But they had received his summons in silence! He found himself compelled to yield to their apathy, though not without addressing to them these prophetic words:—“ You wish for repose; take it then! Alas! You know not how many troubles and dangers will await you on your beds of down. A few years of that peace which you are about to purchase so dearly, will cut off more of you than the most sanguinary war would have done!”\*

‘ Napoleon declared himself to have been subdued less by his enemies than by the defection of his friends; and, taking up his pen, he drew up the second formula of his abdication in the following terms:—

“The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the emperor is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of the peace of Europe, the emperor, faithful to his oath, renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy, and declares that there is no sacrifice, not even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France.”

He was now deprived of even the shadow of means to resist the demands of the Allies. They proffered him the treaty to sign, which he refused. At length he consented, and the singular events of the night preceding this last act of his power are thus described:

‘ For several days past he had apparently been occupied with some secret design. He became dull, and his mind was only occasionally roused by the contemplation of the gloomy pictures of history. The subject of his private conversation was the voluntary death to which the heroes of antiquity had doomed themselves, in situations similar to his own; and he coolly quoted and discussed different examples and opinions on the subject. The apprehensions which this turn of mind were naturally calculated to inspire were increased by the following circumstance.

‘ The empress had quitted Bois for the purpose of joining Napoleon; she had arrived at Orleans and was expected at Fontainebleau; but Napoleon himself stated that orders had been issued to prevent her from carrying her design into execution. He feared that this interview might induce him to relinquish his meditated design.

‘ On the night of the 12th the silence which reigned in the long corridors of the palace was suddenly interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps. The servants of the palace were heard running to and fro; candles were lighted in the apartment, and the *valets de chambre* were called up. Doctor Yvan and Grand Marshal Bertrand were also summoned. The Duke of Vicenza was sent for, and a message was dispatched to the Duke of Bassano, who resided at the Chancellery. All

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\* ‘ Seven years have not yet elapsed since these words were uttered, and where now are Berthier, Murat, Ney, Massena, Augereau, Lefebvre, Brune, Serrurier, Kellermann, Perignon, Bérnionville, Clarke, and many others?’

these individuals arrived, and were successively introduced into the emperor's bed-chamber. Curiosity in vain lent an anxious ear; nothing was heard but groans and sobs escaping from the ante-chamber and resounding through the gallery. At length Doctor Yvan came out of the chamber; he hastily descended into the court-yard, where finding a horse fastened to the railing, he mounted him and galloped off. The secret of this night has always been involved in profound obscurity. The following story has, however, been related:—

During the retreat from Moscow, Napoleon had, in case of accident, taken means to prevent his falling alive into the hands of the enemy. He procured from Surgeon Yvan a bag of opium,\* which he wore hung about his neck, as long as danger was to be apprehended. He afterwards carefully deposited this bag in a secret drawer of his cabinet. On the night of the 12th, he thought the moment had arrived for availing himself of this last expedient. The *vale de chambre*, who slept in the adjoining room, the door of which was half open, heard Napoleon empty something into a glass of water, which he drank, and then returned to bed. Pain soon extorted from him an acknowledgment of his approaching end. He then sent for the most confidential persons in his service. Yvan was sent for also; but learning what had occurred, and hearing Napoleon complain that the poison was not sufficiently quick in its effect, he lost all self-possession, and hastily fled from Fontainebleau. It is added, that Napoleon fell into a long sleep, and that, after copious perspiration, every alarming symptom disappeared: the dose was either insufficient in quantity, or time had mitigated the power of the poison. It is said that Napoleon, astonished at the failure of his attempt, after some moments' reflection, exclaimed, "God has ordained that I shall live!" and yielding to the will of Providence, which had preserved his existence, he resigned himself to a new destiny.

'The whole affair was hushed in secrecy, and on the morning of the 13th Napoleon arose and dressed himself as usual: his objection to ratify the treaty was now at an end, and he signed it without further hesitation.'

The departure from Fontainebleau, although it is marked by that melo-dramatic display of which Buonaparte was so fond, is too interesting to be omitted:

'On the 20th of April, at noon, the travelling carriages drew up in the court of the *cheval blanc*, at the foot of the *fer-à-cheval* steps. The Imperial guard formed itself in lines. At one o'clock Napoleon quitted his apartment. He beheld, ranged along the avenues through which he passed, all that now remained of the most numerous and brilliant court in Europe.

'Napoleon shook hands with them all, then hastily descending the steps he passed the range of carriages, and advanced towards the Imperial guard. Having signified that he wished to speak, all were hushed in a moment, and in profound silence listened to his last words.

"Soldiers of my Old Guard," said he, "I bid you farewell. During twenty years you have been my constant companions in the path of honour and glory. In our late disasters, as well as in the days of our prosperity, you invariably proved yourselves models of courage and fide-

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\* 'It was not opium alone; but a preparation described by Cabanis, and the same which Condo recet made use of to destroy himself.'



lity. With men such as you, our cause could not have been lost : but a protracted civil war would have ensued, and the miseries of France would thereby have been augmented. I have, therefore, sacrificed all our interests to those of the country. I depart : you, my friends, will continue to serve France, whose happiness has ever been the only subject of my thoughts, and still will be the sole object of my wishes ! Do not deplore my fate : if I consent to live, it is that I may still contribute to your glory. I will record the great achievements which we have performed together !.....Farewell, my comrades ! I should wish to press you all to my bosom : let me, at least, embrace your standard !”..... At these words General Petit took the eagle and advanced. Napoleon received the general in his arms, and kissed the flag. The silent admiration which this moving scene inspired was interrupted only by the occasional sobs of the soldiers. Napoleon made an effort to subdue the emotion by which he was powerfully agitated, and then added, in a firm tone of voice, “ Farewell once more, my old comrades ! Let this last kiss be impressed on all your hearts !”..... Then rushing from amidst the group which surrounded him, he hastily stepped into his carriage, where General Bertrand had already taken his seat.

‘ The carriages instantly drove off. They took the road to Lyons, and were escorted by French troops. As he drove along, Napoleon every where received the most affecting testimonies of love and regret..... “ Praise may be doubted ; but I am not aware that sorrow has hitherto been questioned ; and when a people weep for their sovereign, they may be believed to be sincere.”

We conclude our notice of this volume by expressing our opinion, that, worthy of notice as it is on account of its mere contents, it becomes still more so in consequence of the author’s character, of whose fidelity it is an honorable monument.

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## LINES ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE Morning, in her youthful mirth,  
Comes dancing over heav’n and earth ;  
The flow’rs, to meet their queen, arise—  
The birds awake in melodies—  
The eastern gale blows fresh and clear,  
And the waters dash and sparkle near.

Where is the Poet—he, who lov’d  
The stirring scenes and sounds of morn ?  
In joyful loneliness he rov’d  
O’er hills of heath and vales of corn—  
While Nature, like an Eastern bride,  
Profuse in jewell’d lustre shone ;  
And, with a lover’s tender pride,  
He call’d her his—and his alone !

The peasant does not see him pass—  
His footsteps are not on the grass :  
The woodbine wreathes around the gate—  
His garden-walks are desolate :  
The rose looks in, and smiles, in vain !—  
His lattice-windows barr’d remain.  
Say—does he slumber carelessly,  
Or journey over land and sea ?



Ah! he has wander'd far away—  
 Across a dark, a misty deep!  
 All through the long, bright, summer-day,  
 He never wakes from quiet sleep!  
 For, heard ye not the sky-lark's song,  
 While resting on that mossy mound?  
 'Tis there—tall weeds and grass among—  
 Another chamber he has found!  
 The ev'ning lingers in the West,  
 As if it could not fade away:  
 In such immortal splendour drest,  
 It cannot into night decay!  
 Where is the Poet—he whose eye  
 Once beam'd with kindred majesty;  
 When he could fancy ev'ry star  
 Hung out its silver lamp for him,  
 And each red cloud a fiery car,  
 Guided by viewless cherubim?  
 On a low grave!—The nightingale  
 Faint warbles with her music dying—  
 Softly as Nuns' impassion'd wail,  
 Through the long convent-echoes sighing:  
 And he who now is resting there,  
 His heart is cold, his eye is dull,  
 To morning bright and ev'ning fair—  
 To all that's gay or beautiful!  
 Yet mourn not for him! When the ray  
 That to the Poet's soul was given—  
 That glorified his lowly way,  
 And made this earth almost a heaven—  
 When that was quench'd—Oh! who can weep  
 That he lay down and went to sleep?  
 Fair Spring, with her green buds, was past—  
 Summer's gay foliage vanished—  
 And chilly blew the Autumn blast,  
 Flinging the damp leaves on his head—  
 How can we mourn he did not stay,  
 To pine through winter's darken'd day?  
 No! when the heart forgets to love—  
 The hand forsakes the lyre—  
 When sorrow silences the grove,  
 And dims the sparkling fire—  
 It is a kind, a gracious doom,  
 That lays the mourner in the tomb!  
 Then, gentle Poet, slumber on—  
 The couch is meet for thee!  
 Wild flow'rets bow their heads upon  
 The green grass canopy.  
 Soft be thy resting through the night,  
 And glad thy rise at morning light!

O.

## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM DAVISON.

BY NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, ESQ.

THIS volume, although evidently the production of an author of no inconsiderable talent, must fail to prove interesting to the general reader. It is an attempt to rescue from the obloquy which rests upon

it the reputation of Davison, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, the instrument unquestionably, and, as some historians have believed, the immediate cause, of the death of the ill-fated Queen of Scots. The author of the volume before us has bestowed much pains and research upon his task, without affording any remarkable elucidation of the events in which his hero was so intimately concerned, or at most without doing more than proving that Davison was honest by halves, and therefore, of all men, the fittest tool for that sanguinary despot and those dishonest ministers under whom he acted. He wished the death of Queen Mary—he did not scruple to obey Elizabeth's commands in attempting to persuade the gaolers of the former to become her assassins;—but his fears were so much stronger than his honesty, that he would not take a step unless he was protected by the royal warrant. His cunning mistress deceived and sacrificed him; and, while it is apparant that honesty and firmness would have exempted him from the fate he encountered, we can see no reason for pitying him, and must therefore think that Mr. Nicolas's pains have been strangely thrown away.

The following extract exhibits the characters of Elizabeth and her secretary in a light too plain to be mistaken :

‘ The next morning (Saturday, February 4) Mr. Davison went to court, and on entering her Majesty's private chamber he found her in conversation with Mr. afterwards the celebrated Sir. Walter Raleigh; but when she perceived him, she called him to her, and, “ as if she had understood nothing of these proceedings,” smiling, told him that she had been troubled that night by dreaming that the Queen of Scots was executed, and that she was so greatly incensed against him on learning it, that in her passion she could have done any thing to him.” Elizabeth related this in “ so pleasant and smiling” a way, that he only answered “ it was fortunate he was not near her so long as that temper continued;” but on reflection he earnestly asked her what it meant, and whether, having proceeded so far, she had not a full and resolute intention to execute the sentence agreeably to her warrant? Her answer was “ Yes,” confirmed with a solemn oath in some vehemency; “ but that she thought it might have been done in another way, because this threw the whole burden on herself.” Davison replied that the form prescribed by the warrant was such as the law required, and that it could not be altered with any regard to “ honesty or justice,” or with safety to those who were appointed to execute it; and then repeated his former argument, that as she was the Sovereign Magistrate, who was invested by God with the sword of Justice, without her authority the life of the poorest wretch in her kingdom could not be touched. She then told him that there were wiser men than himself who were of a different opinion; and he properly remarked that he could not be responsible for the sentiments of others, but that he was sure that he had never yet heard any man give a sound reason to prove it either honorable or safe for her Majesty to follow any other course than that which was consonant to law and justice. To this Elizabeth made no answer, and, without any thing farther being said, she left him. In the other statements he tells us that this conversation occurred two or three days after, which must have been either on Sunday, the 5th of February, or Monday, the 6th, and in the gallery of her palace at Greenwich; and that she informed him



it. Davison again represented how dishonorable, in his opinion, an act would be; and what a contrary effect it would have in preventing the malice and danger which she was so anxious to avoid: he then explained the situation into which she was brought by Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, if from their safety they had executed what she desired; and in such a case she must either have disavowed or justified it, she took the whole affair on herself and dishonour: if she disavowed it, she would have disgraced two gentlemen who had served her with fidelity, blasted their reputations, ruined their estates, and brought down on their posterities; and he concluded his remonstrance by powerfully impressing on Elizabeth the injustice and dishonour of such a course towards them. She then alluded to some business connected with Walsingham and her other ministers, and on being told that it was time to go to her closet, rose and left him. On the following day, or, as it appears from the other accounts, at Davison's next access to her presence, which was, he thinks, on Tuesday [February 7th], he waited on her to obtain her signature to some letters relative to a dispute between the Lord Deputy of Ireland and her secretary Mr. Fenton, when she commenced an earnest conversation on the danger in which she lived, and remarked that it was "more than time" that the affair was concluded, and "swearing a great oath," said that it was shameful in him, and the rest of her council, who were careless of her safety and negligent of their own duty, that it was not already finished, when she had done all which the law required of her; and commanded him to write a sharp letter to Sir Amias Paulet to hasten that event, because the longer it was deferred the more her danger increased. Davison "being somewhat jealous of her drift," and knowing that the council had forwarded the warrant, of which he justly presumed she could not be ignorant, considering how many had united in causing it to be dispatched, cautiously replied, that he imagined such letters were unnecessary, as from the contents of the warrant it was quite sufficient; and that it must be her majesty's own commission under the great seal, and not a private letter from him, which would be Paulet's authority for that purpose. To this Elizabeth said nothing more than that she thought Sir Amias "would look for it," and one of her ladies then entering to inquire her pleasure about her dinner, she ended the conversation.

The facts of Davison being afterwards tried, disgraced, and doomed to poverty and contempt, are too well known to need any further notice here: we take leave of Mr. Nicolas, with thanks for the trouble he has taken in illustrating this subject, and a very sincere wish that his next labour may be more worthy of his powers.

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Richard A. Smith

LORD HOLLAND.

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# THE BRITISH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1, 1823.

## MEMOIR OF LORD HOLLAND.

THE nobleman whose portrait embellishes our present number has long enjoyed an eminent rank among the members of the opposition in a warm supporter of those who bear that name, are called Whigs, and he is determined to make his exertions in England that there should be, that even those persons of that party would be sorry to exist, as it will be admitted that Lord Holland holds

so Lord Holland, is the only son of Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, 1773. His father died while in this circumstance his family was distressed by the arrears of a long illness, and he went afterwards to Christ Church, where his academical studies were very successful, and he took the degree of Arts, in the due course of the University regulations, in 1792. His health, at this period of his life, was not very good, and he spent some years in travelling abroad. He visited Spain, where he acquired a fondness for Spanish literature, and that knowledge of it, the fruits of which he has since communicated to the world, and upon which his literary reputation is mainly founded.

In the year 1797 Lord Holland married the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster: this lady was the daughter of a very rich planter, whose name was Vassal, which name is now added to that of Holland, and used by the present peer. By this marriage his lordship has had two sons and a daughter.

Lord Holland took his seat in the House of Peers as soon as his age permitted him, and on all occasions supported the views of his uncle, the late C. J. Fox. With him he deprecated the war with France, and strenuously opposed all the measures of Mr. Pitt, until the death of that statesman. His friends having then got into power, Lord Holland was no longer in the opposition; but his political opinions remained unchanged, and his parliamentary exertions continued to be directed to the same objects. He was a warm partisan of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, which he still never fails to advocate when an opportunity offers itself.

His eloquence is vigorous, fervid, and striking, displaying evident marks of a cultivated mind, but under too little control ever to command conviction. His speeches are often involved and obscure, a fault which a nervous irritation, to which he seems subject in an extraordinary degree, greatly adds. He is always heard with considerable attention in the house; and although, from the diffuseness and inaccuracy of his reasoning, he is generally well answered, he would probably, in any assembly of a less deliberative character, be highly popular. If he could restrain a habit of panting and foaming, which at times assumes a ridiculous appearance, his declamation would have greater weight; there is a frankness, a downright John Bull force, and a great deal of good temper, in his manner and matter at most times.

His literary pretensions are very respectable; the translation which he has published of the Poems of *Alfonso* displays neatness of execution, and a very considerable acquaintance with Spanish literature. He has also written a Life of *Alfonso*, a superintended edition of *James II.* It is very probable that he would have been more successful if his fame had depended upon something more than his literary pretensions to genius; but he is quite clever enough to be too rich for a wit.

#### THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

A WRITER of the present day can give no greater proof of bad taste and morbid feeling, than in selecting for the exercise of his talents subjects which, from their horrible and unnatural character, have been conventionally proscribed, and consigned to silence and darkness. It might be endured that the gloomy and shadowy descriptions of Dante should tell a tale of incestuous passion, while its incidents were but dimly seen through the twilight of its congenial hell:—the state of society then, so different from its present aspect, might not only have tolerated the allusions, but might have been benefited by the striking punishment which is made to accompany the crime. In our times, however, if it could be allowed to men of the greatest genius, it ought not to be permitted to authors of slender talents, to make unboly horrors mischievously familiar by the flippancy with which they treat them. These subjects, which Sophocles or Dante may be permitted to touch, are profaned and made worse than ridiculous by such persons as Horace Walpole and Leigh Hunt; and still more reprehensible do we hold it in small novelists to write such stories as that which lies before us, the matter of which is of a forbidden nature.

The Stranger's Grave is the history of an over-indulged youth, the only son of a respectable worthy man, who forms an incestuous intercourse with his niece, a young girl of nearly his own age. The grief which it entails upon his parents bows their heads to the grave in misery and disgrace, and drives him into a foreign land with the partner of his guilt, where the punishment due to their crime, so far as it can be punished on earth, overtakes them. We decline to enter at any greater length upon the particulars of the tale, but we shall extract the latter incidents, which contain the moral, dearly purchased by reading the stuff which precedes them, and are also the best-written.

part of the work. The chief actor in, and the relater of the history, is reduced to the most abject distress, and compelled to gain a precarious and scanty subsistence by labouring as a common porter in a town on the coast of Spain. He rises one morning to pursue his avocations :

‘ As usual Edward directed his steps towards the quay, in search of employment. A brig had just come in from England, and her cargo was landing. Edward advanced as he was wont, and besought something to do ; whereupon a person who looked like the mate of the vessel immediately set him to work. But the jealousy of the Spanish porters had now risen to its height ; they had endured the intrusion of this stranger upon their province till they could endure it no longer. Hitherto they had contented themselves with hooting and hissing the vile heretic, from the moment he came amongst them till he departed ; and he had borne it all, if not with indifference, at least without making a display of his indignation. But to-day they proceeded a step further ; he was in the act of stooping to lift an huge case or package upon the wheel-barrow, by means of which it was to be transported to the warehouse, when one of the Spaniards who had been most vociferous in his abuse, came softly behind him, and, tripping up his heel, threw him down. He fell with his face upon the edge of the barrow, and hurt himself so severely, that the blood flowed in torrents from his nose and mouth. But the pain of the bruise was scarcely perceived ; burning with rage, he sprang upon his feet, and with one blow of his fist knocked his cowardly assailant backwards into the water.

‘ With considerable difficulty the floundering Spaniard was dragged to shore by his comrades, and then the most violent uproar began. Edward scorned to fly, though perfectly aware that he would have to contend with overpowering numbers. He planted his back against a wall, and brandishing a huge beam of wood that chanced to lie within his reach, he effectually kept at bay the whole host of his enemies. On their part, missiles of every description were showered upon their adversary ; knives were drawn, and even a musket levelled at his breast ; nor is it easy to say what might have been the result of the affray, if a party of soldiers had not promptly interfered, and seized upon Edward as their prisoner.

‘ They conducted him towards the house of the governor, followed by the whole body of porters, and a large concourse of idle persons, whom the noise of the fray had drawn together. To these Edward was of course an object of hatred ; he was a foreigner, which of itself was sufficient to secure for him the dislike of every patriotic Spaniard ; and he had moreover knocked one of their countrymen into the water, an offence which the Spanish people could not possibly forgive. As to the provocation given, that was no object of inquiry with the mob ; and had it even been known, it would have in no respect lessened the enormity of his guilt. The soldiers had therefore much difficulty in preserving Edward from the summary vengeance of the populace, who followed him with execrations, and occasionally saluted both him and his guard with showers of stones and filth. Of these many took effect upon the body of Edward ; and certainly, had the mother who bore him looked at that instant upon her son, it is an even chance if she could

have recognised him, so bruised and beaten was his face, and disfigured with patches of mud ; whilst his garments hung upon his back in perfect tatters, having suffered in a still greater degree than his countenance, in the scuffle which preceded the arrival of the military.

‘ On his way to the house of the Alcala, Edward was dragged beneath the doorway of his own abode. The noise of the crowd, their shouts and yells, had drawn Emily to the window, and looking out, she became a witness to the dreadful condition of her lover. His face besmeared with blood and filth ; his hat gone ; his linen torn, and his clothes rent ; he was dragged, rather than led, by a party of grenadiers, along the street, whilst the fury of the populace, who hung upon his rear, threatened every instant to vent itself, in spite of the soldiers, in tearing his wounded body limb from limb. Edward looked up as he passed : he tried to smile, and shouted as loud as he was able, “ Fear not, love ! ”—but the sound of his voice died away upon her deafened ear—she gave one piercing shriek, and instantly disappeared from the window.

‘ Edward heard her cry, and saw her sudden disappearance ; and the sound, and the sight, drove him almost to madness. He entreated his guards to release him, only for a moment, whilst he ran up stairs and comforted his wife. He besought a file of them to go with him, if they doubted his promise to return ; but they were deaf to all his prayers, and hurrying forward with him towards the point whither they were going, the turning of a street soon shut the apartment from his view.

‘ The Alcala, or mayor, of Fontarabia, was exactly such a person as the mayor of a small Spanish town usually is ; proud, ignorant, and bigotted. He listened with apparent avidity to the complaints of the porters, who stated to him the hardship of having their bread taken out of their mouths by a foreigner and a heretic, and who demanded the most summary chastisement to be inflicted upon the prisoner, for the violent assault which he had made upon one of their number. It was in vain that Edward stated the whole facts of the case ; that he dwelt upon his own poverty, and upon the obligation which he was under of doing something for the support of his wife, now near her confinement. It was in vain that he recapitulated all the insults which he had borne from his accusers, and related the nature of the attack first made upon himself. The worthy magistrate was deaf to his arguments, in support of which, after all, no other evidence was adduced beyond his own individual assertion. Edward was accordingly pronounced guilty of a heinous misdemeanor ; he was condemned to receive one hundred lashes upon the bare back, with a whip of cow-skin, and to be placed in the stocks for six hours, as a disturber of the public peace.

‘ As soon as the sentence was passed, Edward assumed a different tone, and called upon the Alcala to beware how he violated the person of an English subject. “ Though my dress and appearance be mean,” continued he, “ I hold some rank in my own country ; and were the contrary the case, a British ambassador will at all times listen to the complaint of the poorest subject of his master. I warn you, *Senor Alcala*, to look well to what you do, for as sure as you inflict this degrading punishment upon me, so surely will a representation of the

whole matter be forwarded to the British resident at the court of Madrid."

'The mayor was startled at the tone of dignity in which the above was uttered, and evidently hesitated for some moments, whether or not he should order Edward's sentence to be carried into execution; but his indecision was soon set aside, by the vehement gesticulations and outcries of an irritated mob. "Carracho, Coramba," and all sorts of other vulgar oaths, instantly issued from the heart of the crowd. "Will a Spanish magistrate be intimidated by the idle threatenings of a fellow like this,—of one who was probably banished from his own country for some heinous crime; who, when he first arrived, behaved to the noble Spanish people with all the insolence peculiar to these haughty islanders; and now seeks to take away the bread of honest men? Shame, shame on the coward who for one moment could weigh the bravadoes of such a one against the united wishes of his townsmen." These outcries, accompanied as they were with certain threats of vengeance, somewhat obscurely worded, determined the prudent magistrate no longer to oppose the tide of popular fury; so he commanded Edward to be dragged to the public market-place, and then and there to undergo the punishment which had just been awarded him.

'The culprit was instantly seized, and in spite of a vigorous resistance, handcuffed by the guard. He was dragged to a square in the very heart of the town, and there his jacket and shirt were torn from his back, and himself fastened with ropes to the stone cross which stands in the middle of the area. The whole tale of blows was then inflicted upon him, with all the violence which personal hatred could create; and his feet being afterwards fastened in the stocks, he was left, bruised, wealed, and bloody, to endure with what equanimity he could command the insolent jests and opprobrious epithets, heaped upon him by the triumphant populace.

'Wild with the consciousness of utter degradation, and smarting under the agony of the lashes which he had endured, Edward vainly struggled to release his arms from their manacles, and his legs from the state of confinement to which they were subjected. But his struggles were altogether unavailing; the thongs with which his arms were bound proved too strong for him to burst, whilst the stocks being stoutly padlocked over each ankle, bade defiance to the desperate pulling, which served no other purpose than to strip the skin from his own legs. The more vehemently he strove, likewise, to free himself, the louder were the shouts and laughter raised at his expense; till at last he clenched his teeth firmly together, and ceasing any longer to exert the strength which was exerted in vain, he waited in calm desperation the arrival of that moment which was to bring with it his release.

'It came at length; though, whether from accident or design he cared not to inquire, five hours after the expiration of the six, during which his sentence had doomed him to confinement. As soon as his arms and legs were released, he rose, stiff and feeble; and without exhibiting any sign of anger, or uttering a single threat of vengeance, made directly towards his home. The sun had just gone down, and the shades of night were not yet beginning to supersede the twilight; when Edward, in a state of mind which beggars all description, arrived



at the bottom of the stairs which led to his abode. The window through which Emily had gazed as he passed in the morning was still open; the door at the landing-place, which conducted to the outer apartment, or living-room, was ajar. He pushed it wide to the wall, and entered; but the room was empty. He called "Emily!"—but no one answered. He called again, not more loudly, for a vague horror, a fear of he knew not what, choked his utterance. Still no sound reached him, except the echo of his own voice. The ashes upon the hearth shewed that a fire had that day been lighted, but that it had long died out. The wooden table was covered with a clean cloth, the coffee-pot stood in the midst of it, and two cups and plates beside it. One chair was a little way pushed back towards the fire-place; and the tea-kettle hung suspended from its hook over the embers, though the water which it contained was perfectly cold. All things, in short, looked as if Emily had prepared breakfast that morning, but had left the house without tasting it.

'Breathless and trembling with terror, Edward now moved towards the door which led to the bed-chamber. It was closed; and his hand shook so, that for the space of several seconds he was unable to lift the latch. At length he raised it; he pushed the door open, and beheld Emily in bed. He sprang forward. She was cold and stiff, and in her dead arms she clasped a lifeless infant! From that instant, existence became to Edward, during many, many months, a perfect blank. Seasons went and fresh ones took their place, but he knew it not. Reason was driven from her seat, and Edward for the space of one entire year was a maniac.' \* \* \* \*

There is nothing in the manner in which this story is written to excuse it from the censure we have felt obliged to pass upon it; but, as the author is probably capable of better things, we hope the neglect which his present attempt must experience will teach him to bestow his future labours upon more agreeable and more harmless subjects.

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*Naval Records; or, the Chronicles of the Line of Battle Ships of the Royal Navy, from its first Establishment in the Reign of Henry VIII. with the Names of their distinguished Commanders, &c.*

THE English navy deserves such an universal regard, that we look upon every thing which tends to render the particulars connected with it familiar to the minds of persons in general as a real advantage to the nation. It is for this reason that we highly approve of the above-mentioned work, and recommend it to our readers, as well because the affairs of the navy have of late been treated with some of that neglect which in times of peace too commonly attends every thing connected with war, as because it conveys useful and interesting information in an agreeable shape. We presume that the author is himself a sailor; we have no doubt that he is, from the warmth with which he expresses himself; and we are sure he ought to be, for in that circumstance alone can we find an excuse for the peculiar style in which he writes. A sailor upon paper is in general as awkward as a sailor in a ball-room; and when he once abandons that frank, unembarrassed manner, which is perhaps better than more refined graces, he inevitably becomes

ridiculous. So our friend, the author of the *Naval Records*, while he confines himself to the simple narration of simple facts, is a manly sensible writer; but when he grows enthusiastic, and his bosom labours, his style does so too. He likes long hard words, and pours upon his wondering readers a broadside of double-shotted expletives, for no purpose but to make a noise. We cannot but like his energy, and we wish, for his sake, that some lucky accident would new-furbish him up for the wars again, and afford him a more congenial employment than that of writing; we dare say he would add to the naval records, if an opportunity should serve, in much better style than he can chronicle them.

The arrangement of the work is entitled to great approbation; it is in alphabetical order, according to the names of the ships. Each article is preceded by a short explanation of the name, very necessary to prevent mistakes among the gallant tars; and a list of the battles, or other incidents, connected with the ship, and a few words containing a summary of the particulars. The following examples will serve:

*Benbow, 74.*—"Some men," says the great dramatic poet, "are born to greatness; others achieve it." Of the latter description was Vice-Admiral Benbow. But if we may believe his biographer, Campbell, Benbow, though reared in the service of the merchants of those days, was really of an ancient and respectable family, the Benbows of Salop, fallen into decay, not in consequence of their vices, but of a loyal attachment to their sovereign, Charles I. Be this as it may, Benbow was a rough seaman of the old school, whose daring enterprises in the service of the merchants had recommended him to the notice of government, and afterwards secured him the favour of King William, than whom no man better knew the real merits of his officers. So that he was not only early promoted to a flag, but when some gentlemen, high in court favour, had declined the command of a squadron on the Jamaica station, "Well!" exclaimed the King, "I find we must spare our beaus, and send out honest Benbow." On this station, as usual, Admiral Benbow distinguished himself by a zealous and vigorous conduct, which, while it made him the dread of the enemy, being united with the despotic roughness of the seaman, excited so violent an hatred against him, among the principal officers of his squadron, that however incredible it may appear, they actually, from a feeling of revenge towards their Admiral, entered into a base conspiracy, the object of which was, to tarnish his fame, at the risk of condign punishment, and eternal infamy to their own. On the 19th of August, 1702, Vice-Admiral Benbow, cruising off Santa Martha, with a mixed squadron of frigates and ships of the line, commanded by these basely infatuated men, gave chase to a French squadron, under M. du Casse, and soon after brought them to action, during which the Vice-Admiral was evidently deserted by his most powerful ships. On the 20th he determined to lead into action himself, and found none but the *Ruby* to support him. Notwithstanding which, the brave Benbow persevered in his attacks, and on the 24th had his right leg shattered by a shot, which, however, could not prevent him from directing the battle; for, being brought up in a cradle on the quarter-deck, he continued to animate the seamen; indignantly sending orders to the commanders of the

other ships, who were steering at a distance, "to keep their line and behave like men:" and at last only withdrew his squadron when he found that the captains were determined not to fight. The following letter from M. du Casse goes farther than would a whole volume, to prove the base manner in which this brave man was betrayed:—

"SIR,—I had little hopes on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin; but it pleased God to order it otherwise: I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for, by G—, they deserve it.

"Your's,

"DU CASSE."

'By the sentence of a Court Martial, held at Jamaica, two of the captains were suspended, one cashiered, and two shot. The Vice-Admiral died of his wound.

'In 1813, the 54th year of his late Majesty, the *BENBOW*, a ship of 74 guns, was launched and added to our navy.'

'*Blake*, 74.—Blake was one of those great characters that scarcely appear once in an age, and then are only made known by the extraordinary pressure of extraordinary events. Admiral Robert Blake, born in 1589, at Bridgwater, in Somersetshire, was educated at Oxford, and took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1617. In 1640 he was returned to Parliament for Bridgwater, on account of his well-known republican principles, and served in the Parliament's army, with great reputation, during the civil wars. But he highly disapproved of bringing the King to trial; and was frequently heard, with his usual bluntness, to say, "he would as freely venture his life to save the King, as ever he did to serve the Parliament." Yet after the King's death he warmly adhered to the republican party, and, next to Cromwell, was the ablest officer they had. In 1648 he was appointed, with the Colonels Dean and Popham, to command the fleet, and on this new element soon evinced the greatness of his talents; for having pursued the squadron of Prince Rupert to Malaga, and destroyed all the ships except two, he was constituted sole Admiral; and in September, 1652,\* defeated the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, Ruyter, and De Witt, in a sanguinary engagement off the Downs, in which the Dutch lost four ships of war, and had 2,000 men wounded or slain. And again in February, he defeated them in the Channel, when they lost twelve ships of war and thirty merchantmen. And in July, in the following year, he arrived in time to give such effective aid to the fleet under Monk and Dean, off the North Foreland, that a complete victory was obtained, when the Dutch lost nineteen ships of war. In April, 1653, when Cromwell turned out the Parliament, and assumed the supreme power, Blake kept order in his fleet, and addressed this celebrated short and pithy speech to his officers, "It is not for us to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." Proceeding to the Mediterranean, in 1654, with orders to procure satisfaction for the injuries done to our merchants, he was treated with the most marked

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\* 28th September, a decisive victory; see Appendix. 30th November, 1652, Blake's daring and obstinately maintained conflict with Van Tromp, off Hythe. 18th February, 1653, three days' hard fighting, and decisive victory off La Hogue and the Isle of Wight.'

respect by the French and Dutch officers at Cadiz, as well as the Algerines, who, taking the English prisoners out of the Saltee rovers, presented them to Blake, in order to purchase his favour, and afterwards willingly concluded a peace with him. But at Tunis, the Dey having rashly defied him, saying, "Here are our castles of Goletto and Porto Ferino; do your worst," Blake in two hours' cannonade rendered the castle defenceless, and burnt with his boats nine Tunisian ships in the road. From Tunis he sailed to Tripoli, and obliged the Bashaw to restore the English prisoners. Then returning to Tunis, granted them, as a great favour, a peace; and having obliged the Knights of Malta to restore the effects taken by their privateers, spread every where such a terror of the British fleet, that most of the princes and the states of Italy sent solemn embassies to the Protector. On the 20th of April, 1657, he made his famous attack on the Spanish ships and galleons, lying strongly posted in the Bay of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, and sunk or burnt the whole of them. This was thought to be one of the most remarkable actions that ever happened at sea. "It was so miraculous (says the Earl of Clarendon) that all men who knew the place, wondered that any sober man, with what courage soever endowed, would have undertaken it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done: whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men, who had destroyed them in such a manner." This was the last great exploit of the renowned Blake. He was consumed with a dropsy and scurvy; and having hastened home that he might yield up his last breath in his native country, as the ship came into Plymouth Sound he expired.

'It has been observed, that never man so zealous for a faction was so much respected and esteemed even by the opposite factions. Disinterested, generous, liberal, ambitious only of true glory, dreadful only to his avowed enemies, he forms one of the most perfect characters of that age, and the least stained with those errors and violences which were then so predominant. The Lord Clarendon observes, "that he was the first man who brought ships to contemn castles on shore, which had ever been thought very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that degree of courage into seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do, if they were resolved; and the first that taught them to fight in fire as well as in water."

'During the life of Blake he had been honoured with a gold chain, put round his neck by the Protector, who, on being informed of his death, ordered him a pompous funeral at the public charge; but, it has been said, "the tears of his countrymen were the most honorable panegyric on his memory." If any other were required, it may surely be found in the choice of his name for a royal ship of the line, in the fourteenth year of a war arising out of the mischiefs of *republicanism*.

'The tribute paid to the memory of so determined a republican as Blake, in conferring his name on a seventy-four gun ship in the royal navy, in the 49th year of the reign of his late Majesty, 1808, forms a

noble and dignified contrast with the puerile virulence and jacobinical frenzy, exercised by the revolutionists of France against every name which bore the remotest allusion to talents or virtue, distinguished under any form of government at variance with their own. And this name of Blake may be considered as an evidence, not only of the triumph of distinguished naval worth, but as the firmest triumph of the true principles of freedom over the wild fanatical frenzy of the French Revolution.

‘In the fifty-first year of the reign of his late Majesty, 1809, the **BLAKE**, at one time, bore the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, at the evacuation of the island of Walcheren, and the destruction of the basin of Flushing.

‘British fleet, 120 ships of war, with 30 auxiliary armed vessels : chief ship, the **VENERABLE**, 74.

‘On the 29th of June, 1811, the **BLAKE** was commanded by Captain Edward Codrington, chief, with the **Centaur** and **Invincible**, employed in co-operating with the Spanish patriots, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in rescuing many hundreds of them from the butchery of the French at the fall of Tarragona.

‘And in September of the same year, the **BLAKE** was acting in conjunction with the Baron d’Erolles, when the harbour of Tarragona was seized, and the vessels anchored therein fell into the hands of the allies. The British seamen, on this occasion, handsomely gave up their share of the captures to the Spaniards.

‘*Summary.*—Assistance rendered to the patriotic Spaniards.’

The account of the ‘**Howe**’ includes a memoir of the gallant earl of that name, every particular of which is interesting, and none more characteristic of the officer and his men than the provision for their breakfast before the battle. The earl knew them well, and perhaps recollected old Broughton the bruiser’s reply to the duke of Cumberland, who asked him what he thought of the tall Austrian dragoons.—“I think, your Royal Highness,” said he, “that I can lick the whole regiment, if you’ll order me a breakfast between each man.”

‘*Howe*, 120.—Admiral Lord Howe was the second son of Sir Emanuel Scrope, the second Lord Viscount Howe, and, at the age of fourteen years, embarked as a midshipman on board the squadron destined, under Commodore Anson, to harass the Spanish trade and settlements in the South Seas. At the age of twenty he was appointed captain of the **Baltimore** sloop of war, and having, in an action with two French frigates, received a severe wound in the head, was made a post captain, and appointed to the **Triton** of twenty-eight guns.

‘In June, 1755, Captain Howe, commanding the **Dunkirk** of sixty guns, captured a French ship of sixty-four guns off the coast of Newfoundland ; and in June, 1758, the **Essex** bore the broad pendant of Commodore Howe, commanding a squadron of twenty-four ships of war, acting in conjunction with the Duke of Marlborough, when a successful descent was made on the coast of France, and many stores and store-houses, with small craft, were destroyed at St. Maloes. In the following August he was acting with General Bligh, when the piers, basins, magazines, and store-houses of Cherbourg were destroyed, and twenty-two brass cannons with mortars brought away ; and on the



28th of September following, commanded in chief at the disastrous re-embarkation of the troops at St. Cas, after a repulse before St. Maloes, where Major-generals Drury and Sir John Armitage were killed, five naval captains made prisoners, with eight hundred and eighty-two private soldiers, mostly the flower of the British army. Great as was this misfortune, by the concurrent testimony of all the brave men present, it must have been much more lamentable, but for the inflexible courage of the gallant commodore, who, when the strong nerves of the seamen advancing in their boats were evidently affected by the overwhelming fire of the enemy, seeing nothing but ruin or dreadful slaughter to the unfortunate troops collected on the shore, if they were then deserted, personally advanced in his barge to their relief, and, placing himself in the most conspicuous attitude, undauntedly led the way, through the thickest of the slaughter, bringing off all whom it was possible to save; and thus establishing for himself that character for inflexible courage, which attended him to the grave.

‘ On the memorable 20th of November, in the year 1759, Commodore, then become Lord Howe by the death of his elder brother, killed before Ticonderago, acted a most distinguished and gallant part, as captain of the *Magnanime*, when Admiral Sir Edward Hawke gained his great and glorious victory over the French fleet under M. de Conflans off Quiberon Bay, where six ships of the line were lost by the enemy. When Admiral Hawke afterwards presented Lord Howe to the king, his majesty was pleased to say, “Your life, my lord, has been one continued series of services to your country.” Having been afterwards appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and Treasurer of the Navy, in 1770 he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief on the coast of America. In 1782 he effected the relief of Gibraltar, and had a slight engagement with the superior combined fleet of France and Spain, off the Straits, and in the following year was made First Lord of the Admiralty. In 1793 his lordship accepted the command of the Channel fleet, at a time when that command comprised much which was of great and even vital importance to the country. The frenzy of new-born liberty in France was then at its acme. Their legions, animated by a spirit to them so novel and so buoyant, had triumphed over the best troops, and the most venerated military tactics of Europe. Already conquerors of armies, they aspired to be the vanquishers of fleets, impelled at once by the desire of extending revolution to England, and of relieving the pressure of a scarcity which almost amounted to a famine in the land. Vast supplies of grain, it was now known, were on their way to the ports of France; America had opened her abundant stores, and the seas were covered with their returning ships. Filled with these united hopes and projects, the Committee of Public Safety had sent forth a fleet of twenty-six ships of the line, commanded by Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, acting under the control of Jean Bon St. Andre, a member of the Convention, invested with powers similar to those granted the commissioners with the armies; and it was this fleet that Admiral Lord Howe, with about the same number of ships, had so long anxiously pursued.

‘ It was on the 28th of May, 1794, that the enemy’s fleet was first discovered by the British advanced frigates, about one hundred and



forty leagues to the westward of Ushant, and on the same evening was bravely attacked by an advanced squadron under Rear-Admiral Paisley, the result of which was, that the Audacious of 74 guns bore away for a British port, and the Revolutionnaire of 110, dismasted, steered for Brest, while by a singular chance, L'Audacieux, a 74 gun-ship, supplied her place in the French line. On the following day Lord Howe, displeased with the conduct of his leading ship, seized the first opportunity of breaking himself through the enemy's line, which was accomplished without producing any material effect, except obtaining the weather-gage. During the 30th and part of the 31st, both fleets were kept in a state of extreme anxiety, from their vicinity to each other during a thick fog; and on the morning of the memorable 1st of June, were drawn up in order of battle, each fleet consisting of twenty-five ships of the line, the British to windward and the French standing under an easy sail, waiting for the bearing down of their opponents; among whom some time was necessarily consumed in making such transpositions of the three-deckers, as were suited to the nature of the purposed attack, ship to ship, or every ship closely to engage her antagonist. But scarcely were these arrangements completed, before a signal was made by the admiral, which diffused general satisfaction throughout the fleet, and is worthy of particular notice. Officers of a naturally intrepid spirit, absorbed by the duties of their high commands, are not always sufficiently attentive to the wants of those who have neither responsibility, nor the hope of exalted glory to animate them, during the awful stillness which usually precedes a great battle; and therefore are sometimes deficient in the manifestation of that generous concern for the feelings of the thousands about them, which, when displayed at such a moment, elicits a spirit little short of absolute devotion for the glory of their chief. And in this instance, perhaps, men in general will have a difficulty in conceiving the high tone of satisfaction produced along the whole British line, by a signal simply purporting, *there will be time to breakfast before the battle begins*. It was not, as may be easily imagined, the cessation from immediate toil, proclaimed by the signal, that gave rise to this high satisfaction; neither was it the gratification arising from so necessary a meal at such a time; and still less was it any fears arising for the consequences of the approaching conflict, that made every deck resound with expressions of joy; but it was, simply, a pleasing conviction striking home at once to the bosom of every individual in arms, that, amidst all the important duties of command, his wants and his comforts were never absent from the noble mind of the commander-in-chief.

“The man who eats his solitary meal at an unusual hour, preparatory to a great mortal struggle for victory, will naturally be disposed to reflect, that the refreshment he is then taking may possibly be his last, and in proportion as reflection prevails, the cheering visions of conquest and laurels will gradually fade away. But there is a something so peculiarly animating, in great associations of men engaged in the same glorious cause, and attended by the consciousness that fifteen or perhaps twenty thousand brethren in arms are similarly employed, that, without taking into account the inspiring effects of those bursts

of heroism; with which every great assemblage of warriors naturally abounds, it is ardently to be wished that something similar to such a repast as that described should precede every great struggle for glory; and now that telegraphic communications are established, it might always be excellent policy in the commander-in-chief, to communicate his own heroic sentiments to the heart of his fleet, by some energetic words of battle, or some such noble sentiment as preceded that mighty conflict where the immortal Nelson fell:

“ England expects every man to do his duty.”

‘ But, be this as it may, in the present instance full time having been allowed for that meal which was to be the last of so many of the combatants, about half past seven, the whole British fleet, by signal, bore down, every division steering for its opponent, and, under a heavy fire from the enemy, mixed with shouts of *Vive la liberté*, each ship calmly proceeded to take her allotted station to windward, or, in preference, to leeward, wherever she was able to pierce through the hostile line.

‘ The Queen Charlotte, a first rate, bearing the flag of Lord Howe, had, from the moment of displaying the signal, sternly kept on her silent course for the Montagne, a much loftier ship, bearing the flag of the French commander-in-chief, and, in breaking through the enemy’s line, had passed so close to her antagonist, that the tri-coloured flag actually waved over the British bulwarks, as they poured in their first broadside into her stern, which was done with so deadly a precision, that in a single instant the decks of the Montagne were covered with wounded or slain; and it appears that, about the same time, the battle became general along the whole extent of the hostile lines. The Queen Charlotte, after this dreadful opening, having taken her station close to leeward, very soon discomfited her lofty antagonist, and after a short contention, the French commander-in-chief, with the Jacobine of 74 guns, was seen bearing away from the contest, followed by all the ships able to make sail, some of which were partially and others totally dismasted, having recourse to their spritsails to effect their escape. The glorious results of this great day were seven ships left by the enemy, and among them the Vengeur, which sunk, when not more than two hundred and eighty of her men had been saved.

‘ With the six remaining trophies, Lord Howe and part of his victorious fleet proceeded to Spithead, and on the 26th of the same month, their majesties dined and held a levee on board the Queen Charlotte, presenting his lordship with a diamond hilted sword valued at three thousand guineas, and a gold chain to be worn round the neck, with a medal appended, which had been struck to commemorate the victory.

‘ The thanks of Parliament were unanimously voted for this great and seasonable triumph. Suitable pensions, honours, and medals were granted to the principal officers; and the liberality of the public was nobly displayed in subscriptions for the widows and orphans of the brave men who had suffered or fallen. Among the slain was Captain Montague of the Montague, and among the mortally wounded Captains Harvey and Hutt, of the Brunswick and Queen; less dangerously, Admirals Graves and Pasley, with the Captains Berkley and Douglas.

‘ In the captured ships were 690 killed, with 580 wounded, exclusive of those lost in the *Vengeur*.

‘ British loss, 281 killed, 768 wounded.

‘ About two years afterwards, Lord Howe succeeded to the high station of admiral of the fleet, and in the following year, 1797, was honoured with the order of the garter.

‘ In 1799 this great man deceased.

‘ On the 28th day of March, in the fifty-sixth year of the reign of his late Majesty, 1815, this noble ship, the *Howe*, of 120 guns, was launched at Chatham, in the presence of 20,000 spectators.’

The following instance of enterprise and endurance will show that those qualities are of no recent appearance in British seamen :

‘ It appears that in the third year of Henry VIII., the northern seas were much infested by the enterprises of a Scots seaman, Sir Andrew Breton, or Barton, who, with two ships, one named *Lion*, and the other the *Jenny Perwin*, under pretence of letters of reprisals granted him against the Portuguese, by James III. King of Scotland, took ships of all nations. On complaint of these grievances to the privy council of England, the father of the illustrious Howards, then Earl of Surrey, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk, declared that the narrow seas should not be so infested, while he had estate enough to furnish a ship, or a son capable of commanding one. The consequence of this was, that his two gallant sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, sailed soon afterwards in two ships, in quest of the pirates, and having been separated at sea, Sir Thomas in his ship brought Sir Andrew Barton in the *Lion* to action, and after a long and desperate conflict, forced him to surrender, though not before the gallant Scot had fallen among the slain, piping cheers on his *whistle* with his last breath.\* About the same time, Sir Edward had taken the *Lion*’s consort, the *Jenny Perwin*, and both these prizes, with all the men left alive, amounting to 150, entered the river Thames on the 2d day of August, 1511.

We must be allowed to insert the following specimen of eloquence, which must have been perfectly irresistible. It was a sort of advertisement for hands on board the *Leander*—a vessel fitted for the purpose of encountering the ships which the Americans called frigates.

‘ **LEANDER!** Who would enter for small craft, when the *Leander*, the finest *frigate* in the world, with a good *spar* deck over head to keep you dry, warm, and comfortable, and a lower deck like a barn, where you may play at leap-frog when the hammocks are hung up ; has still room for a hundred active seamen, and a dozen stout lads for royal yards men. This whacking *double-banked frigate* is fitting at Woolwich, to be flag-ship on the fine, healthy, full-bellied Halifax station, where you may get a bushel of potatoes for a shilling, a cod-fish for a biscuit, and a glass of boatswain’s grog for two-pence. The

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\* ‘ That which is now the boatswain’s pipe or whistle was, in its origin, an indispensable instrument of command, in the hands of captains of ships of war, and is described as a most honorable insignia of office, worn by the Lord High Admiral, made of gold, and appended to a chain of the same metal passed round the neck.’

officers' cabins are building on the main deck, on purpose to give every two a double birth below. Lots of leave on shore; dancing and fiddling aboard, and four pounds of tobacco served out every month. A few strapping fellows who would eat an enemy alive are wanted for Admiral's bargemen.'

The chief merit of this work is, that the information which it contains is so condensed, that it is suited to make an impression upon the memories of men who are too constantly occupied to think much: it is a sort of naval bob-short, *and will* be at once useful and amusing to seamen of all descriptions.

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KONINGSMARKE, THE LONG FINNE,  
A STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

WE cannot help looking with great anxiety at the progress of literature in America, and we feel some pride when we observe the steps which it has recently taken towards distinction. While the same language continues to be spoken in both countries, and similar tempers, habits, modes of thinking and acting, continue to prevail, as they do at present, it will be totally impossible to distinguish between the literature of America and of England. Its productions are interchanged between the nations, unaffected by, and superior to, commercial restrictions; and, notwithstanding the jealousy which, although in some degree subsided, exists to a large extent on almost every other subject, the people of both countries agree, as they ought and must do, to admire the literary works of each other, and to avail themselves of the advantages which they may mutually afford. What person, unless he possessed some previous knowledge of the fact, could tell, upon reading the greater and the better part of Mr. Irving's works, that he was not an Englishman? It is as notorious that his writings have had a certain beneficial effect upon the literature of the day in both nations, as that those of the author of *Waverley* have also produced the same result. The works of Mr. Cooper, the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*, are only inferior to those of Mr. Irving among American authors; and it may reasonably be inferred that they would never have been written but for the novels of the Great Unknown. The anonymous author before us appears to be one of those easy writers, who, with no originality either of style or sentiment, can happily catch the graces of other authors, and yet not incur the charge of plagiarism; so that his tale resembles, in some degree, the works of the three writers we have mentioned, and yet is no otherwise indebted to them than men in general are for those accomplishments, that *savoir vivre*, which they acquire by the observation and society of persons of wit and breeding. Although we cannot but rank him inferior to all three, he is well entitled to bear them company; if he is never very original, he is always very amusing; and, although not entitled to take the lead, he makes an excellent second. We congratulate our transatlantic friends (if we may yet call them so) upon his appearance, and ourselves upon the good taste and good sense which has caused its republication in England.

Premising only that the style of *Koningsmarke* will be found very closely to resemble that of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, we proceed to illustrate that fact, and to introduce the hero. The scene lies in the town of Elsingburgh, a Swedish settlement on the western bank of

the Delaware, and the adventures occur in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was governed by the Heer Peter Piper, a testy old soldier, who is thus employed at the opening of the tale :

‘ One sultry summer afternoon, in the month of July, the Heer Peter, having finished his dinner by one o’clock, was sitting in his great arm chair, under the shade of a noble elm, the stump of which is still to be seen, and being hollow, serves for a notable pig-sty, smoaking his pipe, as was his custom, and ruminating in that luxurious state of imbecility between sleeping and waking. The river in front spread out into an expansive lake, smooth and bright as a looking-glass ; the leaves hung almost lifeless to the trees, for there was not a breath of air stirring ; the cattle stood midway in the waters, lashing the flies lazily with their tails ; the turkeys sought the shade with their bills wide open, gasping for breath ; and all nature, animate as well as inanimate, displayed that lassitude which is the consequence of excessive heat.

‘ The Heer sat with his eyes closed, and we will not swear that he was not at this precise moment fast asleep, although the smoke of his pipe still continued to ascend at regular intervals, in a perpendicular column, inasmuch as it was affirmed by Wolfgang Langfanger, and some others of his friends and counsellors, that the Heer Peter did sometimes smoke somewhat instinctively, as a man breathes in his sleep. However this may be, whether sleeping or waking, the governor was suddenly roused by the intrusion of one Lob Dotterel, a constable and busybody, who considered himself, in virtue of his office, at full liberty to poke his proboscis into every hole and corner, and to pry into the secret as well as public actions of every soul in the village. It is astonishing what a triumph it was to Lob Dotterel to catch any body tripping : he considered it a proof of his vigilance and sagacity. And here, lest the reader should do Master Dotterel wrong, in supposing that the prospect of bribes or fees herein stimulated him to activity, we will aver it as our belief, that he was governed by no such sordid motive, but acted upon a similar instinct with that of a well-bred pointer dog, who is ever seen wagging his tail with great delight when he brings in game, although he neither expects to be rewarded or to share in the spoil, at least so far as we have been able to penetrate his motives of action.

‘ Master Dotterel was backed on the occasion aforesaid, by one Restore Gosling, and Master Oldale, keeper of the Indian Queen, the most fashionable, not to say the only tavern, in the village of Elsingburgh. These three worthies had in custody a tall, straight, light-complexioned, blue-eyed youth, who signified his contempt for the accusation, whatever it might be, the constable, Master Restore Gosling, Master Oldale, and the Heer Peter himself, by rubbing his chin on either side with his thumb and fingers, and whistling Yankee Doodle, or any other tune that doth not involve a horrible anachronism.

‘ There are three things a real genuine great man cannot bear, to wit, to do business after dinner ; to be disturbed in his meditations ; or to suspect that the little people below him do not think him so great a person as he is inclined to think himself. All these causes combined to put the Heer Peter in a bad humour, insomuch that he privately communed with himself that he would tickle this whistling, chin-scraping stripping.

“ Well, culprit,” cried the Heer, with a formidable aspect of authority, “ Well culprit, what is your crime ? I can see with half an eye you’re no better than you should be.”



"That's no more than may be said of most people, I believe," answered the youth, with great composure.

"Answer me, sirrah," quoth the Heer, "what is thy crime, I say?"

"Ask these gentlemen," said the other.

"What—eh! you can't confess, hey! an old offender, I warrant me. I'll tickle you before I've done with you. What's thy name—whence came you—and whither art thou going, culprit?"

"My name," replied the fair tall youth, "is Köningsmarke, surnamed the Long Finne; I came from the Hoarkill, and I am going to gaol, I presume, if I may augur aught from your excellency's look, and the hard names you are pleased to bestow on me."

Nothing is so provoking to the majesty of a great man, as the self-possession of a little one. The Heer Peter Piper began to suspect that the Long Finne did not stand in sufficient awe of his dignity and authority, a suspicion than which nothing could put him in a greater passion. He addressed Master Dotterel, and demanded to know for what offence the culprit was brought before him, in a tone which Lob perfectly understood as encouragement not to suppress any part of the prisoner's guilt. Lob hereupon referred the Heer to Master Oldale, who referred him to Restore Gosling, who had laid the information. This apparent disposition to shift the *onus probandi* caused additional wrath in the Heer, who began to tremble lest the Long Finne might give him the slip, and escape the consequences of his contempt of authority. He thundered forth a command to Gosling to state *all* he knew against the culprit; laying hard emphasis on the word "all."

Master Gosling, after divers scratches of the head, such as my Lord Byron indulgeth in when he writeth poetry, gathered himself together, and said as follows—not deposed, for the Heer held it an undue indulgence to prisoners, to put the witnesses against them to their Bible oath. Master Gosling stated, that he had seen the young man, who called himself Köningsmarke, or the Long Finne, take out of his pocket a handful of Mark Newby's halfpence, or, as it was commonly called, *Pat's* halfpence, which every body knew was prohibited being brought into the dominions of Sweden, under penalty of confiscation of the money; one half to the informer, and the other half to his sacred majesty, the King of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and the Goths.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the Heer, rubbing his hands; "this looks like conspiracy and plot with a vengeance! I should not be surprised if the pope and the — of Babylon were at the bottom of this."

To make short of the story, the Governor commits the youth to prison, and the author then proceeds to introduce us to the other members of the Heer Piper's family. These consist of his daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl; his ancient maiden housekeeper, aunt Edith; and a negro cook, called Bombie of the Frizzled Head, who is so remarkable a personage that she must be presented in the author's own words:

"Bombie of the Frizzled Head was so surnamed on account of her hair, which was distinguished by that peculiar and obstinate curl, which, together with the accompanying black complexion, are held to be the characteristics of the posterity of Cain. Age had, at this period, bent her body almost double, seamed her face with innumerable wrinkles, and turned her hair white, which contrasted singularly with her ebony skin. But still she exhibited one of the peculiarities of this unhappy race, in a set



of teeth white as the driven snow, and perfect as the most perfect ever seen through the ruby lips of the lass the reader most loves. And if the truth must be told, her tongue seemed to be as little injured by the assaults of time as her teeth. She was, in fact, a desperate railer, gifted with a natural eloquence that was wont to overpower the voice and authority of aunt Edith, and drive the Heer Piper from his sternest domestic resolves.

The tyranny of Bombie's tongue was, however, strengthened in its authority by certain vulgar opinions, the more powerful, perhaps, from their indefinite nature and vague obscurity. It was said that she was the daughter and the wife of an African King, taken in battle, and sold to a trader who carried her to St. Barts, where she was bought by the Heer Peter Piper, who whilome figured as Fiscal of that fruitful island: from whence she accompanied him first to Finland, and afterwards to the new world. Rumour, that progeny of darkness, distance, and obscurity, also whispered that she of the Frizzled Head could see into the depths of futurity; was acquainted with the secrets of sticking crooked pins, and throwing invisible brickbats; and dealt in all the dread mysteries of *Obi*. These suspicions were strengthened, by the peculiar appearance and habits of the Frizzled Head, as well as by the authority of certain instances of witchcraft that happened about this time in the East, as recorded by the learned and venerable Cotton Mather, in his book of wonders, the *Magnalia*.

Like the owl and the whipperwill, she scarcely ever was seen abroad expect at night, and, like them, she was supposed to go forth in the darkness, only to bode or to practise ill. With her short pipe in her mouth, her horn-headed stick in her hand, she would be seen walking at night along the bank of the river, without any apparent purpose, generally silent, but occasionally muttering and mumbling in some unknown gibberish that no one understood. This habit of prowling abroad at night, and at all times of the night, enabled her to attain a knowledge of various secrets of darkness that often seemed the result of some supernatural insight into the ways of men. Indeed, it has been, or it may be shrewdly observed, that he who would see the world as it really is, must watch like the mastiff that bays the moon, and sleeps but in the sunshine. When at home, in the Heer's kitchen, she never slept except in the day-time; but often passed the night wandering about such parts of the house as were free to her, apparently haunted by some sleepless spirit, and often stopping before the great Dutch clock in the hall. Here she might be seen, standing half double, leaning on her stick, and exhibiting an apt representation of age counting the few and fleeting moments of existence. Her wardrobe consisted of innumerable ragged garments, patched with an utter contempt for congruity of colouring, and exhibiting the remnants of the fashions of the last century. On particular occasions, however, Bombie exhibited her grand costume, which consisted of a man's hat and coat, and a woman's petticoat, which combination produced a wild, picturesque effect, altogether indescribable. In justice to the Heer, we must premise, that it was not his fault that Bombie was not better clad, for he often gave her clothing with which no one ever knew what was done, as she was seldom seen in any thing but a multiplicity of rags.

Though, to appearance, exceedingly aged and infirm, the *Snow Ball*, as Governor Piper used to call her, was gifted with an activity and power

of endurance, that had something almost supernatural in it, and which enabled her to brave all seasons, and all weathers, as if she had been the very statue of black marble. she sometimes seemed, when standing stock still, leaning on her stick and contemplating the silent moon. She had a grandson, of whom we shall say more by-and-by. At present we will leave the Heer to finish his supper, as we mean to do our own presently, not wishing to burden the reader with too much of a good thing, which is shrewdly affirmed to be equivalent to a thing which is good for nothing.'

The gentle Christina first pities and then falls in love with the Long Finne, who, we should tell our readers, has gained that appellation from the two circumstances of being very tall and a native of Finland. Christina sends Bombie to the prison with a basket containing some supper; and here an interview takes place from which the reader is made to believe that there are some mysterious and criminal adventures of the youth's life with which the old witch is acquainted, and which forbid him ever thinking of the fair Christina. He is unexpectedly liberated from prison by its taking fire, and escapes only by dint of great strength and a mere accident. He is carried senseless to the house of the Governor who, with that singular capriciousness common to people of violent tempers, behaves to him with great kindness, and wishes him to settle at Elsingburgh. He is prevented from accepting this offer by the mysterious denunciations of old Bombie. At this period an amusing scene occurs between the council of Elsingburgh and Shadrach Moneypenny, an ambassador from William Penn, for the purpose of arranging some dispute of territory. The negotiation, however, breaks off because Shadrach will not take off his hat; and the Governor feels his dignity so much insulted, that he dismisses friend Shadrach with heavy threats and outrageous insults.

Koningsmarke soon afterwards rescues Christina from a maniac, who had seized her, and was dragging her to a hut, in which he had led a savage life for many years. Disappointed love had turned this man's brain, and, as Christina happened to sing within his hearing an air which had been a favorite of his false love, in a transport of rage he thinks that Christina is the deceiver. In spite of her resistance he seizes her:

'He dragged her forcibly along, and when she caught by the young trees, to enable her to resist more effectually, cruelly bruised her tender hands, to force her to let go her hold. Gradually her powers of resistance gave way to a fainting, deadly languor. Again she shrieked; and at that moment a man with a gun darted from the woods towards them. The maniac let go his hold, and, ere the stranger could point his gun, darted forward, and seized it with both hands. A mortal struggle ensued. The maniac, with a desperate effort, snatched the gun from the other: who, springing forward, seized him round the waist, and forced him to drop the weapon, in order to defend himself. They fell, the stranger uppermost; but in the act of falling, the maniac seized him by his ruff, tore it off, grappled his neck with his long nails, and, burying his teeth in his flesh, seemed to enjoy the sucking of his blood. Koningsmarke—for it was he—turned black in the face, and his eyes became gradually almost shrouded in darkness, when, with a convulsive effort, he placed his knee on the breast of the maniac, drew himself up on a sudden, and loosed his hold. Both started up; but Koningsmarke had a moment's advantage,

which he employed in seizing the gun and running a few steps from him. The other followed.

"Stand off," cried Koningsmarke. "Were I alone, I would give you a fair chance; but the life and happiness of an angel is at stake. Stand off—or—"

The maniac advanced—one—two steps. The third was the step to eternity. The piece went off with a true aim; he uttered a yelling laugh, jumped into the air, and fell without sense or motion. Koningsmarke, after satisfying himself that all was over with the poor wretch, hastened to Christina, who was lying insensible, with her hair dishevelled, her garments torn, and her cheeks as white as the pure and snowy bosom, whose modest covering had been displaced in the struggle. He called her his dear Christina; he ran to the brook for water to sprinkle her face; and kissed the drops as they rolled down her pale cheeks. At length she opened her eyes, gazed for a moment as if bewildered, and shut them again. By degrees, however, she recovered a recollection of her situation—adjusted her dress, and essayed to express her gratitude. But her voice failed her. She saw the blood running from the neck of her deliverer, wiped it away with her hair, and wistfully gazing on the wound, cried out with an expression of horrible and sudden despair—"The scar! the scar!" Covering her face with both her hands, she groaned in the agony of conflicting emotions, and throwing herself to the earth, was relieved from distraction by a shower of tears.

Here, then, the mystery thickens, and becomes still more bewildering, when the Heer, full of gratitude for his daughter's preservation, and convinced of her affection for Koningsmarke, offers her to him as his bride:

"Long Finne," quoth the Heer—"Long Finne, dost thou love my daughter?"

"She knows I do," replied the youth, "more than my life."

"Christina, my daughter, my darling, come hither," said the Heer. Christina approached her father, pale as a lily, and trembling like the aspen-leaf.

"Christina, art thou willing to be the wife of this youth? Remember, he saved thee from death, and worse perhaps than death."

"And caused the death of—" muttered Bombie to herself, indistinctly, and without being noticed.

The poor girl struggled almost to dissolution; the paleness of death came over her; she trembled, and sunk on a chair, her head resting on her heaving bosom. The Heer approached, took her cold hand, and said, "Answer me, my daughter; wilt thou be the wife of this youth?"

"I will," replied she, gasping for breath.

"Then join your hands," said the good Heer, the tears starting from his eyes, "and receive the blessing of a father."

"And the curses of a mother!" exclaimed Bombie of the Frizzled Head, as she hobbled out of the room.

Christina snatched her hand from the eager grasp of Koningsmarke, and rushed out of the Heer's presence, exclaiming in agony, "Oh, God! direct me."

"*Der teufel hole* that infernal black Snow Ball," cried the irritated Heer; "what means the old hag, Long Finne?"

"She means—she means—that I am—what I pray God thou ~~mayest~~ never be," answered the youth, and staggered out of the room.

"*Der teufel* is in ye all, I think," muttered the Heer Piper, and proceeded to eat his breakfast, out of humour with every body, and particularly with himself. It will generally be found, that a person in this state of mind at length concentrates his ill humour upon some particular object; and accordingly it happened that the Heer, by tracing up effects to their cause, discovered that all the mischiefs of the morning originated in Cupid's having enticed away the Long Finne's dog. Whereupon, he ordered him a sound flogging, at the hands of Lob Dotterel. As the stripes of Boadicea whilome produced a rising of the ancient Britons, so did those of Cupid bring forth results which were long afterwards felt by the good people of Elsingburgh."

This reminds us that we have not yet introduced this Cupid, who is the grandson of Bombie; and we hasten to do it:

'This Cupid was a gentleman of colour, as the polite phrase is, about four feet and a half high, with an ebony complexion, flat nose, long wrinkled face, small eyes, sunk in his head, a wide mouth, high cheeks, bushy eye-brows and eye-lids, small bandy legs, of the cucumber outline, and large splay feet, which, it is affirmed, continued to increase in size, long after every other part of him had done growing. In short, he was, to use the phrase of our southern brethren, "a likely fellow."

'Cupid was reckoned the worst chap in the whole village, being always at the head of every species of juvenile mischief; and, if report spoke truth, had more than once attempted to set fire to the houses of persons against whom he had a pique. Lob Dotterel's fingers itched to get hold of him; but the awe in which he, together with the rest of the villagers, stood of his grandmother's supernatural powers, checked the surprising vigilance of the high constable, and saved Cupid's bacon more than once. The boy, who was now supposed to be about eighteen, notwithstanding his diminutive size, was as obstinate as a mule, as mischievous as a monkey, and as ill-natured as a bull-dog. Punishment was lost upon him, and kindness thrown away. Neither one nor the other ever drew a tear from his eye, an acknowledgment of his fault, or promise of future amendment. Belonging, as he did, to a race who seemed born to endure, both in their native Afric, and everywhere else, he suffered in silence, and revenged himself in the obscurity of the night, by the exercise of a degree of dexterous cunning, which is often seen among those whose situation represses the impulses of open vengeance.

'The only gleams of affection or attachment ever exhibited by this dwarfish and miserable being, seemed called forth by his grandmother, and an old Swedish cur, belonging to the Heer. If any one insulted or worried, as children are wont to do, the old woman, or the old dog, the rage of the dwarf was terrible, and his revenge bounded only by his means of mischief. Twice had he cut open the head of a villageurchin guilty of this offence, with a large stone, and once was on the point of stabbing another, if he had not been prevented. His grandmother doated on him with that obstinate and instinctive affection, which is so often called forth by those very qualities that render its object hateful or contemptible in the eyes of the world. As to old Grip, the dog, he would obey nobody, follow nobody, fawn on nobody, or bite, or wag his tail at the bidding of any earthly being, except the black dwarf Cupid, but on all occasions condescended to obey the behests of this his puiſſant master.'

A misunderstanding between the Ohio Indians and the Elsingburghers

leads to open hostilities. The congress between the parties is cleverly and strikingly described; it ends by the Indians breaking the pipe of peace, declaring war, and retiring into the forests. The amiable negro, Cupid, with whom the reader has just become acquainted, out of revenge for the flogging he has received, aids the Indians in a midnight attack which they make upon the town; and, by blowing up the small powder-magazine, defeats the efforts of the defenders, and ensures the victory to the savages. The greater part of the Elsingburghers make good their retreat; but Christina, Köningsmarke, Lob Dotterel, and a few others, are taken off by the Indians. We have no room to describe their adventures in the forests, where they encounter perils of the most appalling nature; and the two males just mentioned are in almost inevitable danger of losing their lives, having been detected in attempting to escape, when they are suddenly rescued by the interposition of a body of Quakers, whom William Penn had sent to ransom them. We should observe that the details of Indian manners and customs are much enriched by the information contained in Major Long's work, an account of which we gave in our last number. At the head of the Quaker party is the inflexible Shadrach Moneypenny, and his eloquence and the success of his mission are thus described. The preparations for the death of Köningsmarke and his companion are all completed:

‘But again Providence interposed. All at once the hands of the brand-bearers were arrested, and the eyes of every one turned in a direction towards the river, along whose banks appeared a train of white men, bearing a white flag, the universal emblem of peace and good will. As they came nearer, the stiff and stately form of Shadrach Moneypenny, followed by eight or ten others, dressed in broad-brimmed hats, with their arms folded upon their bosoms, were distinguished, walking, with slow and steady pace, towards the spot occupied by the old men of the tribes. They were accompanied by others, bearing a variety of articles of Indian trade. They came in peace, and they were received in peace by the sons of the shade.

‘The Big Hats, as the Indians called them, were not unknown to some of the old men of the tribes, who had treated and traded with them, at Coaquanock, and who now received Shadrach and his suite as old acquaintances. By means of an interpreter, they entered on business forthwith.

“Thou comest as a friend,” said Ollentangi.

“Yea, verily,” quoth Shadrach; “I come from William Penn, who is the friend of all mankind, of all countries and colours. He hath heard thou hast two white men, and a maiden with them, taken at the burning of Elsingburgh. Verily that was a bad act, sachems. What had they done unto thee, that thou shouldst set fire to their houses, and carry their women and children into captivity?”

After some further discussion, Shadrach proceeds thus:

“In the spirit of peace I come from the good William Penn, who is thy friend in the gospel (and, verily, considering thy Pagan state, out of the gospel likewise), to say unto thee thus wise: Listen—I speak his words, and not mine own.

“William Penn hath learned, by means of the (I may say) providential agency of a certain profane tie-wig, (which, judging from the bald pate of yon captive, must have appertained unto him,) that the people,



(meaning thee), calling themselves (as I may say, idly and profanely), the Muskrats and Mud-Turtles, are in possession of certain two white men (who, I am inclined to believe, must be those tied to the stake close by), together with a young maiden, daughter to him who calleth himself the Heer Piper (who I must aver to be somewhat of an uncourteous little man), all three carried away captives from the village of Elsingburgh. Now thus saith William Penn : inasmuch as thou lovest good watch-coats, he hath sent thee a score of these ; and inasmuch as thou lovest glass beads, and other pernicious vanities of the flesh, (to say nothing of the devil,) he hath sent thee ten strings of these, wherewith to pamper the pride of thy ears and noses ; and inasmuch as thou lovest tobacco, he hath sent thee threescore and ten tin tobacco boxes, filled with that egregious puffardo, called tobacco (which, by the way, I should hold in singular abomination, were it not that it was hated by James, called the First, that enemy to the saints). For all which good things, William Penn, as aforesaid, asketh nothing but the freedom of the three aforesaid captives, that they may be delivered to their friends."

" Brother," quoth an old Indian, " brother, thou hast forgotten one part of William Penn's message."

" Yea, verily !" replied Shadrach, " what is that ?"

" It runneth thus," replied the Indian : " And inasmuch as thou lovest strong liquors, William Penn hath sent thee two kegs of brandy, wherewith to get right merry, and drink his health."

" Of a certainty, Muskrat," said Shadrach, " the truth is not in thee ; for my message hath nothing of such import appertaining to its contents. Willam Penn dealeth not in rum, brandy, or any other liquid abominations ; neither is he moved by any kind of spirit but that of righteousness. But do ye straightway consult together what answer I am to bear with me to Coaquanock."

' While the old men were consulting, Shadrach, like a redoubtable plenipotentiary, caused the watch-coats, the glass beads, and the tobacco boxes, to be ostentatiously displayed before the longing eyes of the savages. The more they looked, the more they waxed willing to surrender the captives, until at length Ollentangi announced to Shadrach, that they had no objection to make the exchange ; provided the widow, who, as affianced to Koningsmarke, ought to have a voice in his disposal, gave her consent. But that notable virago, on being applied to, flatly refused to sanction the treaty, and loudly demanded the sacrifice of her ungrateful slave, who had scorned her love, and forsaken her for a whey-faced girl. Hereupon, Shadrach Moneypenny drew from his pouch a beautiful string of sky-blue glass beads, which he courteously and gallantly tied about the neck of the inexorable widow. He then produced a small looking-glass, which he held up before her, that she might see herself thus apparelled, making her understand, at the same time, that these things should be hers, provided she would consent to the reprieve of Koningsmarke. The widow's heart was melted ; she acquiesced in the freedom of her affianced husband, and departed, with a delighted heart, to contemplate herself and her beads in her looking-glass.

' No obstacle now remained to the release of the two captives, who had listened to this negotiation with a breathless solicitude. They were accordingly untied, washed, dressed, and conducted to the hut where we left Christina and the Indian maid. The meeting between the former



and Koningsmarke, after such a parting as we have described, was accompanied by feelings that, though repressed by the presence of the strangers, may be easily imagined. Immediate preparations were made for their departure, lest the savages might repent their bargain, after the novelty of possessing the coats, beads, and tin boxes, had passed away.

Tranquillity is now restored to Elsingburgh, but with it comes the detection of Cupid's guilt; and he is hanged for his treason and the ruin he had brought upon the settlement. His aged and inexplicable grandmother dies at the foot of the gibbet, with rage and mortification at her child's fate. The mysterious reason which prevents Christina from marrying Koningsmarke still prevails, although she loves him, and her father wishes to see them united, and is strangely perplexed at her conduct.

The English Governor of New York, Colonel Sir Richard Lovelace, summons the Heer to profess his allegiance to the English king, which the latter refuses to do: he even makes preparations for defence, and commissions Koningsmarke to engage the Indians on his side. This attempt, however, failing, and the English forces making a formidable appearance, the Heer is obliged to submit; but the most disastrous consequence of this affair is that Koningsmarke is carried away, and, being tried at New York, is condemned by the Council to be whipped and branded. When this news reaches Elsingburgh, Christina and her father full of grief, and impelled by gratitude to the youth, hasten to New York, and arrive in time to prevent the execution of the ignominious sentence. The interview with the old cavalier, Lovelace, is one of the best in the novel, and we regret that we can only give the latter part of it. After the Heer Piper has exhausted his eloquence Christina entreats for her lover:

"Why," continued Christina to herself, after a struggle and a pause, "why should I shrink from what my heart dictates, and gratitude makes it a crime to omit? The moments are numbered—the clock strikes eleven—one hour, and but one hour more, to wrestle with fate."

Rising from her seat, Christina tottered towards Governor Lovelace, and sunk at his feet.

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the maiden, with clasped hands, "if thou canst not yield to justice, which demands the release of the innocent, yield thou to the prayers of mercy, which entreats his pardon at thy hands. At other times I might veil my maiden modesty, and shrink from the avowal, but now I proclaim to thee that this youth is my affianced husband, that both gratitude and love have bound me to him for ever, and that if he is disgraced by public stripes, and sold to captivity among the slaves of the Indies, not he alone, but I, shall feel the blows and the chains. My father, too, will become ere long a childless old man, bearing on his shoulders a burden of misery, greater than even his weight of years. Think of all this, and feel as I and my father would feel for thee, wert thou and thy daughter thus pleading before us for life and death. Thou hast a daughter, perhaps?"

The gallant, hearty old cavalier wiped his eyes, and, hastily approaching the fire-place, rung the bell. A servant entered immediately.

"My carriage, instantly; do you hear? instantly." He then sat down, and employed himself in writing till the servant announced the carriage was ready, when he arose, and, approaching Christina, gave her the billet he had just finished.

"Thou shalt bear the first tidings thyself, my daughter," said Lovelace, "for so I feel for thee. Enter the carriage with thy father, drive to the prison, deliver this letter to the keeper—and may those who would shrink from such exertions as thine never taste the delight which is now preparing for thee. Go, and bring the young man with thee hither. No thanks—there is not a moment to be lost."

He then handed Christina to the carriage, placed her in it with her father, and bade the coachman drive to the prison with all possible speed. The clock struck twelve a few minutes after they left the governor's mansion, and Christina, as she counted the last stroke, exclaimed, in an agony of feeling—

"We shall come too late. Oh! I know him so well! I know that if he is once made a public spectacle—if the lash but once outrages the sacred dignity of manhood—it will be as if he were lost to us for ever; he will die, or, at least, he will never see us more."

A few minutes brought them to the fort, which served as the prison for state criminals, where they perceived a bustle and confusion in the hall as they approached. As they came nearer, they could see a tall figure struggling with one or two soldiers, who seemed striving to strip him of his upper garments; a measure which he appeared to resist with all his might.

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, in a rough voice, "there is no use in resisting, and you may as well take it quietly."

"Is there no hope they will shoot me?" replied the struggling prisoner. "Must I be whipped like a slave?"

"As sure as your name is Long Finne," replied the other. "Here comes the tickler, with his cat-o'-nine-tails; if you had as many lives as a cat, he'd scourge them all out of you, I'll swear for it."

"Then God forgive me!" exclaimed the youth, as he snatched the bayonet which the soldier carried stuck in his belt, and directed it to his own bosom. At that instant, and just as the point became dyed in blood, a voice that went to his soul exclaimed:—"Hold! in the name of heaven! thy honour is saved!" The next moment Christina sank into his arms, and her pure white bosom was stained with the blood of him who pressed her to his heart. When the blue-eyed maid saw the blood, she started away in horrible despair. "Am I then too late? Hast thou done the deed? O! righteous powers, one moment had saved him and me, and that moment was wasted!"

Koningsmarke solemnly assured her that he was not hurt, and that his arm was arrested by her voice, just in time to save his life.

"And such is thy love for me!" said Christina; "thou couldst not endure a little for one who would suffer all for thee."

"Any thing but stripes and brands. Couldst thou, dear Christina, bear to link thy fate with that of a man who bore on his back the scars of disgrace, and on his brow the brand of indelible infamy?"

"Yes," replied she, raising her eyes to heaven, as an appeal to the ordeal of truth: "Yes! but neither thou nor I could bear it long."

"Come, come," cried the Heer, who now for the first time found the use of his eyes and tongue—"come, come, you young fools, don't stand here talking and crying before these rough and tough-hearted knaves, who, I see, don't know whether to laugh or cry. Mr. Gaoler, is the order sufficient?"

"Perfectly so, sir:—the young gentleman is free to depart when he pleases."

"Well, then, let us depart, in God's name," quoth the Heer to his young companions. "And here is something to make merry with, boys," throwing a handful of rix dollars among the men of bolts and bars, who greeted him with cheers, as he departed, and took coach for the Governor's."

Still Christina is unintelligibly capricious; but, in reply to her lover's entreaties, she says that she can never marry a robber, or one who has been the associate of robbers. The astonished and indignant youth repels this aspersion, and the mystery is at length explained:

'For this purpose it will be necessary to go back to the period when the Heer Piper resided in Finland, with his wife, a timid, gentle being, their daughter Christina, and the Frizzled Head, then to all appearance as old as on the day she died.

'It was in those days, and it is still, the custom, for the petty princes of the north to hire out their subjects at so much per head, to cut the throats, not of the enemies of their country, but of those of the worthy potentates who paid for their services. The regiment of Holstein, commanded by Colonel Koningsmarke, was in this way employed in the service of Sweden, at that time on the eve of becoming embroiled with the Catholic powers of Germany.

'One summer evening, in the absence of the Heer, as Christina, then a little girl of about six years old, and her mother, were sitting, just about the twilight, in a little low parlour, whose open windows looked out on a charming rural landscape, tinted with the soft, enchanting, changeful hues of evening, on a sudden they were broken in upon by a party of ruffians, armed, and apparently half mad with liquor, who rudely seized both mother and daughter, and, by way of a good joke, frightened them almost into convulsions. They shrieked and screamed, but without any other effect than to bring forth old Bombie, who assailed the intruders with the most bitter reproaches she could devise. This brought the attention of the drunken rout towards the Frizzled Head, whom they seized, and, with great ceremony, proceeded, as they pretended, to decapitate forthwith.

'Among the party was a fair, light-haired, blue-eyed youth, apparently about thirteen years of age, who, however, kept aloof, and partook not in any of these outrages, until, incited by the taunts and ridicule, and, finally, commanded by the leader of the party, he came forward reluctantly, and affected to assist in restraining the violent efforts of poor Bombie, whose hands they were endeavouring to bind. The moment the boy came near enough, Bombie seized him by the collar, and, tearing off his ruff, disclosed a large and singular scar, just under his ear, in the shape of a cross. Christina, whose eyes were naturally turned in that direction, also saw the scar, which was impressed on her memory, not only by the terrors of the scene, but by the exclamation of the Frizzled Head, who cried out—

"Ah! ha! thou bearest a mark—not the mark of Cain, but one by which I shall know thee, whatever changes time and chance may produce in thee. Thou carriest a sign, which to others may be the emblem of salvation, but which to thee, sooner or later, shall be the signal of disgrace and condemnation. I will remember thee."

'The youth stood abashed, and took the opportunity of a momentary pause, to whisper the leader of the party a threat of representing the af-

fair to his father, if they proceeded to any further violence. The whisper was, however, unnoticed by those whom it was intended to benefit. The party, after eating, drinking, or wasting every thing they could find, finally departed, and returned to their quarters. The agitation and fright produced by this scene of outrage, operating upon the gentle spirits and weak frame of Christina's mother, threw her into a nervous fever, which in a few weeks terminated her life. The impression of these events was never effaced from the mind of Christina; and, in truth, it may be said, that it strengthened with age, and every little while received a deeper shade of horror, from the exaggerated declamations of the Frizzled Head; who, as her memory became less retentive and connected, substituted the youth with the scar for the principal actor in the death of her beloved mistress. In this way does memory often exaggerate the past, almost as much as hope does the future.'

The Heer Piper afterwards came to the New World; thither also the uncertain fortunes of Koningsmarke led him; and old Bombie's raving caused all that mystery which puzzled us from the beginning of the novel to the end. The author, like an impudent wag, as he is, laughs at his reader for the disappointment he must experience when the story is thus explained. The lovers are then united, and live very happily ever afterwards, according to the good old custom.

The chief fault in the novel is an excessive fondness for the ludicrous, which sometimes betrays the author into absurdities; he is, however, upon the whole, very amusing, and his work may be considered as an important addition to the small stock of American literature.

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*The Fall of Constantinople, a Poem; with a Preface; to which are added Parga, the Iphigenia of Timanthes, Palmyra, Emineh's Death, and other Poems.* By JACOB JONES, Jun.

THE author of this poem is a gentleman who has committed two notable follies. First he wrote a poem in the hope of gaining a prize from the Royal Society of Literature; and, secondly, he has printed it to 'shame the fools,' and expose their delinquency in not keeping their faith by awarding the prize to some one. Mr. Jones does not say in so many words that he ought to have had the prize, but he says, reasonably enough, that the 'learned Thebans,' who call themselves governors, or God knows what, of the Royal Society of Literature ought not to encourage young men 'to build the lofty line' if they do not mean to recompense them for their loss of time. We would not, however, be understood to insinuate that Mr. Jones has not a very comfortable notion of the excellence of his poem.

We are not surprised at the conduct of the Royal Society of Literature, because we happen to know the well-chosen sages who govern it; but we are surprised that a man of any talent, or even any vanity—and we think Mr. Jones has a little of both (thus we gild the pill)—would first write for them, and then confess himself a simpleton by complaining that they have cheated him. It is always wiser for a man to hold his tongue upon such occasions, and profit by his experience; Mr. Jones, however, is 'trumpet-tongued' in his claim for redress: his very 'little page foretells the nature of a tragic volume;' and he

does belabour the Royal Society of Literature with a vengeance. We must give some of his own story in his own words, in order that justice may be done to both parties. After reasoning upon the injustice of the Society's proceedings, he goes on thus :

' Up to this point, all the reasonings on which I have laid any stress, have been comprehensive, and the principles from which they proceeded, have been general.— A statement of my own particular involvement with the Royal Society of Literature will prove, perhaps, as apt and convincing an illustration as could be brought forward, of the correctness of those reasonings and the justness of those principles.

' So \* partially notorious, so incomplete, and so desultory, from the first, have been the doings of this "*circumspect*" association, that, although a regular reader of the Newspapers, and too frequently mixing in society, I did not know, that any fresh subjects were proposed for competition, after the adjudgment of the poetic premium to Mrs. Hemans, till I met with the advertisement already recited, which calls upon divers unworthy Candidates to revise, and correct, and prune, and mature their various productions, and, at the same, throws the lists open to any others who may be disposed to enter them.— Not, therefore, till about the close of last year, was my course of reading, upon the subject of Homer, &c., commenced ; and it was continued till within three weeks, exactly, of the 22d of March—I had relieved the intervals of this hard study, by occasionally penning verses on the Fall of Constantinople ; my Poem, consisting of above six hundred and fifty hexameter lines, was completed with my course of reading ; leaving the last three weeks free, for the composition, or rather, arrangement of my *Dissertation upon Homer*. At this composition I wrote, with the aid of previously compiled extracts, and paragraphs, between thirteen and fourteen hours daily, producing by this severe exertion, *two hundred and forty-four pages* of manuscript.

' The Dissertation and Poem, in different hand-writings, headed by different mottos, and sealed with different seals, were left at Mr. Hatchard's, on Saturday night, the 22d of March.'

The Society found none of the poems nor dissertations presented to them worthy of the prizes, and therefore, with greater caution than they usually display, our modern Minoses thought to keep out of a scrape by keeping the money in the coffers of the Royal Society of Literature. Alas ! they little thought of the vengeance they would awake. Mr. Jones proceeds :

' \* The public know nothing of the means the Society possesses, beyond what the King, in his good-heartedness and munificence, has set apart for it ; and the election of its royal associates, was neither public, nor made known, as to those on whom it fell, to the public ; though it occurred two or three years ago. For a body to invest itself with a public and corporate character, and call upon the public for pecuniary support, and, yet, to expend monies and transact affairs in private, or in such a manner as to keep two thirds of its good deeds under a bushel, is very far from what is either correct or judicious.'



'After such strenuous and exhausting efforts, it may easily be conceived, that a proportionate degree of anxiety would be felt. My chances (*in nubibus*) had cost me much, but the abominable procrastination already alluded to cost me more: yet all my outlay was worse than lost; I should have been repaid by having had a fair chance of the Homeric and Poetic prizes; I was *robbed* of the chance of either. These private facts put a case, that effectively demonstrates how extensively a wrong may operate; by so doing, they corroborate the necessity of adhering to the general principles so amply laid down in the course of this discussion.—An individual is induced by the promises of others to study laboriously, and to the exclusion of his ordinary pursuits, for more than a quarter of a year; and after finishing his task, is for *four additional months*, first by exhaustion, and subsequently by *daily* increasing anxiety, and all the fever of expectation, materially unstrung for fresh exertions, and ultimately he is repaid with broken promises, and evasion rendered more odious by its awkward, unfeeling, and cool impudence! I say, *impudence*, for I do not believe there ever was a more impudent cheat practised upon the literary public!—If the Society found that it was out of the question to entertain any self-respect, the very discovery should have increased its regard for others. Under all the circumstances of its incipient career, to treat the candidates in the dilatory, cavalier-like, and concise manner which has been described, apart from its injustice and inhumanity, was both unmannerly and impertinent. As far as the numbers marked on my returned 'papers' disclose, this injustice, and inhumanity, these bad manners, and this impertinence, were exercised towards twenty-five individuals. That they *must* have had a still greater number of objects, will be obvious from the statement, that the Essays on the Greek language are not included in this computation; and that my Dissertation, which was numbered as the eighth, and my Poem, as the seventeenth, were little likely to be, both of them, numbered the last of their respective classes. The just indignation and resentment of only twenty-five individuals, extending through all the ranks of their kinsfolk and acquaintance, is, however, quite enough for the Society to bear, or the public to sympathize with.—To show that I have not been wanting in a proper determination to risk something for the redress of an unprecedented public wrong, it will be proper to state that, on finding "my papers" returned, with a notification of the non-adjudgment of the prizes, I applied to a very eminent Chamber-Counsel for his opinion, whether or not the Society had involved itself in an actionable fraud?—That it had done so was the prevailing persuasion of all my friends to whom the affair was known. Let the answer I received go forth to the utter confusion of this delinquent Society: "Such is the state of the English law, that there are many rights without remedies—now, as this agreement was a *nudum pactum*, the violation of it is not an actionable fraud. In equity and natural justice, however, the transaction is a swindling transaction!" If the Society be capable of congratulating itself on its escape, how analogous must be its satisfaction to that of a man who breaks his legs by the same fall by which his companion breaks his neck.'



The last incident of the Chamber-Council gives us a high notion of Mr. Jones's gullibility;—if there had been a cunning man, a foot-spoon finder, it had been better to have engaged his assistance.

And now we go to the poem. Really Mr. Jones seems to have suffered so deep a mortification from the Royal Society of Literature, that, if his poetry were worse than it is, we could hardly bring ourselves to say so. If we have a fault, it is excessive good nature; and we may as well say so, because we believe our readers by this time have found it out. The poem, then, is a clever prize poem; it is as good as most of the prize poems we ever saw—a great deal better than many which we have attempted to read. But, as the bard has had too much foul play to complain of from the Royal Society of Literature, we shall content ourselves with merely extracting some portions of his poem, and let our readers say what they choose of it. The incidents are chiefly taken from Gibbon; and, under favour of the author and the Royal Society of Literature, we cannot for our lives see how it is adapted to the purposes of poetry. The Soldan's speech we extract first:

‘ Meanwhile the Soldan bade repair  
His ev’ry chieftain the divan to share:  
O’er each swart brow audacious gladness beam’d,  
And with rapacious hopes each bosom teem’d;  
Behold him rise, th’ impetuous and the proud,  
Read ev’ry look, and awe th’ uneasy crowd.  
(Who would not quail when pow’r and cunning rule,  
And black suspicion haunts her trembling tool!)  
Aged in crime!—Oh! what so foul combin’d  
As youth, with base decrepitude of mind!  
In his dark eye lurk craft and cruel fear,  
His lusts have chang’d his laughter to a leer:  
Mark his curl’d lip, his hue; cadaverous, scan,  
And say that Sodom’s ashes form’d the man!  
Such, and so fear’d, th’ ambitious despot stood,  
Designs remorseless, in his bosom brood:  
Hush’d is each breath: the silence then he broke,  
And eager, thus, ferocious-smiling, spoke:—  
“Soldiers of heav’n! whose blood from heroes came,  
Whose pledge of conquest is your prophet’s fame!  
Shall, with success, our zeal for God grow faint,  
And vile ingratitude our memories taint?  
What need, our great forefathers to recite  
The toils they bore, the trophies of their might?—  
Stand we not here, in virtue of our birth,  
Save of yon spot, the masters of the earth?  
Yet, on that spot, are treasures past account,  
Silver and gold, of infinite amount,  
Ivory, and gems, and pearls, a precious store,  
And costly robes, successive Cæsars wore.  
There, merchant-palaces their splendours rear,  
Those mints of ev’ry wealth from ev’ry sphere:  
And there, is valour’s own peculiar prize,  
Light of all light, the light of woman’s eyes!—  
Yes, there are black-eyed girls, surpassing fair;  
The antepast of paradise is there!

Vestals immaculate, that ~~part~~ <sup>pass</sup> to taste  
Forbidden fruits, & embrace, and be embrac'd ;  
Young virgin-nuns, in sad seclusion pin'd,  
Bound by restraints that love forbids to bind :  
Voluptuous forms ! delicious to behold !  
What, what Elysium, to our breasts to fold !  
Bosoms are there, than Mecca's dove more white ;  
And sparkling eyes in beauty's radiance bright :  
Lips, luscious as the water-pools divine,  
Where cups, bestud with stars, inviting shine ;  
Fond frenzies, that absorb the soul in bliss ;  
And the rich flavour of a woman's kiss !

- “ Point me the craven ! held him up to scorn !  
Better the miscreant never had been born,  
Whose dastard blood our righteous cause disclaims,  
Whose sluggish soul, the name of soldier, shames.  
Doth love of gold within his bosom reign ?  
Who fall in battle walk the golden plain.  
Doth dread of death constrain the wretch to fly ?  
Cowards in hell, undying, daily die :  
Can woman charm him ?—knows he not, above,  
Boundless fruition waits on boundless love ?  
Through bow'rs of amaranth bright Sultanas stray,  
Their alabaster limbs, on beds of roses, lay :  
While, redolent with nard, his azure wings  
Young Zephyr fans, and as he fans he sings :  
Brisk, with each Houri's sun-gold tresses plays,  
And o'er their beauties rolls an amorous gaze.  
In that blest region joy perennial reigns,  
And rills, refreshing, fructify the plains.  
There are no cares ; the tears that there are known,  
Th' odorous tears of frankincense alone.  
Yet, there, th' unmated Houri, listless, mourns,  
And inly for her blooming warroir burns,  
Beckons o'er Sirat's arch his rapid flight,  
To realms of love and everlasting light.  
Happy the man whom Azrael passes by ;  
Thrice happy he that's summon'd to the sky :  
Terrestrial bliss, the living victor, waits,  
The martyr'd hero, heav'n's expanding gates !  
We offer but alternatives of joy,  
Gain without loss, and hope without alloy :  
Who join us prosper, who desert us die,  
Though, on the wings of winds, the recreants fly.  
Our righteous wrath, predestin'd to consume,  
Hunts them to death, th' inexorable doom !
- “ Hear me once more, though promises be vain ;  
Though threats, the coward's fears, no more restrain :  
One awful spell around his soul be wrought,  
And Fate's firm doctrine set his care at nought :  
To me, that doctrine tenfold strength imparts,—  
I see, I see it fortifies your hearts !  
Soon shall the onset-cry your spirits fire,  
To scale yon walls already ye aspire :—  
Fair are the provinces our empire owns,  
And vast the tribute of surrounding thrones :

The fairest province, soldiers, be his prize,  
 Who, on yon ramparts, first the foe defies :  
 Honour and wealth attend him all his days,  
 And our warm meed of gratitude and praise.  
 Warriors, depart ! with prayer your souls refresh ;  
 With seven ablutions purify the flesh ;  
 And be the war-cry, when we give the nod,  
 Wealth !—Beauty !—Vengeance !—Mohammed and God !”

The rogue who wrote the ‘Cataract of the Ganges’ has taken a happy idea from the last line, where the images are so beautifully and naturally combined without being confused. Jack Robinson, talking of ‘The Mariner of York’s’ adventures, says they have taught him to make

‘Beer, baskets, breeches, bird-cages, and boots.’

The travesty is a sufficient proof (to us at least) that the Royal Society of Literature must have played Mr. Jones false in more respects than one : they must have let Mr. Moncrieff read the poem, or how could he have got that line ?

The closing description is striking—it is what is called strong writing. Garlic is useful in cookery, but who ever eat a dish of it ?

‘See, bound in chains, and spit upon, and spoil’d,  
 Like a trail’d serpent’s lifeless length uncoil’d,  
 Hanging the head, is dragg’d the abject throng,  
 With savage blows and menaces along.  
 Incongruous yok’d, as chance the lots assign’d,  
 Beauty to wrinkles, strength to weakness join’d ;  
 There, grey-haired senators, with beggars class’d,  
 Shake their scant looks, and wish that hour their last ;  
 Patrician dames, to coarse mechanics bound,  
 For lofty looks, dejected, eye the ground,  
 While pious nuns, and timid maids, abash’d,  
 Mix their weak complaints, to brutal strangers lash’d :  
 There, frigid Avarice weeps his darling gold,  
 Counts his own worth, and covets to be sold :  
 While, sad of soul, there, gentle Pity sighs,  
 And for the rest were fain herself to sacrifice.  
 Ah ! could such ransom purchase their release,  
 How many a parent’s heart would rest in peace.  
 How many a husband’s agonies be still,  
 Matrons and maids beyond the reach of ill !  
 Alas ! the parted parents see their child,  
 Horror ! distraction ! bought to be defil’d !  
 The mother faints beneath some ruffian’s lust,  
 And the poor sire exclaims, “Jehovah is unjust !”

‘Who that had seen him at his sovereign’s side,  
 To share his counsels, and his fate abide ;  
 The valiant, faithful, Phranza, could behold,  
 Nor curse the sight, a captive, fetter’d, sold ?—  
 Nought now avails to shield him from disgrace,  
 The noblest virtues of a noble race ;  
 Nought, that beside the lion of his tribe,  
 (Can mortal tongue immortal feats describe ?)

The worst reverse his courage could not tire,  
 Courage it would exalt a conqueror to admire :  
 With some poor, shivering thing, that weeps the wrong  
 He most deserves—the loudest of the throng—  
 Oh! shame to arms! amid the mourning train,  
 That generous spirit shares th' ignoble chain!  
 While his loved lady's wild, reverted stare,  
 Fix'd on her lord, grows maniac with despair.

' Now, thro' the gates, disconsolate in woe,  
 Defiling long, the squalid exiles go :  
 By their own doors, departing, they perceive  
 The signs of rapine the marauders leave !  
 Start at the stains of blood upon the spot,  
 And miss their friends, and fancy "they are not."

' 'Tis done:—in triumph see the victor ride,  
 His chosen guards parading at his side ;  
 With joyous pace explore the stumbling ways,  
 And on the sumptuous scene transported gaze :  
 Along the streets, with gore distain'd around,  
 The restive coursers spurn the clattering ground,  
 Snort at each corpse, rolled ghastly in the way,  
 Or, seeming conscious, proud-exulting, neigh.

' Sad is the joy that springs from others' woe ;  
 How brief its reign, be thine, proud worm ! to know ;  
 Tho' trumpets flourish, can they drown the cry  
 Of blood, gone forth against thee to the sky ?  
 SAY, CAN ITS MAGNITUDE THE WRONG ATONE ?  
 JUSTICE AND MERCY SHOULD SUPPORT THE THRONE !—

' Draw! draw the veil! the crescent floats in air,  
 The hoarse Muezzin calls the Turk to prayer,  
 For Jesu's name Mohammed's is ador'd:—  
 The imperial city bows, and owns a Moslem Lord !'

"We take our leave of Mr. Jones with a quotation from a speech reported in the newspapers to have been made by Sir Richard Birnie to a youth who had been bubbled at *blind hookey* by some notorious sharpers:—"It seems quite clear that you will never get your money, so I recommend you to go home and bear the loss as well as you can. The sharpers with whom you have been playing are quite cunning enough to keep themselves without the reach of the law. I must, however, tell you, that you have your own inexperience and simplicity to thank for this disaster; for no man who knows the ways of the town would have had any thing to do with such persons; and I hope this will be a warning to you for the future."

## CAIUS GRACCHUS: A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Mr. Knowles is already favorably known to the public by his tragedy of *Virginius*, which enjoyed considerable popularity for about that period usually assigned to the existence of the best of modern tragedies. The work before us is neither of so interesting a nature, nor is its execution quite so good, as that of its predecessor. It departs in no material respect from the well-known history of the Roman tribune whose name it bears; and of the poetry the best that can be said is that it is not bad enough to blame, nor good enough to praise. We like the courage of the man who, with no better provision for the task than Mr. Knowles has, ventures to write a tragedy in modern times. To our thinking, a good tragedy, if not above the reach of any of our living poets, can only be achieved by the best of them: is it, then, a disparagement to Mr. Knowles to say that he cannot write a tragedy? There is no question of his being a very clever man: he can write a play very tolerably, as times go; but his flight is not lofty enough, nor his grasp sufficiently vigorous, for the pomp and state of tragedy. We cannot help thinking that much of the degradation of the modern drama may be attributed to the influence exercised over authors by the players. We hear constantly of the grateful and humble acknowledgments made by writers to the actors who have personated their heroes, and we are often obliged to blush for both parties. Mr. Knowles says he has '*simply* to remark that there is not an act—hardly a scene—of it that is not indebted for improvement to the talents and taste of his friend, Mr. Macready.' May be so; but why not keep the secret to themselves? or, if they must be smelling to one nosegay, why not come out hand in hand in the title-page? As it is, we are obliged to suspect that Mr. Macready has had the inflating of his own character to the detriment of every other in the play; and that Mr. Knowles, knowing his best chance of success was to bottom it upon the actor's popularity, resolved to increase it as much as lay in his power.

The following scene is among the best in the tragedy. Caius upbraids his treacherous colleague, Drusus, with imposing upon the people at the instigation of the Senate:

'C. Gracc. Stay, Livius Drusus—let me speak with you.

[Descends.]

Drusus. Your pleasure, Caius?

C. Gracc. Pleasure!—Livius Drusus,  
Look not so sweet upon me!—I am no child  
Not to know bitter, for that it is smear'd  
With honey! Let me rather see thee scowl  
A little; and when thou dost speak, remind me  
Of the rough trumpet more than the soft lute.  
By Jove, I can applaud the honest caitiff  
Bespeaks his craft!

Drusus. The caitiff!

*C. Gracc.* Ah ! ho ! Now  
You're Livius Drusus ! You were only then  
The man men took him for—the easy man,  
That, so the world went right, car'd not who got  
The praise ; but rather from perferment shrunk  
Than courted it. Who ever thought, in such  
A plain and homely piece of stuff, to see  
The mighty Senate's tool !

*Drusus.* The Senate's tool !

*C. Gracc.* Now, what a deal of pains for little profit !  
If you could play the juggler with me, Livius—  
To such perfection practise seeming, as  
To pass it on me for reality—  
Make my own senses witness 'gainst myself,  
That things I know impossible to be,  
I see as palpable as if they were—  
'Twere worth the acting ; but, when I am master  
Of all your mystery, and know, as well  
As you do, that the prodigy's a lie,  
What wanton waste of labour !—Livius Drusus,  
I know you are a tool !

*Drusus.* Well, let me be so !  
I will not quarrel with you, worthy Caius !  
Call me whate'er you please.

*C. Gracc.* What barefac'd shifting !  
What real fierceness could grow tame so soon !  
You turn upon me like a tiger, and,  
When open-mouth'd I brave you, straight you play  
The crouching spaniel ! You'll not quarrel with me !  
I want you not to quarrel, Livius Drusus,  
But only to be honest to the people.

*Drusus.* Honest !

*C. Gracc.* Ay, honest !—Why do you repeat  
My words, as if you fear'd to trust your own ?  
Do I play echo ? Question me, and see  
If I so fear to be myself.—I act  
The wall, which speaks not but with others' tongues.—  
I say you are not honest to the people.—  
I say you are the Senate's tool—their bait—  
Their juggler—their trick-merchant.—If I wrong you,  
Burst out at once, and free retort upon me—  
Tell me, I lie, and smite me to the earth !—  
I'll rise but to embrace you !

*Drusus.* My good Caius,  
Restrain your ardent temper ; it doth hurry you  
Into madness.

*C. Gracc.* Give me but an answer, and  
I'll be content.—Are you not leagued with the Senate ?

*Drusus.* Your senses leave you, Caius !

*C. Gracc.* Will you answer me ?

*Drusus.* Throw off this humour !

*C. Gracc.* Give me an answer, Drusus !

*Drusus.* Madman !

*C. Gracc.* Are you the creature of the Senate ?

*Drusus.* Good Caius !

*C. Gracc.* Do you juggle with the people ?



Let me but know you, man, from your own lips.

'Tis all I want to know you are a traitor.

*Drusus.* A traitor!

*C. Gracc.* Ay!

*Drusus.* To whom?

*C. Gracc.* To the poor people!

The houseless citizens, that sleep at nights

Before the portals, and that stare by day.

Under the noses of the Senators!

Thou art their magistrate, their friend, their father.

Dost thou betray them? Hast thou sold them? Wilt thou

Juggle them out of the few friends they have left?

*Drusus.* If 'twill content you, Caius, I am one

Who loves alike the Senate and the people.

I am the friend of both.

*C. Gracc.* The friend of neither—

The Senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!—

A man that seems to side with neither party;

Will now bend this way, and then make it up,

By leaning a little to the other side:

Talk moderation—patience—with one foot

Step out, and with the other back again—

With one eye, glance his pity on the crowd,

And with the other, crouch to the nobility;

At any public grievance raise his voice,

And like a harmless tempest, calm away;

Idle, and noted only for his noise.

Such men are the best instruments of tyranny.

The simple slave is easily avoided

By his external badge; your order wears

The infamy within!

*Drusus.* I'll leave you, Caius,

And hope your breast will harbour better councils.

Grudge you the Senate's kindness to the people?

'Tis well—whoe'er serves them shows love to me!

[*Exit. The people following, with shouts.*]

*C. Gracc.* Go! I have till'd a waste; and, with my sweat,

Brought hope of fruitage forth—the superficial

And heartless soil cannot sustain the shoot:

The first harsh wind that sweeps it, leaves it bare!

Fool that I was to till it! Let them go!

I lov'd them and I serv'd them!—Let them go.

The introduction of the child in the scene where Caius is about to go forth armed to that conflict in which he lost his life is striking, but savours somewhat of trick:

*C. Gracc. (Aside to him.)* Take her from about  
My neck.

*Licina.* I hear you, Caius!—There!—Myself

Will do that kindness for thee. Thou art free

To go.—Stay, husband!—Give me, from about

Thy neck, that collar which thou wear'st, to keep it

As thy last gift.

*C. Gracc.* Here, my *Licina*.

*Licina.* What!

Nothing about me I can give thee in

Exchange for't?—O! I have a token yet,

That hath the virtue of an anvil:  
To him believes in 'tw—One thing, I do know,  
Steel, at its sight, hath all its harmless arm'd  
As point of down, that cannot stand against  
The tenderest breath. Swear, only, thou wilt stay  
Until I fetch it.

C. Gracc. Bring it, love! [*Exit Licinia hurriedly.*]

Licinius. Now, Calas!

Now is your time! Wait not till she returns.

C. Gracc. I've promised her.

Licinius. And if you promis'd her

To pluck an eye out, would you think it kinder  
To do't, than leave't undone? Away, as once  
The cause!—the cause!

*Licinia rushes out with her Child.*

Licinia. Thy boy, my Calas!

C. Gracc. Ha!

Licinia. I that way upon thy child,  
I'm satisfied or me!

C. Gracc. and?

Licinia. I word.

It stands for 'Tis found the thing  
It says it is: e call'd kind,

That break the foolish hearts are knit to them—  
And fathers kind, who their own children do  
Make orphans of—and brothers kind, who play  
The parts of bloodless strangers—and friends, too,  
Whose actions find them foes. More kind are foes  
That are not kind, but do not say they are!

C. Gracc. Take the child, wife.

Licinia. I will.

C. Gracc. Why dost thou kneel?

Licinia. To beg a blessing for him of the gods,  
Since thou dost turn him from thee, asking it  
Of thee.

C. Gracc. The gods be more to him, Licinia,  
Than thou wouldst have me be.—*Licinia.*—Ha!  
That look.

Licinius. Come! Come!

C. Gracc. She rivets me!

*Trumpets.*

Licinius. Do you hear?

C. Gracc. Tear me away!—More blessings light on you  
Than I feel pangs who curse the things I'd bless!

We fear this tragedy will hardly add another leaf to Mr. Knowles's stage laurels.

# PORTUGAL'S LAST REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

For those who have fought and died  
On the carcass-cover'd plain—  
For those who have sunk in their strength and pride  
'Midst the slayers and the slain—  
For those who have dar'd to be free  
When the tyrant stretch'd his chain—

*Portugal's last Revolution.*

Who have worshipp'd the young light of liberty,  
 Tho' for them it dawn'd in vain—  
 For those who have watch'd the hour  
 That saw Freedom's flag unfurl'd—  
 Who have met in their might the low minions of pow'r,  
 And sunk in the sight of a world—  
 For the few who thus have toil'd and bled,  
 Thrice hallow'd is ev'ry tear that we shed.

But who shall weep for the slave,  
 Whose heart in peace hath fail'd him?  
 Who hath baffled the hopes of the high and the brave,  
 And yielded when none assail'd him?—  
 Who is there shall shed a tear  
 For the cold and craven-hearted—  
 Who saw right after right still disappear,  
 And was calm when the last departed?—  
 Who beheld Oppression crown'd  
 Without one redeeming endeavour—  
 Who hugg'd the dark fetters that girt him round,  
 And stood stamp'd 'a wretch' for ever?—  
 Oh! who shall in grief or in pity deign  
 To waste one sigh on a soul so mean?

Nay! grief is a sacred thing;  
 Let it mark not the dastard or knave:  
 Round the martyr of freedom in life let it cling,  
 And in death distinguish his grave:  
 But a passing pang will have way  
 For that chance which hath made mankind  
 A mere mass for each tyrant chief to slay,  
 And each canting priest to blind.  
 Dark land of the orange and vine!  
 The last curse of the lost is on thee:  
 Thy name was of late as a spell and a sign—  
 Thou art now but the scorn of the free;  
 And no fame that comes with a future day  
 Shall wipe the foul stain of thy guilt away.

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The public are respectfully informed that the *British Magazine* here terminates. An Index and Title-page have been added, in order that the Numbers already published may be formed into a Volume, and that the readers may not experience any inconvenience from the necessary conclusion of the undertaking at a period much earlier than the Proprietors had calculated upon.







